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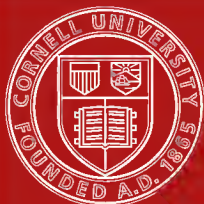
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How I crossed Africa: from the Atlantic



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RECEPTION OF UNWELCOME NIGHT VISITORS.

HOW I CROSSED AFRICA:

FROM THE

ATLANTIC TO THE INDIAN OCEAN, THROUGH UNKNOWN COUNTRIES;
DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT ZAMBESI AFFLUENTS, &c.

Alexandre Alberto da Rocha

By MAJOR [^]SERPA PINTO.

Abridged from the Original London Edition,

WHICH WAS

TRANSLATED FROM THE AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT

By ALFRED ELWES.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

PART I.—THE KING'S RIFLE.

PART II.—THE COILLARD FAMILY.

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1881.

TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING,

D. LUIZ I.,

BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

THE TITLE OF THE BOOK.

AFRICAN travels always partake, more or less, of romance, however much they may take the form of a scientific work. If my book, like all which have preceded it, is a veritable romance, it nevertheless contains geographic matter of some importance.

Inasmuch as the Expedition, and, as a necessary consequence, the whole fruits of my labor were saved by the King's Rifle, it occurred to me to give that title to my entire work. One consideration, nevertheless, occurred to modify my original project.

One man there was, the only one in the world who, however incapable of taking public exception to the exclusiveness of the title, might with reason deem that I had been unjust towards himself, in giving too great prominence in my book to the fact that it was the King's Rifle only which had saved the Expedition, when he possessed an equal right to my gratitude, in having saved me in turn.

The original title, therefore, weighed upon my mind as an injustice, although it had been dictated solely by a contrary sentiment, being but little accustomed to burn incense on the altar of the great; and I immediately resolved to retain the title for the first part of my narrative, and give to the second part the name of François Coillard, the man who saved me, and, in doing so, saved the labors of the Expedition which I directed. It was a simple act of duty on my part.

But this decision necessitated a general title for the work as a whole, no difficult matter to supply when a Continent has been crossed from sea to sea.

This is why my work is now called "How I Crossed Africa."

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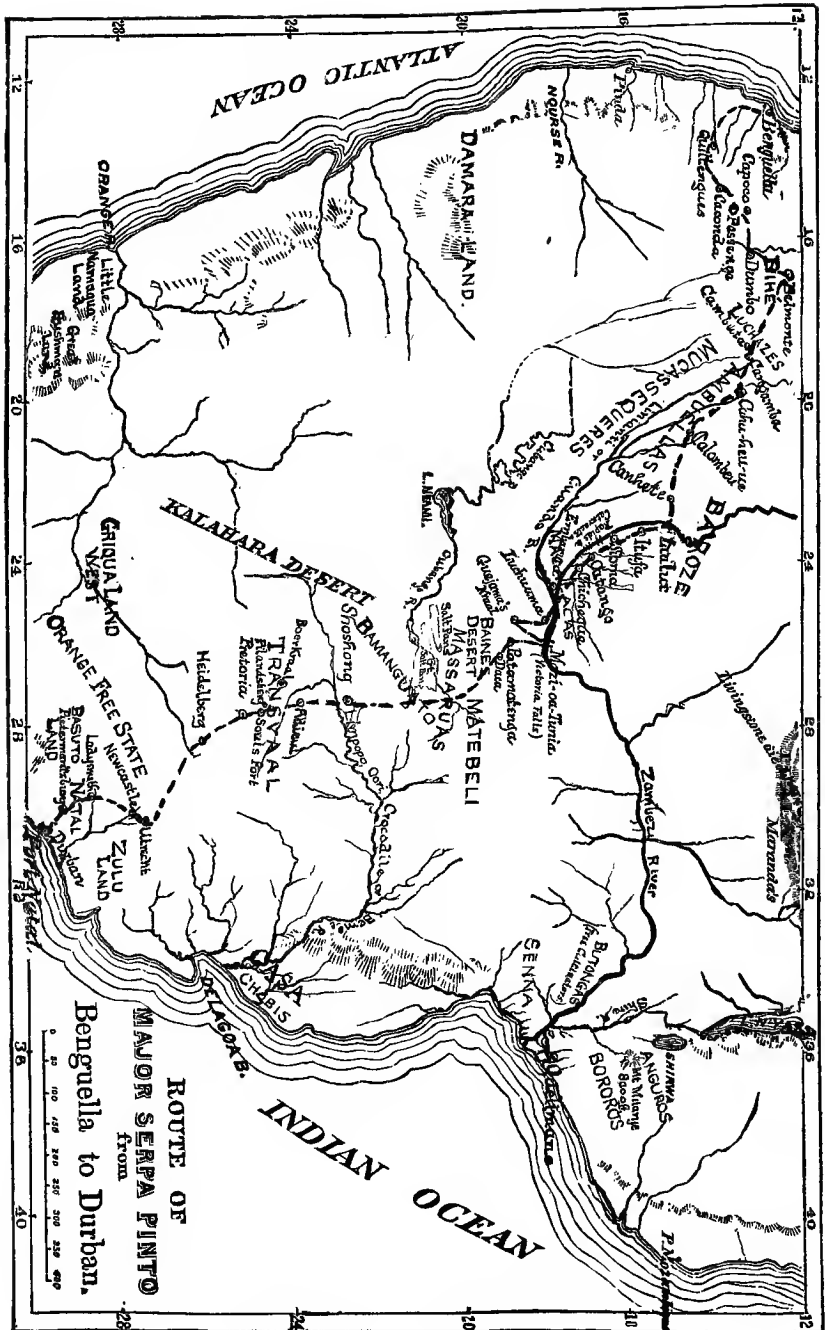
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ROUTE OF
MAJOR SERPA PINTO
 from
Benguela to Durban.



PROLOGUE.

HOW I BECAME AN EXPLORER.

IN the course of the year 1869 I formed part of the column which, in the Lower Zambesi, sustained many a sanguinary conflict with the natives of Massangano. Senhor José Maria Latino Coelho, the then Minister of Marine, gave orders to the Governor of Mozambique to furnish me, at the close of the war, with the means of mounting the Zambesi, so that I might make a detailed survey of as much of the country as it was possible for me to investigate.

The orders were given, but were never carried out; and after repeated applications and a hasty run through the Portuguese possessions of Eastern Africa, I returned to Europe, with a greater desire than ever to study the interior of that continent of which I had obtained only a superficial glance. Private reasons of a family nature stepped in to defer and, even for a time, to destroy my projects.

An officer in the army, always in garrison in small provincial towns, I was accustomed to convert my hours of idleness into hours of labor; and though it appeared to me that the possibility of visiting Africa was remote, the study of African questions became my sole and exclusive pastime. Nor did I neglect the sublime subject of astronomy, so that the abundant leisure which my barrack-life allowed me was equally divided between Africa and a study of the heavenly bodies.

In 1875 I was in the Twelfth Chasseurs, and had in my comrade, Captain Daniel Simoes Soares, one of the most intelligent men it has ever been my fate to know. We had not been acquainted long ere we became fast friends. The

wretched little room of this illustrious officer in the barracks of the Island of Madeira gave us mutual shelter during the hours that the regulations compelled us to reside there; and how often, when one of us was on guard, did he not have the other for companion! Africa, and still Africa, was our subject of conversation.

About the end of 1876 I returned to Lisbon, where I learned that African matters had assumed considerable importance in that city, owing to the creation of the Central Permanent Geographical Commission, and the establishment of the Geographical Society of Lisbon. There was especially much talk about a great geographical expedition to the interior of Southern Africa.

I at once set about seeing the Minister of the Colonies, Snr. João d'Andrade Corvo. I hunted him up for eight days in succession, and on the very eve of my departure from Lisbon I obtained an audience at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. His Excellency received me somewhat stiffly, observing that he had but little time to dispose of. He then inquired what I wanted of him. This question led to the following dialogue:—

"I have heard it stated that your Excellency is thinking of sending a geographical expedition into Africa; and that is the object of my calling."

The minister immediately changed his tone, and very courteously desired me to be seated.

"Have you been in Africa?" he asked.

"I have; I know something of the mode of travelling in the country, and have devoted much attention to the study of African questions."

"Do you feel inclined to make a long journey into South Central Africa?"

I must declare that I hesitated a moment before replying; but at length I said, —

"I am ready to go."

"That is well," he observed. Then he continued: "I

have thoughts of sending out a great expedition to Africa, well provided with all necessaries, and when the organization of the staff is under consideration I will not forget your name."

"By the by," he said, when I was on the point of leaving, "what terms do you ask for such a service?"

"None," I replied. And so we parted.

I subsequently called upon Dr. Bernardino Antonio Gomes, who told me that he had already cast his eye upon a distinguished officer of our royal navy, Hermenigildo Capello, to form a part of the expedition.

My family on the one hand and Africa on the other pulled my heartstrings in opposite directions, and kept me a long time in a state of perplexity. I at length hit upon a scheme which I thought might solve the question. Were I, for instance, appointed to the governorship of a district, I might make a portion of Africa my study without separating myself from my family.

The idea of going out as a governor and of establishing myself in Africa became stronger every day, and I at length waited upon the minister to broach the subject. This time I was received at once, and very cordially too. I expressed my surprise at hearing no more about explorations.

"And that has brought you here?" was the inquiry.

"Not exactly. I have come to entreat of your Excellency the governorship of Quillimane, which is now vacant."

Snr. Corvo smiled. "I have a mission of far higher moment to entrust to you," he said; "I want you for a very different matter than to govern an African district; so that I cannot give you the governorship of Quillimane."

"Your Excellency, then, is still thinking of an African exploration?" I replied. "Frankly, I believed that the whole thing was at an end."

"I give you my word of honor," said the minister, "that either I shall cease to be João d'Andrade Corvo, or next

spring an expedition, organized in a way hitherto unknown in Europe, shall leave Lisbon for South Central Africa."

"And you count upon me?"

"I do, most certainly; and you will very shortly hear from me."

I left the ministerial presence in a state of bewilderment.

Months passed away, and no more was heard of the promised expedition.

One morning I read in the newspapers that the minister, Snr. João d'Andrade Corvo, had brought before Parliament a bill for a credit of thirty contos (about \$33,000) for an expedition to Africa; but shortly after, before the bill had passed, the ministry was defeated, and the Portfolio of the Colonies fell to Snr. José de Mello Gouvea.

The projected exploration, however, again became a subject of public interest; but the newspapers mentioned as explorers men who were totally unknown to me, and only occasionally mentioned the name of Capello.

I was then residing at Faro, and although I had not given up my astronomical and African studies, I had ceased to cherish my former ideas of travel. Nevertheless, in my quiet retreat, I followed with interest the reports published in the journals of the news from Lisbon. I there read that the new minister had again brought before Parliament the bill that had been introduced by his predecessor, and had succeeded in obtaining a vote for the sum of thirty contos, to be expended in an exploring expedition.

The Algarve is a delicious country; a perfectly eastern atmosphere pervades the place, and seeing the elegant tops of the palm-trees gracefully bending over the terraced houses, one felt inclined at times to forget that one was still bound to the prosaic shores of Europe. My position was that of military commandant, by which it will be understood that my life was not a particularly hard one. The

intercourse of a select society, family affections, my books of study and scientific instruments, enabled me to spend very happy hours — of that placid happiness which it is not the fate of many to enjoy. My easy-chair, my dressing-gown and slippers, were fast becoming my very ideal of felicity.

April had come to an end, and with the beginning of May set in the heat, which was very powerfully felt in Faro. I began to form projects for the summer, when one day I received a telegram requiring me to report myself immediately to the general in command of the division. On proceeding thither I found an order to repair without loss of time to the presence of the Minister of the Colonies.

Adieu to home, adieu to dressing-gowns, adieu to slippers! Adieu to the tranquil and placid life I had been spending amidst my dear ones! I must return to the busy world once more.

Four days later on, seated around a large table, in a great hall at the Ministry of Marine, were a dozen grave personages, some with spectacles and some without, some old and others new, but all well known in the scientific or literary world, or for their public services, who had met together to discuss the often mooted question of Africa. This solemn session was presided over by the minister, José de Mello Gouvea.

At the bottom of the table, and at one of the corners, ensconced in a large fauteuil, was a man with a head well covered with hair, and a heavy gray moustache, who, through his tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses, kept his eyes steadily fixed upon me. It was the late minister, João d'Andrade Corvo, whose look said as plainly as words could do, "I told you that this matter would be brought to bear."

Capello sat next to me, and after a debate of some two hours we left the hall together, with precise instructions for our journey. We selected as third associate Lieu-

tenant Roberto Ivens, a friend of Capello's, who was unknown to me, and who was at that time at Loanda, serving on board one of his Majesty's vessels. It was on the 25th of May that the meeting was held, and we undertook to start on the 5th of July. It was a risky thing to promise, as we had to fit out the expedition in France and England, and we only had one month to do it in.

Matters were so managed that on the 28th of May Capello and myself were enabled to leave for Paris and London, in order to make the necessary purchases. To this end, we were armed with a credit of eight contos, or about \$8,500.

On the 1st of July Capello and myself arrived at Lisbon completely prepared for our journey. Our preparations had been made in the space of nineteen days.

Tools of various kinds swelled the enormous mass of impediments with which we were about to leave Lisbon in order to plunge into the unknown regions of South Central Africa. Arms, instruments, baggage, in a word, all the articles we took with us, bore the inscription: *Portuguese Expedition to Interior of Southern Africa.* — 1877.

HOW I CROSSED AFRICA.

PART I.—THE KING'S RIFLE.

CHAPTER I.

IN SEARCH OF CARRIERS.

ON the 6th of August, 1877, we arrived at Loanda, on board the steamer Zaire, and found hospitality under the roof of Snr. José Maria do Prado, who immediately placed at our disposal one of the many houses he possessed in the town, with accommodation sufficient to shelter the enormous equipage of the expedition.

We received much kind attention from Snr. Prado ; and on the evening of the 6th we were waited on by one of the aides-de-camp of his Excellency Snr. Albuquerque, the governor-general, who sent us many cordial messages.

The next day, the 7th, we called upon his Excellency, and received a most friendly reception. Snr. Albuquerque, after assuring us that he would render us every assistance in the district under his government, concluded by pointing out the impossibility of obtaining for us the means of transport.

I at once determined to proceed to the northern part of the province, to see whether I could be more successful, and therefore begged Snr. Albuquerque to procure me a passage to the Zaire. The only war-vessel that could be placed at my disposal was then cruising in the mouth of

that river. I resolved to join her; and to that end, on the 8th, I started in one of the country boats, manned by eight blacks, supplied me by the captain of the port. I carried orders from the governor to the commandant of the gunboat. A voyage of one hundred and twenty miles in a small boat, with scarce room to stretch your legs, is anything but pleasant.

On the 9th, at daybreak, I arrived at Ambriz, a charming town, seated on the level summit of an eminence with precipitous sides, that are washed by the sea some eighty feet below. Here I fell in with Avelino Fernandes, whose acquaintance I had been fortunate enough to make on board the steamer Zaire, and intimate relations sprang up between us. He was born on the banks of the Zaire, and has a perfect passion for that rich soil, whose gigantic trees, the offspring of a virgin forest, shaded his cradle. The numerous connections he possessed in Zaire might, I thought, assist me in arranging the difficult question of transport.

I learned at Ambriz that the gunboat Tamega was expected there in the course of a couple of days, and I therefore resolved to wait for her. On the 10th I took a ramble about the town and suburbs; and on the 11th I paid a visit to the important agricultural establishment founded by the celebrated Jacintho, known as Jacintho de Ambriz, and now the property of his son Nicolão.

The following day saw the arrival of the Tamega gunboat. I at once went on board, but found her without stores, and with a large number of men on the sick-list; for which reason I arranged with the commandant, Sr. Marques da Silva, to wait for him at Ambriz, whilst he went on to Loanda to recruit.

Three days later the Tamega came back, when I joined her, with Avelino Fernandes, and we immediately proceeded on our voyage to the Zaire.

We mounted the Zaire as far as Porto da Lenha, where

I disembarked with Avelino Fernandes, who presented me to his friends in that place. I at once began to inquire about transport. They told me I might possibly obtain carriers if the native chiefs chose to assist me, but that the best plan would be to ransom a number of slaves and then engage them for the service I required. The idea of purchasing human beings, although it might be with the view of setting them subsequently at liberty, was repugnant to me. And then, how could I tell whether they would stick to me after all, if once they were free? I therefore determined to reject the notion, even if not a single carrier were to be had in the place.

I learned at the house where I was stopping that the great explorer Stanley had arrived at Boma on the 9th, having descended the entire course of the Zaire. He had come by the way of Kabenda.

I returned on board and arranged with the commandant to go on to Kabenda to offer our services to the intrepid traveller. We set off at once, and were no sooner anchored in the roads than I went on shore with Avelino Fernandes and some of the officers of the gunboat.

I was quite affected as I pressed the hand of Stanley, who, though a man of small stature, assumed in my eyes the proportions of a giant. I offered him my services in the name of the Portuguese Government, and told him that if he desired to go on to Loanda, where he could most easily obtain transport for Europe, Commandant Marques would willingly give him and his men a passage on board the gunboat. In the name of the Portuguese Government I further placed at his disposal the money he required.

Stanley answered me with a warm pressure of the hand. The officers of the *Tamega* confirmed my offer in the name of their commandant. Stanley accepted it, and from that moment the gunboat remained at his disposal.

On the 20th we set off for Loanda, having on board the whole of Stanley's followers, to the number of one

hundred and fourteen persons, among whom were twelve women and a few children.

Stanley was lodged at Loanda in my own house, — a distinction which was very agreeable to me, as he refused many other invitations, some from persons who could offer him accommodations far beyond my powers, seeing that the only furniture my poor dwelling contained was that supplied by my travelling resources.

It is now time to speak of our projects, as defined by law and the instructions of the government.

Parliament, as has been stated, voted a sum of thirty contos of reis (\$33,000) for the purpose of surveying the hydrographic relations between the Congo and Zambesi basins, and the countries comprised between the Portuguese Colonies, on both coasts of South Central Africa.

Subsequent instructions laid more particular stress on a survey of the river Cuango in connection with the Zaire; a study of the countries in which the Coanza, Cunene, and Cobango take their rise, as far as the upper Zambesi; and, if possible, a careful survey of the course of the Cunene.

Capello and myself had thought of making our entry at Loanda, travelling eastward until we reached the Cuango; descending that river for two degrees, entering the Cassibi, by which we intended to descend to the Zaire; and finally, investigating the Zaire to its mouth.

The arrival of Stanley, who had performed a part of the labor we had tracked out for ourselves, and above all the impossibility of obtaining carriers at Loanda, made us completely alter our plans.

We decided now that I should go southwards to procure some men in Benguella; and that, if I could obtain them there, we would enter by the mouth of the river Cunene, go up it to its source, and thence proceed in a south-east direction, as far as the Zambesi.

As no great confidence could be reposed in the men we

hired, we thought it well to solicit the governor for a certain number of soldiers, to act as a kind of escort. His Excellency acceded to the request, and passed the word among the regiments to learn whether any of the soldiers felt inclined to volunteer; for as the service was not a regular one, he could not compel any of the men to go.

It was arranged that I should start for Benguella by the steamer which would arrive from Lisbon about the beginning of September. On board that steamer I met with our companion Ivens for the first time. Of a genial and ardent nature, possessing a great flow of words, and perfectly enthusiastic on the subject of difficult journeys, we soon became friends.

On the 6th I left for Benguella. On my voyage I made the acquaintance of a passenger who told me that I might possibly get a few carriers at Novo Redondo, and that he would undertake to contract there for some twenty or thirty of them. This put me in rather better spirits, and it was in such humor that I arrived at Benguella on the evening of the 7th.

Although I had letters of recommendation for various merchants, I determined to call upon the governor, and ask his hospitality, with what result the next chapter will show.

CHAPTER II.

FROM BENGUELLA TO THE DOMBE.

ON hearing my request for hospitality, Alfredo Pereira de Mello, Governor of Benguella, exhibited an amount of embarrassment which was only too perceptible, and after a pause said that he had no accommodation to offer me. His answer surprised me, as I knew him to be naturally courteous and open-handed.

He then said that he had not a bed to offer me, at which I pointed to my travelling-bed, for I had had my luggage brought up with me. Defeated in this quarter, he asserted that he had not a room; to which I responded by saying that a corner of the hall in which we stood would serve my turn. Finding his objections thus overruled, he gave in, and I stopped. I was curious to learn the cause of the governor thus denying me hospitality, and a little investigation unravelled the mystery.

His Excellency, who knew me very well by name, on hearing my request, forgot that he had the explorer before him, and only thought of the man habituated to a life of comfort and even luxury. The truth therefore was, that Pereira de Mello was ashamed to offer me shelter.

A governor of Benguella, however upright and honorable he may be, is bound to live in the very humblest fashion, if dependent on the pay that he receives. The government-house is a hired one; its furniture, many degrees below the designation of simple, is barely sufficient to garnish a sitting-room and one bed-chamber.

Benguella is a picturesque town which extends from the shore of the Atlantic to the very summit of the mountains which form the first steps of the lofty plateau of tropical Africa. It is surrounded by a dense forest, the *Matta do Cavaco*, even at the present day peopled with wild beasts. The residences of the Europeans cover a large area, for all the houses have vast gardens and dependencies.

Extensive *patios*, or courts, surrounded by overhanging galleries, serve as shelter to the large caravans which descend from the interior to the coast for the purposes of traffic, and remain three days under cover in order to effect the barter.

A river, which, in the summer season, looks scarcely more than a broad ribbon of white sand running from the mountains to the sea through the forest *do Cavaco*, constitutes nevertheless the great source or spring of Benguella, whose wells, that have been dug there, produce excellent water purified in its passage through calcareous sand.

The broad and straight streets of the town are planted with two rows of trees, for the most part sycamores, but of no great age, and as yet therefore somewhat small. The squares or *places* are of vast size, and in a public garden are flourishing many fine plants that are very agreeable to the eye.

The European population is surrounded on all sides by *senzalas*, or the huts of the negroes, which in fact are occasionally discoverable in deserted grounds in the very midst of the dwellings of the whites. Take it for all in all, the general aspect of the place is agreeable and picturesque. The trade with the natives is in the hands of Europeans and creoles, and we fell in there, fortunately, with a good many of those adventurous young spirits who leave their homes and country to seek for fortune in these distant climes.

The governor called a meeting at his own residence, of the most important inhabitants of the town, and,

explaining to them the motives of my journey and its proposed direction, begged them to render me every assistance in their power in the way of procuring me carriers, and thus enable me to carry out my mission. This they all promised to do; and by the 17th inst. I had got together the number of men I asked for, viz., fifty, which, with the thirty expected from Novo Redondo, made a total of eighty; as many as I deemed necessary for the journey from the mouth of the Cuene to the Bihé.

The old settler, Silva Porto, undertook to convey to Bihé the heavier portion of the baggage, which we could take up at that place, and where we should have to engage fresh carriers to pursue our journey.

On the 19th my companions arrived on board the gunboat Tamega, and on the same day we resolved that we would not go to the mouth of the Cuene, but make our way directly to the Bihé.

This fresh resolution altered the engagements we had taken with the carriers, and besides this, the people of Benguella, who, when led into a distant country, would not think of deserting, might perhaps feel inclined to do so when journeying at the outset through territory whose language and customs they were acquainted with. Immediately after the arrival of my two companions it was determined that Ivens should have the charge of the geographical department; that Capello should devote himself to meteorology and natural sciences, and that I should attend to the auxiliary staff of the expedition, whilst giving each other, of course, mutual advice and assistance. As my duties therefore compelled me to set things going, I began by taking counsel of Silva Porto.

Silva Porto came over to Benguella with me, as his house was some four miles distant from the town, and called at the various houses where caravans of Bailundos might be found, without, however, succeeding in getting any offers to carry the baggage to Bihé.

All that was left me to do was to hire some Bailundos to come over and fetch the baggage; and Silva Porto having kindly undertaken the task of procuring them, despatched at once five blacks to Bailundo for the purpose. The old trader, however, did not fail to assure me, from his long experience, that a good deal of delay must be expected, as it would take his messengers fifteen days to reach the country, and at least as many more to collect the carriers; so that, adding these thirty to fifteen others for the return journey, we must reckon upon forty-five days ere they got back; and there was little chance indeed of their being here before.*

After taking counsel with my friends upon this fresh phase in our position, we resolved not to lose such valuable time at Benguella; but, delivering over the heavy baggage to Silva Porto, for him to forward it by the Bailundos, start at once with such things as were indispensable, and wait for the remainder at Bihé.

Out of the men hired at Benguella we could not reckon with confidence on more than thirty performing the journey, and these, with the thirty-six obtained from Novo Redondo, made a total of sixty-six men. Besides these, we had fourteen soldiers, some young niggers for my personal service, two or three Kabendas in the service of Capello and Ivens, and two native chiefs, one of whom, Barros, had been engaged by me in Katambela, and the other, Catraio, by Capello, in Novo Redondo.

We set to work to select the loads judged indispensable, and found that they were eighty-seven, thus making twenty-seven more loads than there were carriers. No one can conceive how I labored to supply the deficiency; but in vain, not another porter was to be had.

The end of October came, and still we were in the same

* As a matter of fact, a portion of these porters, viz., two hundred, only reached Benguella on the 27th of December, and two hundred more at the end of February.

position. It became absolutely necessary to come to some determination, and we resolved to go to Bihé by the track leading through Quillengues and Caconda.

The governor immediately gave orders to the *chefe* (head official) of the Dombe to have ready fifty carriers, to accompany us to the Quillengues, to which place the Mundombes are willing enough to go; and Silva Porto, as agreed, took charge of the baggage which was to be forwarded to Bihé, amounting in all to four hundred loads.

The 12th of November arrived at last, and with it our final exit from the town, after the most cordial adieus and good wishes of the friends assembled to wish us godspeed.

On the 13th we reached the Dombe, having made a journey of forty miles. We had with us sixty-nine persons and six donkeys, which were all, men and asses alike, lodged in the fortress. We three, with our body-servants, were most kindly welcomed to the house of Manuel Antonio de Santos Reis, a perfect gentleman, who could scarcely do enough to serve us.

It was a couple of days later that our baggage, which had been sent by sea, arrived, and after a careful examination of the whole I found one hundred men, besides those I had with me, would be necessary for its transport.

The *chefe* declared that all the carriers should be ready by the 26th; but so far from this being the case, only nineteen out of the hundred required appeared on that day. Next morning we procured twenty-seven more; when, fearing if there were any greater delay those I had already obtained would take themselves off, I at once despatched them to Quillengues, under the charge of two of the soldiers I had with me.

The *chefe* asseverated that it was impossible for him to get any more men; whereupon I invited to the fortress the three Sovas (native chiefs or princes) of the Dombe, for the 28th, in order to see whether I could not myself treat with them. They came — three magnificent speci-

mens, whose appearance was calculated to strike a beholder with surprise, if not with awe.

One was called Brito, a name he had borrowed from a former Governor of Benguella, who had restored him to power; the second, Bahita; and the third, Batára. My companions unfortunately could not be present at this serio-comic meeting, as they had been suffering since the 24th from fever.

Sova Brito was attired in three petticoats of chintz, of a large-flowered pattern, very rumpled and dirty, with an infantry captain's coat, unbuttoned, displaying his naked breast, for shirt he had none; and on his head, over a red woollen nightcap, was jantily posed the cocked hat of a staff officer.

Bahita also wore petticoats, of some woollen stuff of brilliant colors, a rich uniform of a peer of Portugal, nearly new, and on his head, over the indispensable nightcap, a kepi of the Fifth Chasseurs. As to Batára, he was dressed simply in rags, but had buckled about his waist an enormous sabre.

These illustrious and grave personages were surrounded by the satellites and high dignitaries of their negro courts, who squatted on the ground about the chairs on which their respective sovereigns were seated. Bahita was accompanied by a minstrel who played upon a *Marimba*, from which he drew the most lugubrious sounds. The sovas conducted themselves with such extraordinary gravity that in spite of myself I imitated their example.

After having promised me carriers, they were good enough to accompany me to my temporary home, about a mile and a half from the fortress; and as I made each of them a present of a bottle of *aguardente*, they ordered their chief officials to honor me with a dance, and Bahita commanded some girls, who had hitherto been kept out of sight, to be brought forward to join in the entertainment.

I begged them to dance themselves, but they gave me

to know that their dignity would not allow of such a proceeding, it being contrary to all established rule. I ardently desired, however, to see Bahita capering in petticoats and a peer's uniform; and aware of the power of liquor over the negro, I gave instructions that a fresh bottle should be presented to their Majesties.



MUNDOMBE WOMEN AND GIRLS.

This was quite enough. Laws and established rules were soon cast to the winds, and I had the delight to see them all join in a grotesque dance in the midst of their people, who, fired with enthusiasm at the sight, rolled about and went through such violent contortions that one would have thought they had all gone into fits, or were afflicted with some new kind of madness.

The Dombe Grande is a most fertile valley, which extends first from south to north, and then westward almost in a right angle, to the sea. It is framed in by two systems of mountains, one on the west, which borders the coast, and the other on the east; and through it runs a

river known under no fewer than four names. There are some important agricultural estates, and one of them, scarcely three years old, produces sugar-cane sufficient to yield more than eight thousand gallons of rum.

Our compulsory delay in this country was most injurious to the order and discipline of my people. Every day they put forward some fresh claim; every day some quarrel or other arose among them; and I feared to be too strict lest they should all desert in a body. They sold their clothes to purchase aguardente, and even went so far as to dispose of their rations of food to procure liquor. The soldiers were the worst. The sovas did not send us any men, and we could not stir.

On the 1st of December thirty men arrived at Dombe, sent from Quillengues by the military *chefe*, to fetch some baggage belonging to him. I at once pounced upon them, and arranged with my companions to start on the 4th.



MUNDOMBE WOMEN, VENDORS OF COAL.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORY OF A SHEEP.

ON the 4th of December I left the Dombe, at eight o'clock in the morning, and bent my course to Quilengues. Capello and Ivens remained behind for a while to arrange about sending on some of the luggage, intending to join me at night.

After two hours' march in the plain, we arrived at the foot of the Cangemba range, which borders the valley of the Dombe on the east side. Here we got a little rest, and at eleven started off again, endeavoring to cross the mountain by the bed of a torrent, then dry. The difference of level was barely five hundred and fifty yards; but the bed of the torrent, formed of calcareous rock, offered formidable obstacles to our progress.

We had purchased in the Dombe a couple of sheep, to be killed upon the road, and one of them followed our party readily enough; the other, however, caused us a good deal of trouble, by not only refusing to follow, but showing a great and constant inclination to return to the country we had left behind.

Three hours were spent upon our fatiguing march, and in covering a thousand yards at most of ground. The sun poured down upon us as we toiled on, unsheltered, and we were fagged out with our exertions. We encamped, at length, beside a well dug in the sandy bed of a rivulet that

had run dry. The spot was an arid one, and only here and there were visible some white thorns, curled and burnt by the sun, which at this period of the year literally pierce like a knife. Our horizon was formed by the summits of the mountains which run north and south. Toward evening Capello and Ivens put in an appearance.

On the 5th, at early morning, we were on the move in a south-east direction, and after four hours' march, during which we got over a space of twelve miles, we pitched our tents in an extensive valley, surrounded by hills. Vegetation continued poor, and the want of water was great.

During our march, if the young asses continued to be troublesome, the sheep above referred to was no less so: he was wonderfully wild, and more obstinate than the donkeys. I determined to have done with him, and my companions being of the same mind I gave orders to the niggers to this effect, and took a stroll in the environs. On my return to the camp, I discovered that the stupid fellows had misunderstood my orders, and instead of killing the wild sheep had made away with the quiet one.

On the following morning we started at daybreak, and after five hours' march pitched our camp at a place called Tiue, where our guides assured us we should find water. Against all expectation, the sheep whose life had been saved by accident not only gave over his wild tricks, but took it into his head to follow me about like a dog, keeping constantly by me, whether on the march or in camp.

On the following day we made sixteen miles, and pitched our tents in a forest called Chalussinga. We met in this forest with the first baobabs we had seen since leaving the coast. In the afternoon we were advised that a caravan was coming in the direction of our camp, on its way from the interior; and on issuing out to meet it, we found that it was the *ex-chefe* of Quillengues, Captain Roza, on his way to Benguella, in ill health. We invited him to our tent, where he dined, and at parting we were able to fur-

nish him with some medicines, of which he stood greatly in need.

After he had left I was informed by the young niggers that round the camp there were fresh tracks of game, and I went out to investigate. I followed the trail of some large antelopes, and it led me so far that night fell, with a darkness so profound that I lost all traces of the way back to the camp. A lofty mountain stood out in sombre relief against a hazy sky, where not a single star was seen to glitter. It occurred to me to scale it, so that I might from some elevated pinnacle discover the lights of the camp, by which to direct my steps. I deemed the notion a happy one; for having ascended the mountain, I discovered in the distance a gleam of light, which I at once made for, having marked the direction by my pocket-compass.

I arrived at length, guided during the latter part of the route by human voices; but judge of my surprise and disappointment at finding that I had mistaken Captain Roza's camp for my own, and that I must still be some four miles distant from the latter! As, however, a road, or rather the track left by a caravan, connected the two camps, I determined to push on by its guidance; and after another hour's tramp I heard the welcome sound of the horns blown by my people, and the occasional crack of a rifle fired off to attract my attention and direct my steps.

I reached my tent completely tired out and wounded with the thorns, and found Capello and Ivens in no little anxiety on my account. I was informed, to my annoyance though not to my surprise, that provisions were falling short, and that the soldiers especially had in five days consumed the rations of nine.

We made a somewhat forced march next day, and in six hours covered eighteen miles. The soldiers, having finished their rations, began to complain of hunger, and even talked of killing the sheep. I had taken quite a liking for the animal, which had been so suddenly converted from

the wild creature it was into a gentle and domestic beast, following me, as I have mentioned, constantly about, and never allowing me out of its sight. The idea therefore of killing it was very repugnant to me, and Ivens for the time diverted the soldiers' attention by giving them a little rice from our own stores.

On the 9th we broke up our camp at five in the morning, and kept steadily on our march till one, when we rested on a slope of Mount Tama. Directly our tents were pitched, the complaints of the hungry soldiers were again very audible, and the subject of killing the poor sheep was once more mooted. Ivens gave the fellows another ration of rice, which satisfied them for the time; but of course it was only staving off, as it were, an evil day, and could not be considered as a positive salvation for the poor animal. Fagged out as I was, I resolved to go hunting for game, with a view to save the life of my poor sheep.

For upwards of an hour I rambled through the forest without result, and was turning my steps campward, when in a small open space of ground, I sighted two antelopes grazing. I drew near, but at more than a hundred yards distance my presence was evidently discovered. The male leaped upon a rock, and there began to cast his keen eye in every direction, whilst the female, with ear on the alert, sniffed about her.

The distance was great, but I did not hesitate to fire, aiming at the male, which I had the satisfaction to see fall and roll over. His companion, hearing the report, sprang on the rocky ground, when I discharged my second barrel. With one bound, however, she then disappeared in the underwood.

My young nigger started off to secure the dead antelope, but I perceived that instead of stopping at the rock where the creature was last seen, he turned aside and went farther on, and I myself at length arrived at the spot, and began with an anxious feeling at the heart, to search all round,

but I feared I was mistaken in seeing the first antelope fall. It was not so, however, for on the other side of the rock, to my great joy, I discovered the graceful animal stone dead. I had scarce time to satisfy myself on the point than my attendant appeared from the wood bending under a heavy burden. It was the second antelope, which he had found dead at no great distance from the open ground.

The sheep, then, was for the time saved, and indeed, as in two days' time we ought to reach Quillengues, where provisions could be had, the poor beast might be looked upon as perfectly secure.

During the next day's march we fell in for the first time with enormous grasses, clothing the open spots of the wood. So tall and thick were they that it was quite impossible to see over them, and very difficult to effect a passage through. In the course of the journey one of my young niggers disappeared, together with a negress, the wife of Capello's attendant Catraio; and though I sent out people to look for them, they were nowhere to be found. The scarcity of provisions was great, and it was not the soldiers only who complained of hunger; the whole lot were grumbling and would not listen to reason. There was no help for it; on we must go.

On the 11th we encamped on the right bank of the river Tui, very near to Quillengues. Whilst the men were busy with the camp, I started off for the fortress of Quillengues, in search of stores, with which I returned at eight in the evening. Decidedly the sheep was saved.

During the night the young negro and negress, whom we thought lost, found their way into camp, a circumstance which gave me much pleasure.

The place where we had pitched our tents was low and marshy, without any conveniences at hand, and isolated. On this account, we resolved to shift our quarters and encamp in the compound of the *chefe* of Quillengues, which we reached on the 12th of December. I there paid and

discharged the carriers from Dombe who had engaged to come with us to Quillengues, and I begged the *chefe*, Lieutenant Roza, to obtain others for me to Caconda.

Quillengues is a valley watered by the Calunga; it is extremely fertile, and covered with a native population. The Portuguese establishment occupies an area of rectangular shape, surrounded by a palisade. It has four bastions, built of masonry half way up each face; and within are barracks which form the residence of the military *chefe* and quarters for the soldiers. Some baobab-trees and sycamores shade with their gigantic branches and thick foliage a ground covered with the huge native grass which affords pasture to the *chefe's* flocks.

The petty chiefs of the country acknowledge the Portuguese authority; but being by nature predatory, they attack unceasingly other native tribes, and carry off their cattle. The natives are tall of stature, robust, and by nature bold and warlike. *Aguardente* is in great favor with them, and so given are these people to drunkenness, that during three months in the year — so long in fact as lasts the fruit of the *gongo*, from which a fermented liquor is made — they are constantly in a state of intoxication, and no possible service can be got out of them for love or money.

On the 22d we had a disastrous event occur in our camp. One of my young negroes stole a Pertuisset explosive bullet, and in company of two of his fellows resolved to let it off, in order that each might have a piece of the lead. Resting the bullet on a stone, one of them placed a knife across it, which he struck with a violent blow, the other two standing near to watch the sport. The bullet suddenly exploded, wounding all three, one of them severely, as he received in different parts of his body thirteen fragments of the desired lead, many of them producing deep wounds.

We now begged the *chefe* to have some carriers ready.

This he did, and on the following day I allotted the men their loads. I felt, however, so extremely poorly myself, that though I sent the porters on I was obliged to stop behind, my friends remaining with me to bear me company. I struggled against a violent fever for three whole days, and was quite unconscious during the 25th, Christmas Day, and the anniversary of my daughter's birth.

I was carefully nursed by Capello and Ivens, the *Chefe* Roza and his wife, and on the 28th was able to rise from my bed and go out.

The wife of Lieutenant Roza made me two presents, which I was far from thinking would play an important part, later on, in my journey. They consisted of a Sèvres tea-service and a remarkably tame she-goat, of small breed, on which I bestowed the name of Cora.

Just at this time occurred a disaster which caused me sincere regret. My poor sheep, on whose behalf I had willingly borne so many annoyances with my hungry followers, was killed through a setter that I had brought with me from Portugal and had made a present of to Capello. Pursued by the dog, it endeavored to force its way through an opening in the palisade, and broke its leg and otherwise injured itself, so that it shortly died. It was my first great trouble during a journey so fruitful in mishaps.

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGH SUBJUGATED TERRITORY.

ON the 1st of January, 1878, we quitted Quillengues. The *chef*, Lieutenant Roza, accompanied us a few miles on the road. During our stay at Quillengues I had managed to break in two of the asses, which were very useful to me as mounts on this new journey.

We had on this occasion a travelling companion of the name of Verissimo Gonçalves, who had begged to be allowed to join our party as far as Bihé. He was the son of a well-known Bihé trader, who had lately died, and had been acting at Quillengues in the capacity of a clerk to a former servant of his late father. This young man, a mulatto and but poorly educated, was short in stature and perverted in mind, being full of the vices proper to his race, but was still not wanting in good-nature or intelligence. He was shy and timid, though not cowardly, and under a rather weakly appearance concealed a strong constitution and muscles of iron. He could scarcely read or write, but was a tolerable shot and a crafty woodsman.

The following day, at starting, we commenced the ascent of the mountain, here called Mount Quissécna. It was excessively toilsome work, and for three weary hours we had to struggle with the asperities of the mountain side, till we reached an elevation of five thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, or two thousand seven hundred and forty above the plateau which terminates at Quillengues.

The soil continued granitic, but the vegetation had entirely changed in aspect — due, of course, to the elevation we had reached. The baobab had disappeared, and ferns were nestling in the shade of the numerous and varied acacias which peopled the woods. The flora presented greater wealth of herbaceous plants, and in the grasses more especially the most vigorous vegetation was observable.

During the night of the following day we had rather a curious adventure. We were encamped beside the Quicué, a brook running southeast over a granitic bed, to swell the waters, most probably, of the Qué, when we heard Capello's dog barking furiously at something in the neighborhood of the hut. At the same time we were conscious of a sound, at no great distance from us, like that of an animal chewing the cud, which induced us to believe that the donkeys had got out and were grazing in the camp that was surrounded by the thorny abattis. We therefore quieted the dog and went off to our beds. Day was just breaking, when we heard a great uproar in the camp, and turning out we learned that the blacks, who, at the outset, like ourselves, thought the donkeys had broken loose, had discovered their mistake, and that some strange animal had got into the camp. And so in fact it proved, for an enormous buffalo had done us the honor of a visit during the night. A clue to the mystery might have been probably discovered in the repeated roarings of the lions, that were plainly audible, and which perchance drove the buffalo to our camp for shelter.

The day after we moved our camp close up to the village of Ngóla, and I at once caused my arrival to be announced to the native chief. After breakfast I proceeded to the village to call upon him. I was accompanied by my young negro servants, who carried a chair for my use, and two parasols.

The chief at once appeared, armed with two clubs and

an assegai. He wore a long waist-cloth, and over it a leopard's skin. His chest was bare, and from his neck hung a number of amulets. He received me outside his hut under a burning sun. I offered him one of the parasols I had brought with me, which was covered with thin scarlet cloth,—an attention that seemed to please him mightily.

I informed him of the object of my journey, which he did not readily comprehend. He perfectly understood, however, the value of the gifts I made him, and consisting of a small barrel of gunpowder, fifty gun-flints, and a dozen tin *grelôt*-bells; although my asking nothing in exchange filled him with wonder. I invited him to my camp to see my companions, to which he agreed, and accompanied me on the spot.

When I told him he might bring a vessel in which to put some *aguardente*, he went and fetched a bottle that would hold about a pint and a half. I could not help being astonished that a chief of his rank should be so little covetous, and desired him to procure a larger vessel. He then sent for a gourd which would contain about a couple of bottles, and I begged him to bring another of the same size. The chief could not conceal his admiration at my generosity.

We set off on foot, accompanied by three of his wives, his daughters, and many of his people, all unarmed, to show me the confidence with which I had inspired him.

We reached the camp at a time when Capello was making meteorological observations, and our guest was lost in admiration at the thermometers and barometers. Ivens shortly joined us, and after an exchange of compliments showed our noble guest the Snider and Winchester arms, at which he was quite dumbfounded.

He offered us an ox, and readily consented to my request to have it slaughtered, as we were in want of provisions. He wished, however, that I would slay it with

my own hand. The ox meanwhile had broken loose, and was making towards the wood. It was already some eighty paces from us, when I seized my rifle, and, telling the chief where I would hit it, fired, and the beast fell. Chimbarandongo went to examine the animal, and, on seeing the wound in the very place I had indicated, he was so astonished that he embraced me again and again in his enthusiasm.

At about four o'clock there broke over us a violent storm, with thunder and lightning and heavy rain, which lasted a couple of hours. The chief took refuge in our hut with his women-folk and a few of his chief followers. He then made them a speech, the object of which was to prove that we had brought down the rain, and with it a vast benefit to the country, then suffering from the excessive heats of summer. We tried to explain to him that we did not possess any such great powers, and that God only could influence the grand phenomena of nature. It was Ivens who undertook to illustrate how and why the rain fell.

Before the lecture on meteorology was half over, the chief turned his followers out of the hut, and assembling them again at the close of Ivens's discourse, declared that if it left off raining he would pitch upon the unlucky mortal who was the cause of its ceasing and have him put to death without delay.

When night fell, his Majesty retired in the most comic fashion, mounting pickaback on one of his counsellors, whose hands rested on the hips of another walking before him; and as they were all more or less intoxicated, they reeled about in the most ludicrous way, threatening at every moment to topple over together, and perhaps break the sacred head of their sovereign into the bargain.

Chimbarandongo was not wanting in sense or judgment. He did not believe in sorcery, nor did he believe that we had brought down the rain; but it suited him to appear to

do so, in order not to lose his prestige among his people, who were quite satisfied with the form of government he imposed upon them. The next day, when he came to take leave of us, he let me know that it was his policy to remain on good terms with the whites. "Without the whites," he said, "we are poorer than the beasts, as they possess the skins we are forced to rob them of; and those blacks are great fools who do not seek to gain the friendship of the palefaces."

The village or hamlet of Ngóla is strongly defended by a double palisade, put up with some art, one of the faces being even so arranged as to allow of a cross-fire. The space enclosed is so vast as to be able to contain the entire population of the country, which gathers there with all its flocks and herds when the district is in a state of war. The little stream called the Cutota runs right through it, and it is therefore capable of sustaining a long siege without any inconvenience in respect of water.

On leaving Ngóla, we journeyed till we fell in with the Qué, the largest of the rivers running between Quillengues and Caconda. A bridge formed of the trunks of trees offered a difficult if not perilous passage to the men, encumbered with baggage, but could not be used at all by the oxen and donkeys, which had therefore to be swum over. After a great deal of trouble the oxen did swim to the other bank, but the asses at first refused to follow their example. Partly by persuasion, partly by force, and with a vast sacrifice of time and labor, the negro Barros, aided by two of his mates, succeeded at last in getting them across, the men swimming by their side. The danger of such a proceeding will, however, be appreciated when I tell the reader that the river was full of crocodiles.

In the afternoon we pitched our camp on the banks of the Quissengo, near the village of Catonga, where a certain Roque Teixeira has his compound.

On the 6th we were again travelling northeastwards.

I killed this day a large gazelle; so large was it that it took four men to carry it to the camp.

As night fell the dog kept up a constant yelling in the direction of the wood, proving to us that hyenas were wandering round the huts; and when night had regularly set in we had other music in the form of a duet of bass and counter-bass, produced from the roaring of a lion from the undergrowth and the hoarse grunt of a hippopotamus from the river.

We kept on our northeast course, passing near the village of Cgassequera, fortified among enormous granite cliffs, and surrounded by gigantic sycamores, producing a singularly picturesque appearance. We encamped on the bank of the Nondimba, an affluent of the Catápi. The plateau on which we then stood was a very lofty one, the altitude being found to be five thousand two hundred and fifty feet. Later on we fell in with the Catápi itself, flowing west-southwest. The crossing of this river occupied time, and my companions preceded me to Caconda.

I reached the fortress an hour or two later, and was met at the entrance by the provisional *chefe*, a mulatto, and rich land-owner of the district, and sergeant-major of the black forces, who explained that the permanent *chefe* had gone to Benguella, and had left him (the speaker) the bother of receiving us (these were his actual words).

After this most courteous address Snr. Matheus invited me to pass into the fortress. No sooner had I entered the enclosure than I observed talking with my companions a man above the middle height, thin of aspect, with a broad and well-formed head, a somewhat restless eye, wearing a surtout coat and a white cravat, whom Capello introduced under the name of "José d'Anchieta." Yes, there stood before me the first zoölogical explorer of Africa, a man who had spent eleven years in the districts of Angola, Benguella, and Mossámedes, enriching the cases of the Museum at Lisbon with most valuable specimens. I had

subsequently an opportunity of learning his mode of life, which is worthy of a passing notice.

Anchieta was established in the ruins of a church situated at about a couple of hundred yards from the fortress.

The interior of his habitation was in the shape of the letter T, surrounded by broad shelves, on which appeared a confused heap of books, mathematical instruments, photographic apparatus, telescopes, microscopes, retorts, birds of every variety of plumage, flasks of various sizes, earthenware, bread, bottles full of multicolored liquids, surgical cases, bundles of plants, medical products, cartridge-boxes, clothes, and other undistinguishable articles. In one corner was a pile of muskets and rifles of various systems. Alongside the house was an enclosure, wherein I observed some cows and pigs. At the door sundry negroes and negresses were skinning birds and preparing mammiferi; and among them, seated in an old fauteuil, which showed evidence of long service, and before a huge table, I found José d'Anchieta.

I give up as useless the attempt to describe what was on that table. Of nippers, scalpels, and microscopes there were not a few. On one side a heap of fragments of birds showed that he was engaged in the study of comparative anatomy. In front of him a flower carefully dissected proved that he had been occupied in determining from the disposition of its petals, the number of its stamens, the shape of its calyx, the arrangement of its seeds and pistils, the names of the family, genus, and species in which it was to be ranked. With his scalpel in hand and his eye fixed on the microscope he is accustomed to pass the hours he can snatch from his labors as a collector, and now it is a flower, now a bird, which forms the object of his studies.

Occasionally his researches are interrupted by the wail of a suffering patient, to whom he devotes the care of a physician or dispenses the medicine necessary for his relief.

We learned on our arrival that the *chefe* Castro had been superseded and another officer of the army of Africa substituted in his stead. The latter arrived two days after ourselves, and with him Ensign Castro, in charge of the mails from Europe. The avidity with which our letters were devoured may readily be conceived.

I applied at once for carriers, and Snr. Castro offered to accompany me to the residence of José Duarte Bandeira, the principal potentate of Caconda, through whose enormous influence, he said, the thing could be easily managed. We therefore started for Vicéte on the morning of the 13th.

After trudging some twenty-six miles in a southeast direction, I arrived, as night fell, at Vicéte, a fortified compound among rocks, on the summit of a hill which overlooks a vast plain. I was received by José Duarte Bandeira, who, after a hearty supper, showed me to an excellent bed, of which I stood greatly in need.

The first thing next morning, Ensign Castro broached the subject of carriers, and Bandeira readily engaged to obtain one hundred and twenty, the number we required to help us on to Bihé.

We turned our steps once more in the direction of Caconda on the 17th, taking with us a promise to be supplied with carriers in less than a week, and promising in turn to send the following day a keg of *aguardente* to inaugurate the *convocation*. In this part of Africa *aguardente* plays the same part with men as oil does in Europe with machinery. There is no moving without it.

On the 19th, we sent off the keg of *aguardente* to Bandeira, at the same time begging him to use the utmost despatch in getting together the carriers. On the 23rd, I sent off another messenger to Vicéte, urging Bandeira to let me have the carriers at once, as we were now waiting for them.

Still the men did not appear, so that I was induced to

beg the *chefe* himself to repair to Vicéte, and use both his influence and authority over Bandeira to procure us what we wanted.

The *chefe* went, and shortly after wrote me that sixty-one men were ready and that there would soon be more.

The day after this communication came another letter from the *chefe* to the effect that the carriers were going to be paid and would come on at once; two days afterwards we had a third letter saying that there were already ninety-four men collected; and finally, on the 5th of February, we received another epistle, informing us that there was not a single carrier ready or ever likely to be!

Imagine our disappointment!

The *chefe* came back from Vicéte, but I never could get out of him a reasonable explanation of his and Bandeira's conduct.

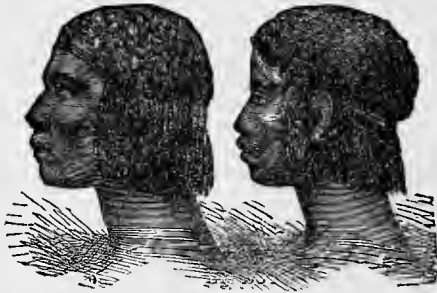
It was then resolved that I should start for the Huambo country, to see whether I could get any men from the native chief there, inasmuch as all were agreed, the *chefe* and Anchieta into the bargain, that it was impossible to engage any nearer. I began to fancy that there was a fixed determination to throw difficulties in our way, although I did not suspect it so strongly at that time as I had occasion to do later on.

The fortified post of Caconda, the deepest in the interior of the district of Benguella over which at the present time wave the colors of Portugal, forms a square of three hundred and twenty-eight feet, surrounded by a deep fosse and a parapet, about which, here and there, are distinctly visible the lines of a temporary fortification constructed with some art. An interior stockade forms a second line of defence, and protects a few tumble-down houses, composing the residence of the *chefe*, the barracks, and powder magazine. Some good pieces of brass ordnance, mounted *en barbette*, and more worn by time

than use, expose their green and oxidized muzzles to the approaching wayfarer.

At about two hundred yards or so to the south of the fortress are the ruins of a church. To the north is a group of poor little huts, occupied by the soldiers. The population is exceedingly scanty, and has withdrawn itself considerably from the vicinity of the fortress.

The soil is most fertile, and many European plants readily flourish there, and produce abundantly. Of trade there is but little, and that is carried on very far in the interior.



MAN AND WOMAN OF THE HUAMBO.

CHAPTER V.

TWENTY DAYS OF PROFOUND ANXIETY.

I STARTED from Caconda on the 8th of February, 1878, taking with me six Benguella men, my young negro, Pepeca, and Verissimo Gonçalves, to whom I have before alluded; and I was also accompanied by Lieutenant Aguiar, the *chefe* of Caconda, who insisted upon attending me in this expedition, the sole object of which was to make arrangements for carriers. After a journey of some ten miles towards the northeast, I reached the village of Quipembe, where I was hospitably received by the native chief Quimbundo.

In the course of the evening he came to see me at my hut, and conversed upon the policy of the Portuguese in Caconda with a degree of judgment difficult to be met with in a provincial negro. His village is of vast size, well fortified and capitally situated. From the moment of my arrival troops of little negroes and negresses hovered about and regarded me with the utmost surprise, taking to their heels at the slightest movement I made. My spectacles, and more especially my rug, upon which there figured an enormous lion on a red ground, appeared to be objects of the greatest wonder to them.

On the 9th I travelled northeast, passed to the south of the Banja village, magnificently perched on the summit of an eminence, and after crossing three brooks, arrived at the river Quando, which I consider one of the great affluents of the Cunene.

At the spot where I camped, by the village of Pessenge, the river disappears beneath enormous masses of granite, to see the light once more nearly a mile lower down. The place presented one of the most charming landscapes I have ever beheld. The banks of the river, which were somewhat elevated, were covered with a luxuriant vegetation, elegant palms springing from the dark green of gigantic thorns. Blackened rocks here and there emerged from the tangled undergrowth, their exposed heads polished through the washing of innumerable storms.

This was the first occasion during my journey of my lying down at night with only the starry sky for a canopy, but I did not sleep the less soundly on that account. I woke at daybreak in time to assist at the destruction of a venomous cobra found wriggling between my bed and that of Lieutenant Aguiar.

At starting we travelled northeast from the village of Pessenge, and soon reached another, the Canjongo, governed by a petty chief, from whom we obtained a few fowls in barter for some common cloth. We arrived at five o'clock in the evening at the great village of Quingolo.

Caimbo, the native chief, received me hospitably, and at once sent food for my people. Learning the motive of my journey, he told me that he would supply me with forty men, whom he would despatch to Caconda, and perhaps I might obtain the remainder in the Huambo. Here I had a slight attack of fever.

Quingolo is situated upon a granite mount which overlooks an enormous plain. From between the rocks spring huge sycamores, which lend the place a constant and agreeable freshness. These same rocks, combined with the stockades, make a formidable defence against attack, and the place is rendered stronger by a fosse that runs round it, though it is half choked up. On the very summit of the mount are two gigantic cliffs that form a kind of observa-

tory, from which I saw spread before me one of the most surprising panoramas I have ever beheld.

On the 12th, although my fever had increased, I decided upon leaving, and having exchanged the most cordial adieus with the native chief and Lieutenant Aguiar, I resumed my journey, accompanied by three guides furnished me by Caimbo. At ten o'clock I reached the village of the petty chief of Palanca, of whom I solicited shelter, as it was impossible for me to proceed with the fever increasing on me every moment.

Three grammes of quinine, which I took during the intermission of the fever, produced a rapid improvement in my health, so that I was enabled to go on the following day. I rode a-straddle on a powerful ox, and kept another in reserve. These animals were well broken in, and made my progress easy. I was able to get a very decent trot out of them, and even occasionally a short gallop.

The heat was intense, and I began to feel extremely ill, so that I called a halt in order to get a little rest. There were no trees near the place, and I fell asleep upon the baked earth, under a burning sun. My slumbers were of the shortest, and on awaking I had a sensation of freshness, and observed that there was shade. It was caused by the thoughtfulness of my attendants, who were standing around me and sheltering my recumbent body from the ardent rays of a vertical sun. I was touched by such a proof of kindly care.

I went on again, still toward the northeast, and at nightfall reached the village of Capôco, the powerful son of the native chief of the Huambo country. Capôco received me very kindly, gave me his own house for my use, presented me at once with a large pig, and, learning that I was ill, sent me a couple of fowls. I had some talk with him about carriers, whom he promised to supply.

I made him a present of two pieces of striped cloth and a couple of bottles of *aguardente*. Shortly after, a

numerous troop of virgins, recognizable by their bangles of bent wood worn upon the ankles, brought my negroes abundant food in wicker baskets. After taking some lunar altitudes, I lay down to rest in a happy mood, notwithstanding my indisposition, at seeing my excursion so far crowned with success.

On the following day my companions were to join me, and with them I should have not only the society of dear friends and compatriots, but the resources which had now utterly failed me, and of which I stood in such sore need. I fell asleep, therefore, smiling, nor did any ugly dream disturb my slumbers! And yet I was on the eve of a severe trial — a racking anxiety that was to endure for twenty days.

I dismissed the three guides who had accompanied me from Quingolo, and sent letters by them to Capello and Ivens, informing those friends that I was anxiously awaiting them, and bidding them not to part from their loads, as the state of the country was anything but secure.

The carriers were busy laying in their stock of provisions, with a view to starting next day for Caconda, and I was in the act of writing to my friends, when three porters arrived from the native chief of Quingolo, with letters from them and a basket containing salt and a little bag of rice.

I opened the letters in all haste. Two of them were official and one was private, all signed by Capello and Ivens. They informed me that they had resolved to go on alone, and that, in respect of the forty carriers despatched by me from Quingolo, they sent me forty loads accompanied by the guide Barros, in order that I might convey them to the Bihé.

It was only their imperfect knowledge or utter ignorance of the interior of Africa which could excuse my friends in acting in so strange a manner. I was at that time in a hostile country, and if I had been respected hitherto it was because the people round me looked upon me and my little

band as the vanguard of a considerable troop under the command of the friends in my rear, and the fear of reprisals had, up to that moment, restrained the natural rapacity of the natives.

What would be my fate if it were known that my entire force consisted of but ten men? I looked my position fairly in the face, and found it replete with difficulties. Capello and Ivens must have been deceived by some false counsellor, for of a certainty their loyalty would never have allowed them, knowingly, to abandon me in so terrible a position.

Still what was to be done? In three days I might reach Caconda and thence turn back to Benguella. On the other hand I had before me a journey of twenty days to the Bihé, a journey wherein I should have day by day, nay, almost hour by hour, to risk both life and property. What should I decide?

The evening of the 17th of February was passed in an indescribable state of feverish agitation. The night was a fearful one; for the fever assisted to worry my brain, and care and anxiety rapidly increased the fever. Daybreak of the 18th found me astir, and there were moments when a phrase forced itself on my mind, and I found myself mechanically giving it utterance.

Audacia fortuna juvat. It was the watchword of the old Romans; it is the law which from time immemorial has dictated the actions of adventurers.

My resolution was taken. I would go on. I had not penetrated into Africa merely to visit the Nano country, however interesting it might be, especially to us Portuguese.

I aroused my men. I put before them in few words the precarious position in which we stood, and my determination to go forward to the Bihé. They one and all assured me of their devotion and their resolve to stand by me to the last.

Of these ten men, three, viz. Verissimo Gonçalves, Augusto, and Camutombo, got back to Lisbon after traversing Africa with me; four followed Capello and Ivens by my orders from the Bihé; one, a negro, Cossusso, went off his head at the Quanza, and was entrusted to the care of Silva Porto Domingos Chacahanga, and the two remaining, Manuel and Catraiogrande, fell at my feet, pierced through by the assegais of the Luinas; for, faithful to their promise made on that eventful day, they died in my defence while I was myself defending the national colors.

I was still an inmate of Capôco's house, and hitherto he had been lavish of his favors; but Capôco was celebrated far and near as the freebooter of the Nano country, who only a year before had extended his depredations even as far as Quillengues, which he had attacked. What then was likely to be his behavior when he came to know of my weakness?

Upon him depended the success of my enterprise. Capôco was a man of some four-and-twenty years, of attractive appearance and agreeable manners. Often had Verissimo Gonçalves observed that it seemed impossible he could be the man whose name was a terror to the country round, and whose footsteps, wherever he wandered, were marked by devastation and death. Among his female slaves Verissimo knew several girls who had been stolen from Quillengues during the attack of the previous year. There was one of them with whom I had myself conversed, the daughter of a Quillengues chief, and for whom Capôco demanded a heavy ransom.

Capôco was a man of intelligence, most moderate in both eating and drinking, and although in possession of a large number of female slaves, had a very limited harem. Amid the barbarism in which he lived and the looseness of his principles, he was not wanting in a certain nobility of feeling. For instance, I observed that the young slave

above referred to, a handsome and even elegant girl, wore upon her ankles the wooden bangles which were an infallible sign of virginity; and in my surprise at the circumstance, considering her surroundings, I ventured to ask Capôco how it was he had not made her his own.

"I cannot do it," was his reply; "she is my slave by right of war, but so long as her father shows a disposition to ransom her I must respect her, and she shall be respected, for I intend to deliver her up in the same state in which I took her."

As I have already incidentally mentioned, the girls, so long as they remain virgins, wear upon both ankles, or upon the left ankle only, certain wooden bangles, and it is considered a great crime if any family should allow its daughters to use such distinctive mark if they have lost their title to wear it.

One custom among these people struck me as very curious, viz., the existence in every village of a kind of temple for conversation. This retreat is in the shape of a huge vat, but the ribs which support the thatched roof are placed a good distance apart. In the centre, the hearth is blazing — for the Africans dearly love a fire — and most of the inhabitants of the place, in turn, sit around it on wooden blocks. It is the general meeting-place, more especially when it rains. There one may listen to stirring episodes of war or the chase; love stories are not wanting, nor is there a greater lack than in Europe of tales of wayward lives.

I at length sought out Capôco and told him that my companions had proceeded by the way of Galangue; that only fifty loads would come on, thus reducing the number of men I required to forty, and that I should want them only as far as the Bihé. On that same day the negro Barros arrived with the forty loads, and another letter from my companions confirming the contents of the first.

From this last epistle I further learned that they had

left Caconda for the Bihé, accompanied by the *ex-chefe*, Ensign Castro, and the banished Domingos, who had demonstrated to me the impossibility of obtaining men at Caconda and yet managed to get them himself the very day I left the place. It was to these last two, in all probability, that I owed the critical position in which I was now placed. I do not of course accuse even them of a crime, but I cannot do less than charge them with great indiscretion.

On the following morning the forty men assembled according to promise. I saw them off at about ten o'clock, accompanied by Barros, the guide, but they were thoroughly discontented and grumbling. I was myself to follow them in about an hour's time, but had so sudden and violent an attack of fever that I was compelled to delay my journey.

Since the evening before it had been raining in torrents, and the night was specially tempestuous. The fever began to abate about four in the afternoon, and the rain had, by that time, held up. At five precisely I strolled out of the place in the direction of a neighboring wood, but my steps were uncertain and I had to lean heavily on my staff.

Always liking to be ready for an emergency, I had told my young negro Pepeca, who was in attendance upon me, not to forget to bring one of my rifles. It was fortunate I did so, for we had no sooner entered the wood than an enormous buffalo sprang up within twenty paces of us, and looking at me with fiery eyes, snorted violently.

I took the gun from my attendant's hand, but to my alarm and disgust saw that, instead of a rifle, he had only brought with him a common fowling-piece charged with shot! I felt that it was all over with me, and that death, as inevitable as it was ignominious, was travelling toward me in the shape of yon ferocious beast which was heralding his attack with a low roar.

My thoughts flew towards Heaven, my wife and my daughter. Meanwhile the creature was advancing by leaps, in that irregular way these animals use in making their attacks. At a distance of about eight paces I gave him the first charge of shot. It stopped him for perhaps half a second, and on he came again more madly than before. When I fired the second barrel the muzzle of the gun almost touched the beast's head, and the instant I had done so I leaped nimbly aside. The buffalo turned neither to the right nor left, but continuing his wild career, disappeared in the thicket. Pepeca laughed fit to split his sides, and, apparently unconscious of the peril in which we had stood, clapped his hands when he recovered breath, and exclaimed, —

“The bull has run away! how we must have frightened him!”

I lost no time in returning to Capôco's house after this adventure and passed the night in comparative ease. Before I lay down I wanted to write, and was therefore compelled to improvise a lamp, which I made by sticking some cotton by way of wick into an old sardine box containing pig's lard.

On the morning of the 21st of February I took leave of Capôco, and with the fever still upon me wended my way towards the Sambo territory. Before I reached the Calée I received a note from the guide Barros informing me that during the night the carriers had all fled, leaving their loads in the village of the petty chief Quimbungo, the brother of the chief or native king Bilombo. I turned back and sought an interview with Capôco, to whom I related what had occurred. He advised me to go on to his uncle's settlement and that he would remedy the mischief. I therefore again proceeded, and shortly after crossed the Calée. A bridge, roughly thrown together and composed of the trunks of trees, unites the two banks of the river.

I marched northeast, and at ten o'clock passed close to the village of the petty chief Chacaquimbamba, at the entrance of which there was a large assembly of people. I went by without their saying a word, but had not gone more than fifty yards when I heard a great noise from the direction of the settlement. At the same moment Verissimo came running up to me with the intelligence that one of our own carriers was the innocent cause of the commotion.

I turned back and found the negro Jamba, on whom devolved the duty of carrying my trunk, in a great state of excitement owing to the natives having stolen his gun; a feat which they performed the more readily as, apprehensive of dropping his load, which he knew contained the chronometers and other delicate instruments, he made but a feeble resistance. Besides the firearm, they had carried off to the village a she-goat and a sheep, a present from Capôco. I gave them to understand that they must restore what had been stolen, but I got nothing but murmurs of a threatening tone in reply.

I made a rapid survey of my position, and did not feel particularly comforted by the reflection that my party consisted of ten men, opposed to upwards of two hundred.

Urged, however, by a sudden impulse, and putting aside the dictates of prudence and common sense, I determined to test the mettle of those ten men, who were destined to be my comrades in even greater dangers. Moving, therefore, towards the entrance of the village, I cocked my revolver, and ordered them to enter and regain possession of our property. My Benguella negro, Manuel, a young man of whom I had never previously made any account, became, as it were, another being, and, cocking his gun, led the way at a trot into the village. He was at once followed by Augusto, Verissimo and Catraio grande, and a moment after by the rest of my troop, leaving me alone to stand the brunt and become perhaps the victim of

the fury of the populace. The audacity, however, of our proceeding in all probability saved it from failure, and when Verissimo marched out from the place in triumph with the goat, and Augusto with the sheep, covered by their companions with their guns ready for use, the natives retired to a more convenient distance, and offered no opposition to our movements.

We, however, lost the gun: easier of concealment than the animals, it was hidden securely away; nor did a second search, which the success attending the first emboldened us to make, bring the missing article to light.

My negroes, heartened by the indecision of the natives, now became loud and warm in their desire for vengeance, and I had to exercise all my authority to prevent them opening fire on the groups that were watching us. I succeeded in calming them at last by a promise of speedy and complete satisfaction at the hands of Capôco, in whom, to tell the truth, I began to feel a certain confidence.

At three o'clock we reached the village of the petty chief, Quimbungo, brother of the native king of the Huambo, where we found the negro Barros in charge of the abandoned loads. Quimbungo received me very cordially, and promised to furnish me with carriers to the Sambo country. On learning also of our adventure of the morning, he begged me not to let my anger fall upon Chacaquimbamba, and he would take care that the stolen gun was restored and full satisfaction given for the insult.

About six that evening Capôco arrived, bringing with him several of the porters who had fled, and the goods which had been given to the others by way of advance of pay. He further told me that on the morrow the gun should be brought back, and the chief of the little village be placed at my disposal, that I might inflict upon him such chastisement as I thought proper. And more than this, he assured me that I need no longer fear the flight of any of the carriers, as he himself, or his uncle, would

accompany me as far as the Sambo. I retired to rest burning with fever, and passed a horrible night.

On the next day more carriers were got together, but still not enough for our purpose. Capôco started at day-break for Chacaquimbamba's place, and at mid-day returned with the stolen gun and that chief himself, to whom I graciously extended full pardon for the offence of his people. The delinquent was profuse in his expressions of gratitude and — what was even more satisfactory — presented me with a couple of splendid sheep. This done, Capôco, the renowned and ferocious chief, the terror of the neighboring countries, whom I had succeeded in so completely winning to my service that he had heaped me with favors, took his leave, and recommending me warmly to his uncle, quietly returned to his own residence.

As evening fell, a frightful tempest broke over our encampment. Torrents of rain descended amid constant crashes of thunder, and forked lightning darted perpendicularly into the earth all around us. My fever increased amid this war of the elements.

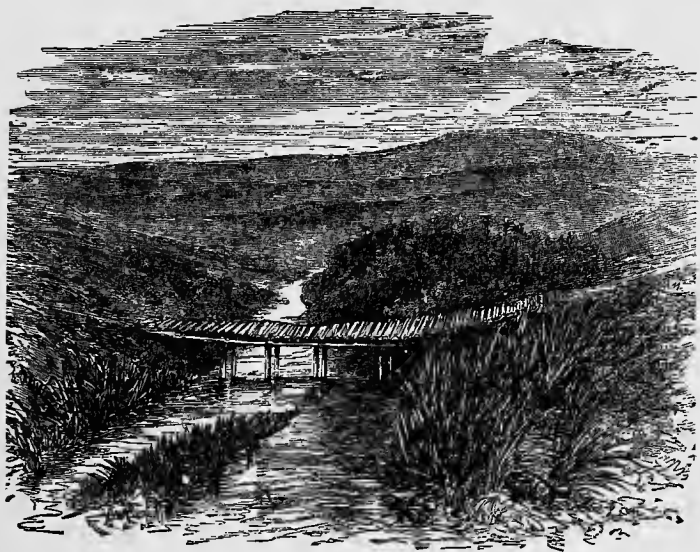
Shortly after daylight Quimbungo informed me that the carriers were ready, but that they demanded payment in advance. This I positively refused, for besides the experience recently acquired of the folly of the practice, Capôco had advised me never to pay them beforehand.

The men, in turn, refused to go, and disbanded. Quimbungo assembled some of his immediate followers and ordered them to accompany me, but the number was very small, so that, even with the addition of those brought me by Capôco, I had still twenty-seven loads without carriers for them, and was compelled to leave them behind under the charge of Barros, Quimbungo promising to send them after me to the Sambo, whither I decided forthwith to bend my steps.

I started at 10 A. M. in an easterly direction, and at three in the afternoon we fixed our encampment in a thick

forest of acacia-trees. The bad weather still pursued us, nor could I throw off the fever which weighed upon me. During the night an awful thunderstorm travelling from southwest to northeast passed over our heads, the vivid flashes of lightning being accompanied by torrents of rain.

Breaking up our camp on the following morning at six, we pursued our journey, reaching the Cunene a couple of hours later. This we crossed by a bridge constructed, like all the bridges in this part of Africa, of unhewn trunks of trees. We arrived at the village of the native chief of the Dumbo in the Sambo territory at 2 P. M.



BRIDGE OVER THE CUBANGO RIVER.

CHAPTER VI.

TWENTY DAYS OF PROFOUND ANXIETY — (CONTINUED).

THE chief of Dumbo is a vassal of the King of the Sambo. He is a man of considerable wealth, and reckons a large number of inhabitants in the villages and hamlets over which he holds sway. He received me very courteously, and promised me carriers for the following day, although, as he said, I had not arrived at a very favorable juncture, as many of his people were absent on a war excursion.

A short time before my own arrival, a wealthy chief, by name Cassoma, had reached the Dumbo. He was a friend of my host, whom he had come to visit, travelling for that purpose from his residence on the banks of the Cubango. This Cassoma was far from being sympathetic to me, although he was himself profuse in his expressions of friendship, and even offered to accompany me to the Bihé.

In the evening I sent three bottles of *aguardente* to my host, and reminded him not to fail me next morning in the matter of carriers. Contrary to the hospitable customs of the natives in these parts the chief had sent me nothing whatsoever to eat, and as none would sell us flour, we were beginning to get very hungry.

It was about eight o'clock at night that, in a very bad humor and with an empty stomach, I was about to retire to rest, when I heard a knocking at my door, which was immediately followed by the entrance of my host, the chief

Cassoma, another by the name of Palanca, a friend and principal counsellor of my host, and five of the wives of the latter. We conversed awhile about my journey, but Cassoma suddenly broke in with the remark that they had not come there to talk, and addressing himself pointedly to his friend, he added : —

“We want *aguardente*, as you know, so tell the white man to give it to us.”

My host, encouraged by the impudence of Cassoma, then told me that I must give him and his wives some liquor. To this I replied that I had already given him three bottles, although he had not offered me bit or sup in return ; that it was the first time in the course of my travels I had been allowed by a chief, who proffered me hospitality, to go to my bed fasting, and that I should not therefore part with another drop of *aguardente*. Cassoma then took up the cudgels and did all he could to awaken the anger of his brother chief ; a warm controversy ensued between us, which lasted for more than an hour, and although I managed to keep my temper, my prudence and patience were tried to their utmost limits.

Patience and prudence, however, alike gave way when my unwelcome visitors declared that, as I would not give them what they wanted by fair means, they intended to help themselves. Pushing the cask towards them with my foot, I seized my revolver, and cocking it, asked who intended to take the first drink. They hesitated a moment, when Cassoma cried out to my host : —

“You are king here, and have a right to the first swill.”

Dumbo threw off his outer garment, which he delivered to Palanca, with the words : —

“Take care the white man doesn’t steal it ;” and he took two steps towards the cask.

I raised my revolver to the height of his head and fired ; but Verissimo Gonçalves, who stood by me, knocked up my arm, and the ball went crashing into the wall of the

hut. The three negroes, trembling with fear, retreated to as great a distance from me as the dimensions of the building would allow, and the five women set up a horrible chorus of screams.

I then for the first time became conscious of the sound of other human voices mixed with that laughter so peculiar to the blacks, and looking towards the door I discovered my faithful followers, Augusto and Manuel, who, on hearing the discussion, had softly approached, with the rest of my men in the rear, and now, armed with their guns, were keeping guard at the entrance, and heartily enjoying the scene.

Verissimo then, in a confidential tone, informed my host and his companions that they had better retire and not say a word to arouse my anger, for that if I should put myself in a rage again he would not answer for the consequences, or be able perhaps to save their lives, as he had done awhile ago. They lost no time in taking his advice, and filed off, one behind the other, in the utmost silence.

But for Verissimo's knocking up my arm in the way he did I should have killed the chief, and in the position in which we then stood we should in all probability have been massacred to a man. In saving my host's life he had therefore saved the lives of us all.

The excitement occasioned by this last adventure so increased the fever within me, that when the place was cleared of my visitors I dropped in a state of utter exhaustion upon the skins which, spread in a corner of the hut, served me by way of bed. My faithful blacks stretched themselves across the door and told me to sleep in peace, as they would watch over my safety.

After a short and broken sleep I awoke to the sounds of a tempest that was raging violently outside. As I lay, I turned over in my mind the events of the few hours before, and did not derive much comfort or tranquillity from their contemplation. What would the morning bring forth?

There was I, with my ten men, within a fortified village whence it was not easy to escape, and even were the passage clear, where was I to obtain carriers now that I was, so to speak, at daggers drawn with their chief? My readers may form some slight idea of the anxiety with which I watched for the first gleam of daylight.

When the dawn at last appeared I took it as a good omen that the fever had somewhat abated. I rose, made all preparations for departure, and then took the bold course of summoning the chief, who was not long in making his appearance. I told him that I was about to continue my journey, and should leave my property under his care, until such time as I could send for it. In a very subdued manner he begged me not to do that, as he would furnish me with carriers; he made a thousand apologies for the occurrence of the evening before, the whole blame of which he threw upon Cassoma, whom, as he averred, he had turned out of his house. This, however, was not true, as I caught a glimpse of the fellow a little later on.

At ten o'clock the requisite carriers appeared. But I saw at a glance that they did not all deserve that name, for amid the group were half-a-dozen girls with bangles about their ankles; so that, in his hurry to get rid of me, he had not waited to draw men from the surrounding hamlets, but put all he had at my disposal and made up the desired number by these female slaves.

I, however, thanked him warmly and expressed my satisfaction at such a proof of courtesy, adding that I had not got with me a present worthy of his acceptance, but that I should be happy to offer him a handsome gun if he would send a man with me, in whom he placed confidence, to receive it at the Bihé; hinting, at the same time, that I should be pleased if he selected for such office his confidant, the chief Palanca. My delight was extreme (though I took care to conceal it) at his yielding to my request and appointing Palanca to accompany me. By so doing, this

Dumbo princelet delivered into my hands a precious hostage, who would be responsible not only for my own safety but for that of the loads I had entrusted two days previously to the care of Barros, whom I informed of the circumstances by a letter which I left for him at the Dumbo.

I quitted the village, which had so narrowly escaped becoming a scene of successful treachery and bloodshed, at 11 A. M., marching at the head of my strangely assorted crew, consisting of my ten Benguella braves, ten very doubtful characters of the Sambo country, and six virgin slaves of the native chief of the Dumbo. The rain was falling in torrents; but heedless of this inconvenience I trudged steadily on, anxious, as may well be supposed, to put as many miles as possible between myself and that inhospitable township.

Four hours later, having travelled northeast, I pitched my camp near the village of Burundoa, completely soaked through and shivering with cold and fever.

I declined the hospitality offered me by the chief of the locality, for not only had I been vividly impressed with the experience of the evening before, but I began to see the wisdom of the counsel given me by Stanley — namely — never in Africa, if it could possibly be avoided, to pass the night under native roofs.

I started at 7.40 A. M. in a northeasterly direction, traversing a highly cultivated and thickly peopled region. At noon we rested near Quiaia. The chief of this village turned out to salute me and made me a present of a large pig. I returned him its value in striped cotton stuff, at which he was very much pleased, and subsequently sent a lot of pumpkins for the use of my people.

We pursued our journey in the same direction, and two hours later pitched our tents in a wood near the hamlet of the Gongo.

A chief of the name of Capuço, who held sway over the neighboring hamlet, paid me the compliment of sending

me by three of his wives (all very ugly women) a present in the shape of a fowl and three pumpkins. In return I sent him about three yards of striped cloth and gave a few beads to the women. At nightfall we had other female visitors, offering flour, maize and manioc for sale. All these women indulged in the most extravagant head-dresses, the hair being interlaced with white coral and



THE CHIEF WHO GAVE ME A PIG.

made to shine with a lavish expenditure of castor oil, which seemed to be a favorite article of the toilet.

The men furnished me by the chief of the Dumbo were the most insubordinate rascals I ever came across; they were always either quarrelling with one another or with the Benguella porters, so that the only quiet spot in the camp, at night-time, was that occupied by the six negresses, my gentle virgin carriers.

At 8 A. M. we were on our way, and at 9 passed close to the hamlets of Chacaonha, inhabited by the first of the

Ganguella race in West Africa. The Bomba rivulet was shortly after forded, and we continued along its left bank for about a mile and a quarter, when the carriers suddenly laid down their loads, saying that they would not move another step, and demanded payment that they might return to their homes.

We were then about a mile or so from the Cubango, and being very desirous of crossing that river, I tried to persuade them to go at least that short distance farther, and promised that, so soon as I was on the other side, I would pay them what was due and dismiss them. My persuasions, however, had no effect. They gave me to understand that the reason of their refusal was the fear of my vengeance; that I had been grossly insulted in the village of their chief at the Dumbo; and they were convinced that I would not spare them if I once got them on the other bank of the river and consequently out of their own territory.

I tried to reason them out of such an absurdity, but it was labor in vain. I then refused to pay them at all if they did not carry the loads to the other side of the river. To this they replied that they would rather go without their pay than follow me, and they at once called the six girls and bade them come away with them.

I was at my wit's end. Within a stone's throw, as it were, was the hamlet of that fellow Cassoma, and I thought I perceived in this business a craftily devised plan to betray me into his hands, he having gone on before to make his preparations. Any loads abandoned in such a place were as good as lost beyond redemption, and with this conviction on my mind my readers may imagine with what feelings I contemplated the departure of the carriers.

I turned my eyes, in perplexity, towards my goods, and a sudden revulsion of feeling came over me. Seated on one of the packages that were spread upon the ground was a tall, thin figure of a man, with a face as immovable

as if cut out of stone, and with a long gun lying across his knees. It was the petty chief Palanca, who had accompanied me from the Dumbo, and whose existence I had almost forgotten. Now or never was the time I could make him useful. Making a spring upon him, I disarmed and threw him to the ground. Calling to my men, I ordered them to bind him hand and foot, and in a loud voice commanded Augusto and Manuel to hang him up to the projecting branch of an acacia which conveniently presented itself for the purpose. Seeing by the rope put about his neck that the order was being most undoubtedly carried out, the fellow exclaimed, "Don't kill me! don't kill me! the carriers shall go across the Cubango." At the same time he gave vent to a loud halloo which brought back the men, who were already at some little distance. When they were reassembled he gave the word for them to take up their loads and follow him, a command which they obeyed without hesitation.

I then ordered that his feet should be unbound, and threatened him with a bullet through his head at the slightest mutiny of the carriers. Half an hour afterwards we passed the Cubango by a well-constructed bridge, and camped on the left bank near the hamlets of Chindonga.

At length I stood in the Moma country, and free of the territories of the Nano, Huambo and Sambo, of which I shall retain a life-long memory.

I paid and discharged the Sambo carriers, giving them a yard of striped cloth each, which was the recompense agreed on. I then called the six girls and told them I should give them nothing, as women were bound to work, and deserved no pay. They hung their heads in a very downcast fashion, but made no remark at my decision, so degraded is the position of women in this part of the world.

Just as they were about to start, and had turned their heads towards the Sambo, I ordered them to come back,

when I made each of them a present of a couple of yards of the most brilliant chintz I possessed, and some strings of different beads. It is impossible to describe the delight of these poor creatures at receiving so splendid a gift.

The men looked on in envy, and I improved the occasion by pointing out to them that, if they had not mutinied on the other side of the Cubango, I would have given them the same guerdon. This was my revenge, and I hope the lesson was not lost upon the fellows.

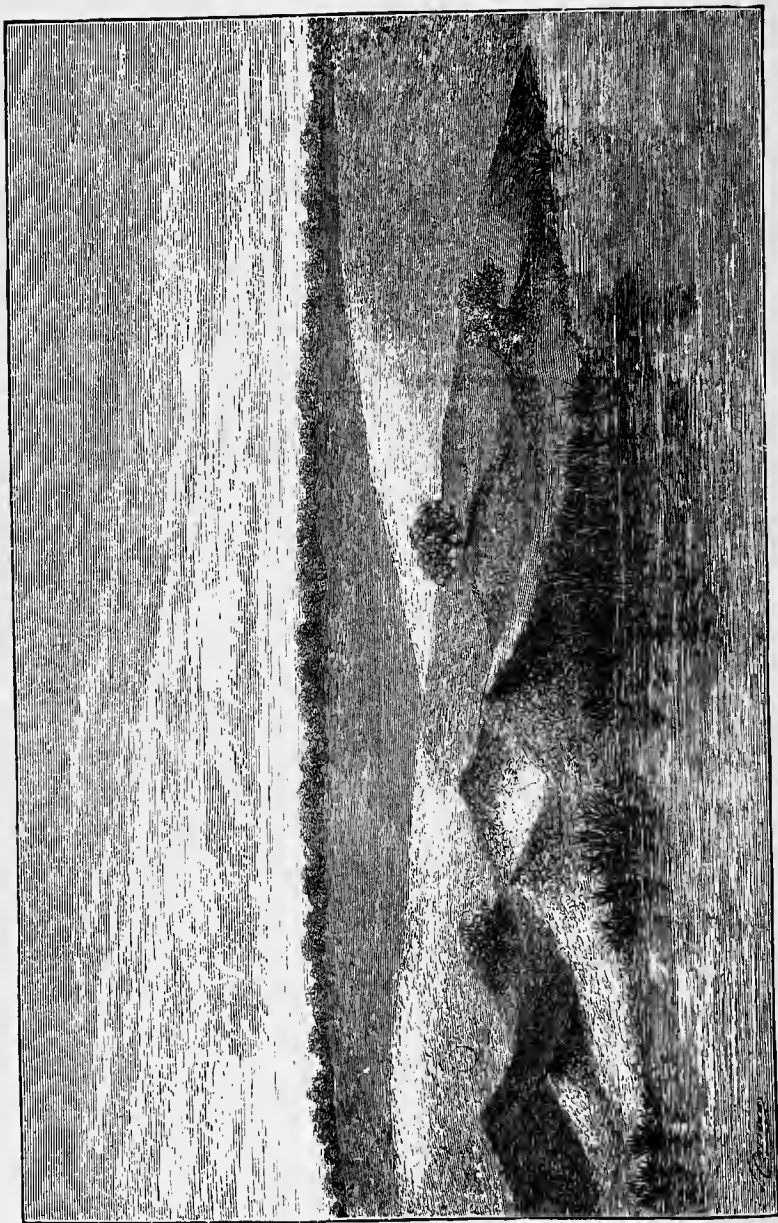
In the course of the evening a petty chief from Chindonga came to visit me, bringing with him a pig as a present. He promised me carriers for the following morning at the rate of half a yard of striped cloth per day.

My fever had yielded to the tremendous doses of quinine I had taken; but, completely wetted through for three whole days, I began to feel the first symptoms of that rheumatism which threatened more than once to bring my journey to a sudden close. The night was tempestuous, and the following day continued very wet.

The chief was as good as his word, and put in an appearance early next morning with the carriers; but I had resolved to give myself some hours' rest, and therefore dismissed them till the following day. I learned from the chief that my companions had passed through his place on the previous eve, coming from the south.

The chief, Palanca, from the Sambo, was carefully watched, but was otherwise free. The day before I had despatched a message to my former host of the Dumbo, informing him that the head of his friend should answer for the loads that had been left behind in the care of Barros, a resolution which Palanca found most just and natural, as it was the law of the country.

Just as I was starting the next morning I had the ill luck to break my spectacles, which I had worn ever since I left Lisbon. After five hours' tramp we pitched our tents on



ANT-HILLS ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER CUTATO.

the left bank of the River Cutato dos Ganguellas, the stream being passed by stepping-stones a little above a small cataract. At that point the river runs eastward, bending subsequently to the north and then east by south. This gigantic S is a series of rapids, where the river rushes with a tremendous roar over the granite rocks which form its bed. The right bank is covered with the plantations of the inhabitants of Moma. Before reaching the plantations, I crossed a forest of enormous acacias of surprising beauty.

The aspect of the banks of the Cutato is very singular. Where the granite of the river-bed terminates, a soil commences of termitic formation, the ground undulating in thousands of little hills, some cultivated, others covered with a sylvan vegetation; and as they are all connected, the aspect is that of a system of miniature mountain chains which perfectly enchant the beholder.

During the night the rain came down in torrents, and it was not till noon on the following day that the rain ceased; and though my pulse was going at the rate of 144 per minute, from fever, I resumed my journey at 2 P. M. I tramped along on foot, as I found it impossible to keep my seat on the ox; but after an hour's march my legs refused to carry me farther. We therefore camped; and I met with the utmost attention and care not only from my own negroes, but even from the Ganguella carriers.

On my road I fell in with several graves of the native chiefs, which are covered with clay, similar in shape to many in Europe. These graves are protected from the rain by a species of open shed with thatched roof, and are always shaded by a large tree. Upon most of them I saw earthen vases and platters, placed there by the relatives of the deceased, as we are accustomed to deposit garlands and immortelles upon the tombs of our own loved ones.

On the following morning I went on, and half an hour after having left the camp I passed near the large village

of Cassequera. My young negro Pepeca had so violent and sudden an attack of fever that he sank down powerless. I called a halt, and sent off a messenger to the village of Cassequera to hire a man for the purpose of carrying the poor fellow on his shoulders. At noon I passed near the residence of the captain of the Quingue, the first village in the Caquingue country. I took up my quarters in the house of João Albino, a half-caste of Benguella, the son of the old Portuguese trader Luiz Albino, who was killed by a buffalo in the wilds of the Zambesi.



TOMB OF A NATIVE CHIEF.

João Albino resides in the compound of Camenha, son of the captain of the Quingue. Camenha himself was absent, having gone to take the command of the forces of the native king of Caquingue, in a war then waging.

I paid a visit to the old captain of the Quingue, taking with me, by way of offering, a piece of linen cloth. He made me a present of an ox, which I ordered at once to be slaughtered. The captain was very old and infirm. He conversed with me at great length about my journey

and its motives, and could not comprehend what I intended to do. When I was about to leave him he said :—

“I know now who you are ; you are a chief of the white king, and he has sent you to visit these parts, and study the roads ; for the white king knows that many things are done here that are not good, and he wants to put a stop to them. I pray you, when he does so, not to forget that I gave you an ox, and treated you as my brother. I have not long to live, but then you can remember my sons, and will do them, I hope, no injury.”

I was touched by the old man's words. His chiefs accompanied me respectfully to the village of the son, where I was lodging, and there were few of them who failed, during the day, to bring me over some little present, such as, a hen or two, some eggs and sugar-cane.

On my return to the village, I found Francisco Gonçalves, known as Carique, the half-brother of my follower Verissimo, who, learning of my arrival, had come to pay me a visit. This Carique was, like Verissimo, the son of the trader Guilherme, but by a different mother, and on the mother's side he was heir to the throne of Caquingue. He lives with the native king, his uncle, and is married to a daughter of the future sovereign of the Bihé. He brought several negroes with him, slaves of his father, whom he placed at my disposal to accompany me in my journey eastward from the Bihé country.

As there happened to be a diviner in the village, I turned over in my mind whether I might not put him to some account. I therefore called him apart, made him sundry presents, showed him very great respect, and pretended to have entire belief in his science. I then begged him to divine my future fate, a task which he readily accepted, calling together the whole of the inmates of the village, and many of the inhabitants of the Capitão, to be present at the divination.

The ceremony was performed with great circumstance,

and he failed not to read in the fragments of the basket, as they were shaken uppermost, the most flattering things concerning me. I was the best of white men past, present, and future; my journey was to be crowned with the utmost success, and happiness was to attend all those who went with me. This prophecy produced the best effect, and no doubt had a great influence over the result of my departure from the Bihé.

Day broke on the 5th of March, 1878, after a most stormy night, in which the rain had come down in torrents. My fever had somewhat abated, but the rheumatic pains were more persistent, and extended from the knees to the ankles. My young negro, Pepeca, was better, so I resolved to start again. Apprehensive, however, of my rheumatism, I hired a hammock and bearers, that were most kindly supplied me by Francisco Gonçalves. After many cordial adieus, I started northward. In crossing a little river, my saddle-ox, Bonito, got entangled in some weeds, lost his courage, and sank to the bottom. I had great difficulty in saving him, and it was past noon before we could resume our journey.

On my road I passed near two large villages, Cacurura and Cachota. I had already reached territory that owed obedience to the native king of the Bihé, and found the country all about thickly peopled and well cultivated. During the night the rain descended in torrents, and loud claps of thunder came from the eastward. My fever had completely left me, but the rheumatic pains went on progressing in violence, and threatened to extend to my whole body.

The river Cuchi is at this spot twenty-seven yards wide by sixteen feet deep, and runs southward to the Cubango. One catches a glimpse from the bridge of the magnificent cataract of the Cuchi, rather more than a mile to the north, the roar of which came plainly to the ear.

During the whole of that day I fell in, on my road,

with many bands of armed men, who were on their way to join the forces of the native king of Caquingue; and even after I had camped for the night, a large number of negroes, equipped for war, passed by, bound on the same errand.

Between 7 and 9 P.M. there was a moderate fall of rain, and in the northeast distant sounds of thunder were audible. The storm came nearer and spread, so that by nine o'clock there were claps of thunder from various points of the horizon, which seemed to be all converging upon my camp, which was situated on a height. At ten, five distinct thunder-claps burst upon us at once, and the most horrible tempest it has ever been my fate to witness broke loose in all its fury. The flashes of lightning succeeded each other with intervals of three to five seconds, and the crash of the thunder was simply incessant. The air was as yet perfectly calm, and but a few large rain-drops were observable. The fall in the barometer was scarcely perceptible, and the thermometer maintained a temperature of sixteen degrees Centigrade. The magnetic needles lost their polarity, and were in a constant state of oscillation.

This state of things lasted until eleven o'clock, when there was another change, even more terrible than before. A wind of excessive violence, in fact a perfect hurricane, came down from the eastward, and in an instant veered from point to point of the compass, until it settled in the southwest. A perfect deluge of rain followed. The wind, in its fury, literally carried our huts into the air from above our heads, and left us thus unsheltered and exposed to the pitiless rain, which fell in torrents until four in the morning, when the tempest began to abate.

The rain soon extinguished our fires, the wind carried off the wreckage of the huts, and the lightning in its zig-zag course only served by its momentary brilliancy to show the havoc which the storm had made. From time to time, to the crash of the thunderbolt succeeded another

sound, which caused no less alarm. Some giant tree, a very monarch of the woods, which it had taken ages to bring to its state of maturity, was struck to the very heart and went toppling down, destroying others in its fall. Day broke at length, and displayed many a gap in the forest about us.

The horrors of the night had painfully affected my mind, but they were absorbed, as morning appeared, by my physical suffering. An attack of rheumatism of more than usual intensity affected my every joint, and took from me all power of helping myself. When we started, therefore, at noon, stretched upon my hammock, I had to exercise no common command over myself to stifle in my throat the groans and cries provoked by the intense suffering which the movement of the hammock caused me.

We had not been more than an hour on the road when we found ourselves in an extensive bog where the water came up to the waist-cloths of my bearers. We reached some higher ground, after great difficulty, when a fresh storm burst upon us. From my hammock, where I was lying a prey to the acutest pain, I encouraged my people to push forward.

I have no recollection of anything more till the following day, when, awaking as from a trance, I found myself lying in a hut, with Verissimo standing by my side. He informed me I was at Belanga, in the village of Vicentes; but I had not the slightest idea either of the road we had come or the night we had passed through, although by my followers' account it must have been a horrible one. I had in fact, for the time, succumbed to fever and delirium.

I found my head somewhat clearer, but my pains acuter, if possible, than before. I could not make the slightest motion, and my very fingers refused to bend. I learned that the river Cuqueima was extraordinarily full, and that to wade across it was simply impossible; but hearing that

a small canoe was to be had just below the cataract, I determined to go on and pass the river at that spot.

On reaching the stream, it became necessary to caulk the canoe with moss, for it was a wretched old thing, and would barely sustain the weight of a couple of men. The river, swollen with the late rains, was rushing along with great rapidity. After leaping over the rocks which formed the cataract, the waters divided, leaving an islet in the centre, and shortly after they blended again into one channel, some one hundred and ten yards wide. That was the spot selected for crossing.

I was laid at the bottom of the canoe with the utmost care, as every involuntary jolt wrung from me a cry of pain. A skilful boatman handled the paddle, and the canoe left the bank. The water was not only made perilous by the rapidity of the current, but by the excessive "choppiness" of the surface caused by the proximity of the falls.

The boatman steered his canoe for the ait, and until he reached the junction of the waters all went right enough; but there the fragile skiff, caught in the furious eddies, could not be persuaded to advance a foot in spite of all the skill and strength of the negro. As I lay, I saw the water leaping in foamy waves about us, becoming larger and more threatening as we got more into the current, and I began to comprehend the extreme peril in which I was placed.

I tried to move one of my arms, but only called forth a groan with the effort. I gave myself up for lost, for if the canoe went to the bottom I was surely incapable of swimming. The canoe, worked upon by the eddies of the seething water, would not go forward, and suddenly the unfortunate skiff began to whirl round itself. My boatman, apprehending we should go to the bottom, determined to jump overboard to lighten the canoe, and warning me of his intention leaped into the stream.

The canoe, thus lightened, floated certainly higher, but scarcely improved my position, as it was now at the entire mercy of the rushing water. All of a sudden, a wave leaped over the side and soaked me through. My senses for the time almost forsook me, and I scarcely knew what occurred until I found myself swimming with one arm with all my remaining strength, whilst the other hand was endeavoring to keep from out the water one of the chronometers I happened to have with me.

My sensations returned in the act of swimming, and I remember being conscious of a certain pride in thus buffetting with and overcoming the waves; a task that would have been easy enough to me under ordinary circumstances, as I had been accustomed from childhood to wrestle with the rapids of my native Douro. The negroes, who are ever ready to admire feats of physical skill, stood upon the bank and animated me with cries of applause. My pains had ceased, my fever was gone, as if by magic, and I felt, whilst the excitement lasted, as though my strength had returned to me.

When the canoe foundered, out of a hundred men that were present at the spectacle, and stood open-mouthed and undecided as they looked on, one at least tempted the perils of the waters and leaped in to save me. A less skilful swimmer than myself, he did not reach the bank till after I had done so, nor did he render me any help; but his devotion, at such a time, made a deep impression upon me which will never be effaced. He was one of my own negroes, Garanganja, who, poor fellow, subsequently went out of his mind, unable to bear up against the misery and privations to which we were subjected.

When I got to land I found myself, as I have mentioned, without either pain or fever. I stripped at once; but unfortunately I had no change of clothes, as the whole of the baggage was still on the other side of the stream, so that I was compelled to remain exposed to the burning

rays of the sun until they had thoroughly dried my things. The consequence was, the pains and fever came back with redoubled violence, and I remember no more until I found myself next day lying on a bed in the compound of the *Annunciada*.

Racked as I was with pain, and burning with fever, but somewhat better for the long rest, I decided on leaving, so great was my anxiety to meet with my companions.

I arrived at Silva Porto's village (Belmonte) at one in the afternoon, and by making a supreme effort reached the house of my late companions.

Confirming verbally what they had told me in writing, they said they had determined to go on alone, and would leave me a third part of the goods and stores, saving such things as were incapable of division, which they would retain themselves. Ivens offered to accompany me back to Benguella, seeing the precarious state of my health, if I made up my mind to return to Europe.

I could but express my gratitude for so generous and disinterested an offer.



A VILLAGE IN THE BHIÉ.

CHAPTER VII.

BELMONTE.

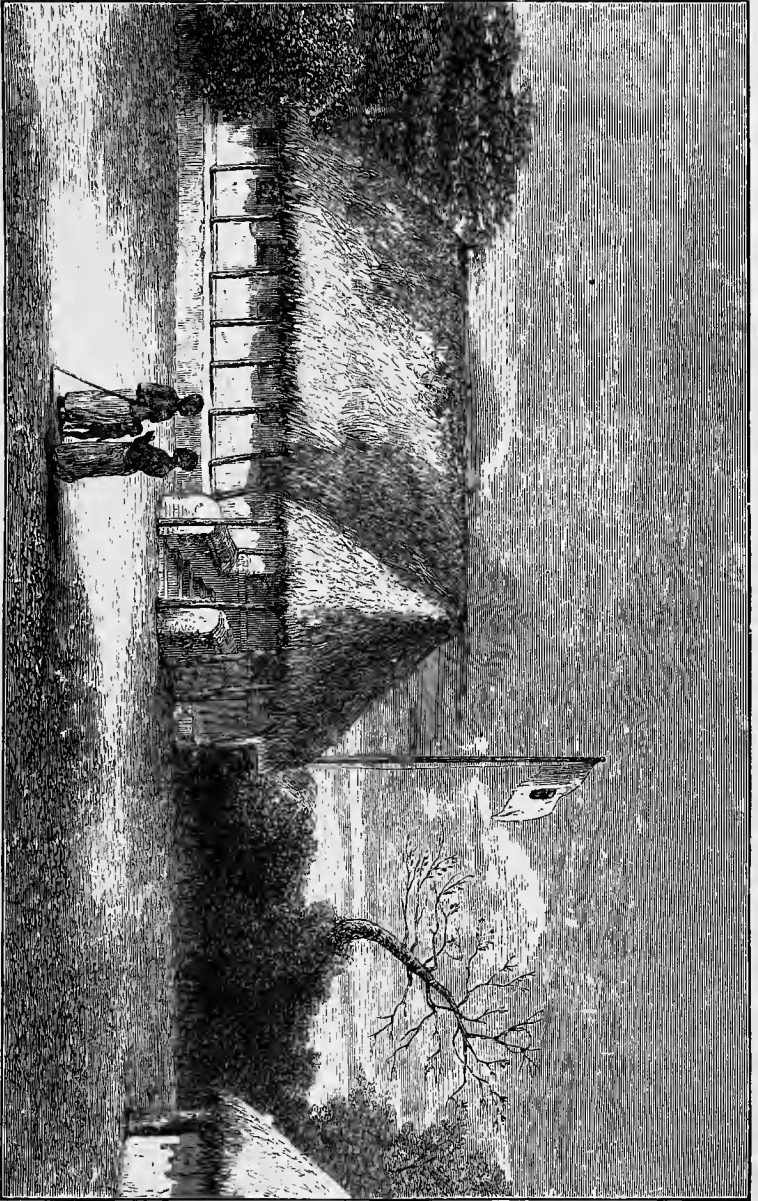
AFTER the twenty days of toil, anxiety, and suffering detailed in former chapters, I found myself at length in the Bihé — very ill, it is true, but full of faith, and satisfied with what I had done.

Directly after my conversation with my late companions, I left Belmonte and was conveyed in my hammock to the neighboring village of Magalhães, where, on my arrival, I dropped without strength or motion on to my couch of skins. The first symptoms of inflammation of the brain (meningitis) became perceptible in the pace that the rheumatic pains were increasing in intensity.

On the following day Capello and Ivens came to see me and bring me medicines. I rapidly grew worse till delirium took possession of my senses. When I recovered consciousness, I thought I was in a dream. I perceived that I was lying on a magnificent bed, divested of my clothes and between fine linen sheets. The bed was upholstered with elegant curtains of pink rep with a snowy white fringe.

I was informed that Capello had come during my delirium, and had ordered the bed to be sent me from Silva Porto's house at Belmonte. I had much ado to believe that an article of such luxury existed at the Bihé.

My attendants had literally covered me with leeches, and the amount of blood they had drawn from me left me in a state of indescribable weakness. The pains had somewhat subsided, but the fever still continued.



BELMONT'S HOUSE, B.H.H.

A couple of days later Ivens called on me, and we had a long talk. I gave him all the letters of recommendation with which I had been favored by Silva Porto in Benguella for the obtaining carriers, and I undertook not to apply to the native king, Quilemo, for any men—thus leaving the field entirely open to himself and Capello. Ivens informed me that they intended moving into their encampment and that they would leave me my share of the baggage in Silva Porto's house. In return I delivered over to him all the loads I had brought with me, together with those under the care of Barros, which had already arrived in safety. Barros himself declared that he had no wish to go any farther, so I dismissed him—as I did also some of the Benguella negroes, who did not care to continue the journey. I wrote a few lines to Pereira de Mello, which the state of my health did not allow me to extend, and then begged to be left alone.

Quite worn out with such unwonted exertion I was about to turn in to the sheets and seek in sleep a relief from pain and worry, when there rose up before me, like a spectre, a tall, lean man, with cold and impassive look, and strongly-marked features. It was my prisoner, the chief Palanca, the counsellor and friend of the native king of the Dumbo in the Sambo country, whom I had, truth to tell, entirely forgotten.

"Thou hast dealt according to thy will with all thy people," was his greeting. "Some thou hast dismissed and others thou hast retained; what dost thou determine with respect to me, and what is to be my fate?"

"Thou shalt return to thy home," I replied; "thou shalt take back to the Dumbo the gun I promised the king, together with some powder; and thou shalt also take with thee a present for thyself. I owe thee some reparation for the rope put about thy neck at the Cubango, and for the cords with which thy hands and feet were bound."

I then called Verissimo and gave him the necessary in-

structions for the purpose. Palanca, as impassible in face of freedom and of guerdons as he had been in that of imprisonment and impending death, retired without a word, and I saw him no more.

The door which let out the grim chief of the Sambo gave entrance to two other visitors. It was destined that I should have but little rest on the first day of improvement in my health. They were two confidential negroes, Cahinga and Jamba, sent me by Silva Porto from Benguella. They were profuse in their compliments and offers of service, which, however flattering to my self-love, I could well have dispensed with just then. I got rid of them at last, and with a sentiment of immense relief found myself between the sheets, and alone.

And yet not quite alone, though the companion left to me would in no way disturb my rest. By my side, the place she best loved to occupy, was the creature that proved my greatest comfort in my journey across Africa. It was Cora, my pet goat, her fore-paws resting on the bed, that, with low bleating, whilst she licked my hands, sought the caresses of which she had been so long deprived.

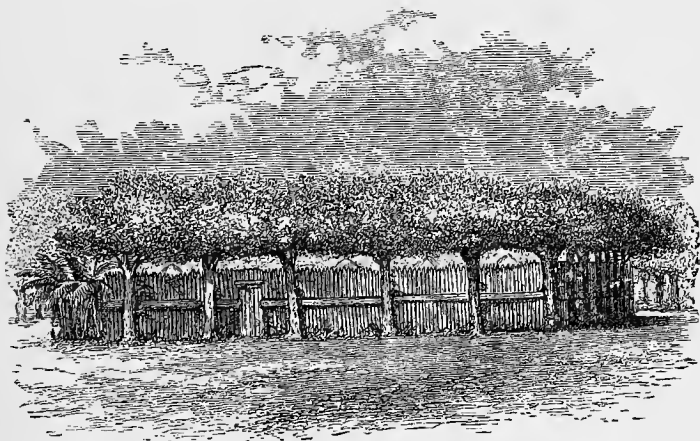
On the following day Capello and Ivens sent me notice that they were moving out of Silva Porto's house, and in consequence I had myself conveyed thither in my hammock. I found they had left me seven loads of goods; six cases of provisions, a trunk with instruments, and three Snider rifles.

The settlement of Silva Porto, or more correctly speaking the village of Belmonte, is situated upon the highest portion of a rising ground, whose northern declivity slopes gently down to the bed of the river Cuito, which flows eastward into the Cuqueima.

The position of the place is very charming, and from a strategic point of view is strong. Within its enclosure is an orange orchard, where the trees are ever covered with

fruit and blossom, which I found was not the case with any others in the Bihé. This orchard is surrounded by a hedge of rose-bushes, that attain to the height of ten feet, and are never without flowers. Enormous sycamores give shade to the streets and surround the village, which is further defended by a strong wooden stockade.

Under those orange-trees, whose perfumed shade protected me from the burning sun, how many hours, how many days, indeed, did I not spend, pondering over my position, and weaving projects more or less reasonable !



VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE VILLAGE OF BELMONTE.

If I feel proud of any portion of my journey, the feeling certainly belongs to this particular period, for, situated as I was, scarcely able to crawl, the determination grew within me *not* to turn my back upon the unknown regions that lay before me, let them be as full of horrors as they might, but to overcome one by one the obstacles as they arose ; to reconstruct the edifice I had raised with so much labor and thought, and which had toppled over like a child's house of cards ; and to organize a fresh and grander expedition out of the ruins of the one which had come to so untimely an end.

After patient study of the direction I proposed to pursue, I determined to make directly for the Upper Zambesi, following the lofty ridge of the country in which the rivers of that part of Africa take their rise. On arriving at the Zambesi, I resolved to travel eastward and survey the affluents of the left bank of the stream, and descending to the Zumbo, proceed thence to Quillimane by Tete and Senna. The most experienced traders, who heard of my project, assured me that I should not get half-way to the Zambesi, and I believe they thought me not quite right in my mind to attempt it.

Not so very long ago, this territory of the Bihé was covered with dense jungles, abounded in elephants, and boasted but a few sparse hamlets inhabited by the Ganguella race. The monarch of the Gamba was a certain Bomba, who had a daughter of extreme beauty, called Cahanda. It happened that this beautiful princess requested her father's permission to visit certain relatives, ladies of distinction in the village of Ungundo, the only place of any importance in the Bihé of those days.

King Bomba's daughter having gone on this visit, it also happened that a famous elephant-hunter by the name of Bihé, son of the Sova of the Humbe, attended by a numerous suite, passed the Cunene and in the pursuit of his sport reached those remote regions.

One day, this worthy disciple of St. Hubert being hungry, and finding himself near the village of Ungundo, repaired thither to seek materials for a meal. On this occasion he cast eyes upon the beautiful Cahanda, and, as a matter of course, fell deeply in love with her. In questions of love it would not appear that there is much difference between Africa and Europe, and very shortly after the accidental meeting of the young people, Cahanda was wooed and won, and Bihé planted the first stockade of the great village which remains to this day the capital of the country—a country on which he bestowed his own name,

and whereof he caused himself to be proclaimed the sova or king. The scattered Ganguella tribes were little by little subjected, and the father of the first Queen of the Bihé, becoming reconciled to his daughter, allowed a considerable emigration of his people to the latter state. The marriage of their sovereign was succeeded by many other unions between the women of the north and the huntsmen who had followed in his train, and thus was the country of the Bihé called into existence.

The rains had been gradually decreasing, falling from six to nine at night only, since the beginning of the month. The weather was splendid, and was admirably fitted for travelling; it was already the 14th of April, and yet I was detained in the Bihé!

The fact was, that I was still waiting for the bulk of the goods and effects left behind in Benguella in the month of November of the previous year, only a portion having reached me at the beginning of March! The delay was becoming a very serious matter, and altogether the prospects of my enterprise looked anything but promising. The want of occupation was beginning to tell prejudicially upon my men, and vices would creep out which amid the fatigue and excitement of travel lay dormant.

On the 19th Ivens came to call upon me, and caused me, by his appearance, no little anxiety concerning the state of his health. He had got exceedingly thin, was deathly pale, and bore a look of constant suffering upon his features. I wanted him to come and dine with me the following day, it being the anniversary of my birth, but he excused himself on the score of his health. Two days afterward I went over to my late companions' encampment to return Ivens' visit. Capello was absent, having gone to determine the position of the source of the Cuanza.

On the 25th, the first Bailundos arrived with the Benguella goods, and on the following day more of them appeared. These Bailundos turned out to be insolent

fellows, and caused great disorder in Belmonte ; indeed the mischief would have assumed larger proportions if I had not myself interfered to check the rioters.

I was just at this time so busy as to have scarcely a moment to eat my dinner. I had to arrange the loads, and be present at every operation to avoid being robbed, for all the blacks, Silva Porto's and my own into the bargain, were a band of thieves.

There was one exception, however, but one only. This was my negro Augusto, who always displayed the utmost fidelity towards me. When I engaged the porters at Benguella, I hired Augusto among the rest, and at the time attached no sort of importance to him, as there appeared but little to distinguish him from the others, unless it was perhaps his being given somewhat more than they to drunkenness.

In distributing the fire-arms, the men made some difficulty about accepting the Sniders, whilst Augusto on the contrary specially asked for one. This first attracted my attention to him. One day, in the Dombe country, I exercised the men in shooting at a mark, and found he was a very tolerable shot. Later on, in Quillengues, I heard that he had asserted among his fellows his determination never to leave me, and as, on account of his herculean strength and courage, he had secured a great ascendancy over his companions, I made him one of my body-guard.

At the time at which my narrative has arrived he had improved his position, and from being a simple carrier was promoted to the rank of chief, a position which he filled most satisfactorily, for those who did not like or respect him, and they were few, were afraid of him.

Augusto was decidedly the best negro I met with in Africa. But no one is perfect in this world, and Augusto was far from being an exception to the rule. Among his defects I must mention one, which I am nevertheless inclined to treat rather tenderly, for though it is unques-

tionably a serious failing in an African traveller, it may elsewhere be ranked among the virtues.

To describe it briefly : Augusto was desperately fond of the *fair* sex. Strong as a buffalo, courageous as a lion, he deemed it, I suppose, his duty to give protection and support to the frail beings he met upon his way.

It would be too long to record his *aventures galantes* from Benguella to the Bihé. Married in Benguella, he took another wife at the Dombe, another at Quillengues, a fresh one at Caconda, wedded anew in the Huambo, and since his arrival at the Bihé had gone through the marriage ceremony three or four times more.

Obedient enough in all things else, he was completely deaf to my admonitions on this subject. But one day, as the complaints of his various wives were loud and troublesome, I summoned him to my presence, reprehended him severely, and threatened to turn him adrift if he did not amend. He blubbered a good deal, threw himself on his knees at my feet, made a thousand promises to reform, and said if I would only let him have a piece of cloth to divide among the women and stop their tongues he would have nothing more to say to them, but would remain faithful to his Marcolina, his Benguella partner. I gave him the cloth, and felt delighted at having brought about such sincere repentance.

That very evening I was disturbed by an unusual noise in a distant part of the village, where songs and other sounds of merriment indicated some festive event. I had the curiosity to learn the cause and sent some one out to inquire. The reader may conceive my feelings when I was told that it was Augusto celebrating his fresh marriage with a girl from the village of Jamba !

There was no help for it. I saw that this mania of getting married was stronger than his will, and I therefore determined in my own mind to interfere no more with his matrimonial affairs which, after all said and done, com-

promised no one, as the rascal always kept within the limits of the law.

It was now the second of May, and as yet I had been unable to get the carriers together, while I was still waiting for the powder and salt that had been despatched from Benguella. Verissimo was doing his best to collect the men, but hitherto without success.

On the following morning as I was busy about the house, I heard outside, to my astonishment, the sounds of a violin, playing very melodious airs, and totally different to the monotonous music usual among the negroes. I ordered that the minstrel should be brought in, and there appeared before me a tall, spare, black man, almost naked, with a countenance at once melancholy and expressive. The instrument he carried was a fiddle manufactured by himself, and out of which he brought sounds as melodious and powerful as could be yielded by a Stradivarius.

The negro musician sang an air in my praise, *a mezzo petto*, in a most agreeable voice, with an accompaniment of his rude but harmonious violin. He was much applauded by the natives who flocked around him, and I was myself extremely pleased with this unexpected and original music.

From my own experience that which produces the greatest impression on the natives, and that which they most admire, is skill in the use of fire-arms. In proof of this I may mention a little incident which occurred to myself in the village where I was staying.

It happened one morning that a Biheno medicine-man made his appearance bringing with him a "remedy" which he asserted was a preservative against bullets. He exhibited a pipkin that might have held half-a-pint full of this precious preservative, and asserted that he who took it would become as invulnerable as was the vessel which held the liquid; the best shots in the world, according to his account, having struck it again and again without

doing it the slightest injury. He had the boldness to defy me to crack the pipkin, taking care, however, to place it at such a distance (eighty paces) as to render it, in his mind, humanly impossible for me to hit so small an object.

I took my rifle and, amid the breathless attention of the assembled blacks, raised it to my shoulder and fired. The pipkin flew into a hundred fragments and the precious liquor spirted far and wide. Never, surely, was mortal more enthusiastically applauded than I, by the natives there assembled. As for the poor medicine-man, whose anticipated triumph was thus turned into disastrous defeat, he slunk off amid the uproar.

On the 6th of May, at last, the powder arrived, and I at once set about the great task of filling cartridges. During the space of four days I kept between thirty-six and forty men at work at this duty. Every thing was ready by the 10th; and on the 11th of May I had collected the whole of my carriers. I distributed their loads, made other preparations, and gave orders for the departure on the following morning. But when the actual day arrived, and I had every reason to believe I was going to start in good earnest, I discovered there were but thirty men at hand, all the others having taken to flight!

I then learned that on the evening before, a negro, by name Muene-hombo, belonging to Silva Porto, had, with certain other blacks unknown, been among the Bihenos, spreading the report that I intended to lead them to the sea, whence they would never return, as it was my object to sell them for slaves. Muene-hombo had fled with the Bihenos, and I never set eyes upon him again.

This intelligence caused me infinite depression of spirits. The carriers whom I had got together at so great a cost, whom I had hired after the utmost labor and pains, in whose minds I had had to overcome with such care and patience the apprehensions they entertained of my enter-

prise, had abandoned me after all, under the hasty conviction that I intended to lead them to perdition.

It was a terrible blow.

The news would soon spread throughout the Bihé; the conviction alluded to would shortly take possession of every black in the place: it would override all my arguments to the contrary, and then how would it be possible to get a man to serve me? I almost myself lost faith in the undertaking, and for the first time after those days in Lisbon when I determined to become an explorer, a feeling of discouragement crept over my mind.

When day broke on the 13th, I sent Verissimo and certain negroes in the enjoyment of Silva Porto's confidence, to endeavor to contract other men. They returned, not without hope of success, and the work began anew of organizing a fresh band.



BIHENO CARRIER ON THE MARCH.

CHAPTER VIII.

EASTWARD THROUGH THE BIHÉ.

HAVING succeeded in obtaining a few carriers, I resolved to make a move with them and my Quimbarees on the following day, the 23d, — a determination which I carried into effect by forming an encampment in the Cabir woods.

At dusk of that day, eleven carriers put in an appearance, conducted by a negro, Antonio, a man already advanced in years, a native of Pungo Andongo. The night proved very cold, and we were forced to spend greater part of it watching by our fires.

The petty chief of Cabir paid me a visit next day, bringing with him a pig as a present. This civility I returned in kind and we were soon on excellent terms. He lent me some pestles and mortars, and sent some women to make maize-flour. I walked round his village and passed through the plantations, where I found women engaged in field-work, bent double as they hoed the ground.

On my return to the encampment I was met by a black from Novo Redondo, who had been unable to follow Cappello and Ivens on account of the state of his health. He could do little but crawl, and was a prey to a burning fever. I saw that his condition was hopeless, and that his hold on life was of the meagrest. Still, as he begged me not to abandon him, I had him carried into the camp and placed under the care of Doctor Chacaiombe.

I received a visit from Tiberio José Coimbra, son of Coimbra, Major of the Bihé, who obtained for me a few carriers from among the natives of his village. In the course of the day some twelve more came in quite unexpectedly, under the leadership of the negro Chaquiçonde, brother of Verissimo's mother.

Hope again began to revive within me, and I set about organizing my new caravan.

I determined to make a start on the 27th and to pitch my tent near the dwelling of José Alves, trusting to complete there the number of natives I wanted. I obtained from the petty chief of Cabir a few men to convey thither the loads for which I had no carrier, together with four men and a litter for my Novo Redondo patient.

I was able to leave at the time appointed, stopping, half an hour after we started, in the village of Cuionja, the residence of Tiberio José Coimbra, where an excellent breakfast was awaiting me, with capital tea. There were even table-napkins!

Two hours having been very pleasantly spent I moved onwards, and after four hours' journey reached the village of Caquenha. I there halted to see old Domingos Chacahanga, the chief man of the place.

Chacahanga, formerly a slave of Silva Porto, was at the head of the celebrated expedition which the latter sent from the Bihé to Mozambique, and which succeeded in reaching Cape Delgado, on the coast of the Indian Ocean; and he was the only survivor of that bold undertaking. The old man received me very kindly and gave me a kid.

Two hours after taking leave of Chacahanga, I camped in the woods of the commandant, about a mile and a quarter southeast of José Alves's enclosure. Night had now fallen, and I waited till next day before calling upon this personage, whom Cameron has made so widely known. On the 28th of May I found myself in the presence of this renowned African trader.

José Antonio Alves is a negro *pur sang*, born in Pungo Andongo, who, like many others trading from that place and from Ambaca, knows how to read and write. In the Bihé they call him a white, because they bestow that name upon every man of color who wears trousers and sandalled shoes and carries an umbrella. He is about fifty-eight years of age, somewhat grizzled, thin in body, and suffering from a lung complaint. He lives like any other black, and has all the customs and beliefs of the natives.



JOSE ALVES'S RESIDENCE.

I spoke to him about my journey, which could not, he thought, be carried into effect with the restricted resources at my disposal. I got him to part with a few beads, but when I broached the subject of carriers, he evaded giving a direct answer by saying that he knew that Capello and Ivens were near the Cuanza struggling against an insufficiency of men; but that if they chose to pay him handsomely, there would be no difficulty in arranging matters to their satisfaction. This, of course, was tantamount to saying that if I paid him well, he would let me have them too.

I retired — for the first time pitying Cameron at having been compelled to remain so long in such undesirable company.

As with the carriers who reached me on the 29th, sent by Verissimo's brother, Joaquim Guilherme, I had sufficient people to proceed upon my journey, I gave orders to start on the following morning. The powers, however, who preside over mundane affairs, had decreed otherwise.

In the afternoon of that day some one or other spread among my men the same reports as were so fatal at Belmonte, and the consequence was that many of them came to me and declared their intention of returning home. I used all my eloquence to induce them to follow me, but few were inclined to listen.

A few Bihenos still remained, and I decided upon getting rid of everything in the way of mere comfort, and abandoning all the provisions I had with me, so that with a few more men I might be able to go on. The difficulty was to get those few more, though I did not despair of the undertaking. A strange adventure which occurred on the 30th helped to crown my hopes with success.

A lot of loose characters and deserters, who had escaped from the military stations on the coast, suddenly appeared in the Bihé. One of these worthy, or unworthy citizens called upon me and pronounced a set speech, which, on account of the profuse employment of the first consonant in lieu of the seventeenth, and repeated use of terms only used in my own province, betrayed him as a fellow-countryman.

After counselling me to use the arms and ammunition at my disposal in a most villanous undertaking, to which he did me the honor of offering himself as an associate, he terminated by saying that if I refused his terms, he would at any cost employ the influence which he possessed over the natives to compel them to abandon me, and thus render it impossible for me to take another step in advance.

At the close of this peroration, which my man considered would be a triumphant argument to secure my decision, he demanded an immediate reply.

I did not keep him long waiting. Calling my Quimbares, I ordered them to seize and tie him up to the first tree, and then caused to be administered to the rascal some fifty lashes, that we might become better acquainted with each other, for though I knew him thoroughly before he had spoken a dozen words, he had not had the same opportunity till then of knowing *me*.

After his flagellation, I made him a little speech in return for his harangue, wherein I told him he must consider himself my prisoner during the time we stayed in the Bihé, and that his daily ration of food should be accompanied by an equal dose of the lash if he attempted to escape. I then called all my people about me, and pointed out to them that the heart of that white man was blacker than the skin of any bystander.

The news of this act of justice spread like wildfire in the villages all about, and raised me immensely in the estimation of the negroes, on whose fears the fellow had already begun to trade.

On the following morning, Sunday, pombeiros of the vicinity came to offer me carriers, whom they promised to produce within three days. These promises were again and again made, but no carriers were forthcoming, so that by the 5th of June, being reduced almost to despair, I determined upon abandoning a lot of baggage and going on with the remainder. With this view I called my pombeiros together and communicated to them my decision.

We held a long council in which I maintained my determination, and gave orders for the carriers to accompany me to the river Cuito with the baggage I had decided to part with, in order to cast it into the stream.

This resolution was in fact about to be carried into execution when Dr. Chacaiombe put in his word and begged

me to defer the fulfilment of my project for a few days; he further advised me to hire a certain number of men in the neighboring hamlets to transport the whole of the goods to the Cuanza, and that meanwhile he would make an effort to get what was needed through a sova, a friend of his, and would meet me on the banks of that river.

This advice having been duly discussed and adopted, I decided upon starting on the 6th and remaining till the 14th by the Cuanza; this would allow Chacaiombe eight clear days, beyond which, as I assured him, I could not possibly wait.

My pombeiros displayed the utmost devotion, and upon a proposal of Miguel's (the elephant-hunter) they all resolved to shoulder loads themselves, although this was not only contrary to usage, but inconvenient upon the march, where they have their own special duties to attend to. At the close of that day my poor patient, the Novo Redondo man whom I had succored in Cabir, sunk under his disease.

On the morning of the 6th of June I broke up my camp, having a lot of natives for temporary carriers, hired at the rate of a yard of cloth per day. I travelled eastward, and two hours later camped near the village of Cassamba, which is nestled in the midst of an extensive and dense forest.

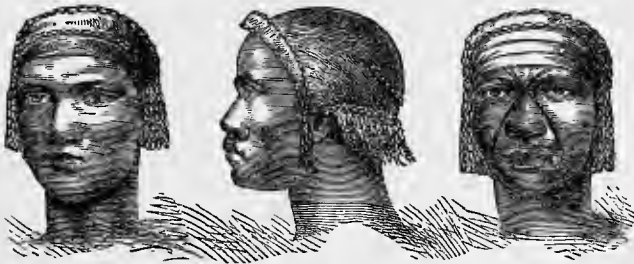
Next morning, after a three hours' tramp, I arrived at the left bank of the river Cuqueima which there ran northward, being eighty-seven yards wide and ten feet deep, with a current running at the rate of thirteen yards a minute. I fitted up my mackintosh boat and succeeded, though with vast trouble and delay, in effecting a safe passage to the other side with all the goods and men.

The passage being effected, and finding myself on the right bank on marshy soil, I sent to beg the Sova of the Gando to allow me the use of some huts for the shelter of my people during the night. He came out himself to see

me and to place at my disposal the *lombe* of his village, which I accepted, and where I at once took up my lodging.

I had a long talk with the Sova Iumbi of the Gando, who was lost in wonderment at everything I had about me. He gave me a splendid ox, and was made happy in return with a piece of striped cloth and a few charges of gunpowder.

Early the following morning we were again afoot, and two hours afterwards camped about a mile to the west of the village of Muzinda. Before leaving I ordered my white prisoner to be unbound and landed on the opposite bank of the river, for having crossed the Cuqueima and



GANGUELLA, LUMBAL, AND LUINA WOMEN.

consequently being out of the Bihé territory, it was impossible that he could do me any harm.

Several women from the village of Muzinda came to my encampment; some among them had their faces painted green, there being two transverse stripes across the head from ear to ear and two others descending from them, crossing each other between the eyes, passing along each side the nose and being connected by another, traced above the upper lip. The whole of the men I saw had the two front incisors of the upper jaw cut into a triangular shape, thus forming a triangular aperture with the vertex turned towards the gum. This operation is performed with a knife, which is struck by repeated, slight blows.

On the 9th of June, I camped on the left bank of the river Cuanza, east-northeast of the village of Liuica. As I had to wait there some five days, as agreed with Dr. Chacaionbe, I at once ordered a far larger encampment to be constructed than I usually built.

The Sova of Quipembe was the first to pay me a visit. He brought me a sheep as a gift, excusing himself for not presenting me with an ox, on the ground of his village being at so great a distance.

I had also a visit from the petty chief of Liuica, who offered me an ox. This chief, a man of comely face and figure, became quite an *habitué* of the camp during my stay in the neighborhood.

One day, when he had been watching me fire at a mark and admiring the precision of the aim, his great herd of oxen happened to pass that way. I proposed to him, laughingly, that he should give me an ox if my young black attendant, Pepeca, could kill it with a bullet.

He looked at the lad and gave his consent.

Pepeca, who was a very tolerable shot, having been taught by myself, took his rifle and aiming at a fine beast that was somewhat separated from the herd, brought it down with the blow. The Ganguellas were perfectly thunderstruck; the chief, however, was as good as his word, though he had evidently expected a different termination to the affair.

On the 12th of this month there occurred an extraordinary adventure, which I cannot refrain from recording here.

I was leaving the camp for a stroll when some of my negroes came up to me, accompanied by a mulatto, who was a perfect stranger. They introduced him as the chief of a caravan, who begged my permission to accompany me some distance on the road I was travelling, and allow him meanwhile to take up his quarters in my encampment, to secure his safety. I consented to his request, although I own it was rather against the grain.

That same night I remained up later than usual talking with my pombeiros, and seated at the door of my hut we discussed the probabilities of Dr. Chacaiombe's success in his undertaking, when I heard a singular noise in one corner of the camp. It was as like as possible to the sound of a hammer on an anvil; and my curiosity being awakened I despatched my henchman Augusto to discover the cause.

He returned after a few minutes with news that in the part of the encampment occupied by the Biheno mulatto who had asked me for shelter, there was a gang of slaves, arrived that very evening from the Bihé.

All my people were then asleep in their huts with the exception of the three or four pombeiros who were keeping me company. I restrained my anger, which for a moment had almost got the better of me, and summoned my uninvited guest to my presence. He appeared at once and seated himself near the fireplace in front of me.

I asked him what was the meaning of that clanking sound of iron, to which he replied with the utmost effrontery that they were chaining up some *kids* which he was conveying into the interior for sale.

And so, in my own encampment, upon which floated the Portuguese flag, there was actually a gang of slaves!

Keeping myself as cool as my nature would permit, I let the fellow know that he was telling me a lie, and bade him forthwith to knock off the chains of the unfortunates he had with him, and deliver them over to me, free. This he not only refused to do, but received my command with a grin of contempt.

I then lost all patience, and my rage, which had been kept down with immense difficulty from the moment I learned the character of my guest, now boiled over.

I made a dash at the fellow, seized him by the throat and drew my knife with the intention of plunging it into his body, when I became sensible that the muzzles of two

or three guns were within a foot of his head, and were on the point of being fired by my attendants. This brought me to my senses, and whereas the moment before I would have killed the wretch without hesitation, I now used my efforts to save his life.

The hubbub occasioned by this affair woke up all my men, who came rushing to the spot, and a cry arose to exterminate the whole Biheno caravan.

I succeeded at last in quelling the tumult and in obtaining a hearing. I then ordered Augusto to set the slaves free and bring them before me, together with all the cords and shackles they could discover in the huts where the poor creatures were confined.

The shackles were all cast into the Cuanza, with the exception of those which I reserved to bind the blacks who had acted as guards over the poor slaves.

As to the slaves themselves, I told them they might go wheresoever they pleased, and that I would take care that the guards should remain bound long enough to prevent the possibility of their overtaking their late prisoners. They disappeared in a twinkling with the exception of one young girl who begged to be allowed to remain with me, as she did not know where to go. I may mention that it was not till I broke up my encampment that I set at liberty the leaders and guards of that gang of slaves.

The 13th of June came and passed without any news of my doctor, and in the evening of that day I distributed such loads as I was able to do, about eighty-seven, which I afterwards, with infinite reluctance, reduced by twelve, and made one heap of those which were irremediably condemned.

If on the morning of the 14th there was no news of Chacaiombe, the condemned loads were to be destroyed, some by fire and others by sinking in the Cuanza.

"And why," my readers may perhaps inquire, "should they be so destroyed?"

Because the chief of a caravan on his march through the interior of Africa, where he has to employ carriers, is bound to destroy and render useless all articles he may be forced to abandon, and this for two reasons, — one out of respect for his own people ; and the other, for the natives of the districts he is passing through.

If he once consented that his own carriers should appropriate as their property any portion of abandoned goods, there would be a daily falling out of the ranks of porters, on the plea of illness, as an excuse for making off with what they had thus acquired, and a perfect system of robbery and faithlessness would be inaugurated.

On the other hand, if the natives of the country came to learn that goods were left behind for want of men to carry them, they would not fail to ply the porters of any future caravans with unlimited *capata*, or other intoxicating drink, so as to incapacitate the men and compel the chief of the troop to abandon his property, which they would not dream of doing if they reaped no advantage from it, through the system of destroying all goods which cannot be carried on. This was a lesson taught me by Silva Porto, and one that I constantly put in practice.

It fell out therefore that when the fourteenth day arrived, and no intelligence came to hand of Dr. Chacaiombe, I destroyed sixty-one of my loads !

CHAPTER IX.

AMONG THE GANGUELLAS.

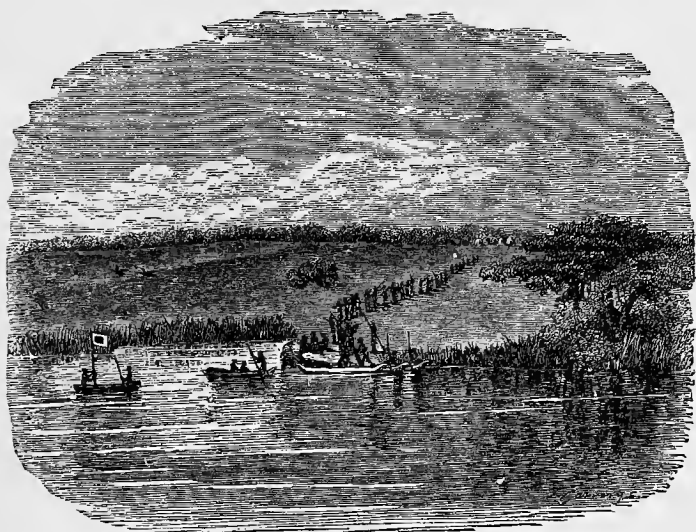
ON the 14th of June I broke up my camp, and at ten o'clock commenced the passage of the Cuanza, which took a couple of hours. My Mackintosh boat, purchased in London, did me the greatest service; and I had also four canoes which were lent me by the Sova of Liuica. The passage was effected without accident, and by noon I was able to continue my journey, which I did in an easterly direction, penetrating into the country of the Quimbandes.

The sight which first struck my attention among the Quimbandes was the head-dresses of the women—the most extraordinary I ever beheld. The feminine type among the Quimbandes approaches somewhat to the Caucasian, and I saw some women who would have been called pretty if they had not been black.

I sent a small present to the Sova Mavanda, who was profuse in his thanks, although he pressed me further to give him a shirt. The next morning he sent certain envoys to inform me that he was going to set out immediately to attack a neighboring village, where one of his subjects had revolted against his authority, and to beg me, at the same time, to aid him in his campaign. I of course refused to render him any assistance, but I did so in a mode that prevented him from feeling angered at my neutrality.

It was about mid-day when Mavanda's army passed near my camp. In front was carried a tricolored flag, like that of France, but with the colors reversed, fluttering from a

lofty staff. Then came two men carrying an enormous powder-chest, by means of a rope and pole. By the way they shouldered it, it was evidently empty. They were followed by the sova, surrounded by his grandees or staff, and after them came the army in single file. There might have been some six hundred men armed with bows and arrows, and eight carrying muskets. A few steps ahead of the flag were a couple of blacks beating war drums



CROSSING THE CUANZA.

At nightfall the army returned without having had an engagement, as the enemy had surrendered at discretion. On reaching my camp they did me the honor to treat me to a sham fight.

The bowmen spread out in one long line, having the flag in the centre, and behind it the powder-chest and the sova. This single line, for each man was isolated, gradually began to surround the imaginary village they were attacking, and contracted as it grew nearer. Then, at a given

signal by their chief, the soldiers rushed upon the village, running and bounding in the air, and uttering at the same time the most frightful cries to intimidate their adversaries.

On the following day an envoy arrived from the sova to announce a visit from the latter. Shortly after, Mavanda arrived surrounded by his court; and if he evinced surprise at sight of me, I am sure I must have done so at sight of him, as he was certainly the biggest man I had ever beheld in my life. To an enormous height he added a trunk of truly phenomenal proportions, and was otherwise inordinately fat. Round his huge waist was twisted an old cloth, from which hung three leopard skins. Several



QUIMBANDE GIRLS.

amulets were dangling from a collar of beads round his massive throat.

It would seem as if Mavanda, being big himself, delighted in things upon a large scale, for he made me a present of the largest ox I ever saw in Africa. I showed him a barrel-organ, exhibited my rifles, fired them off before him, and observed with amusement the surprise and wonder depicted on those huge but good-natured features. He retired in the evening, and we parted mutually pleased with each other.

He was no sooner gone than envoys arrived from the Sova Capôco with a letter for me. It furnished me with news about Chacaiombe, told me he had sent carriers, and

begged me to allow one of his caravans, that he was desirous of despatching for purposes of trade to the Zambesi, to travel with me. This letter decided me upon remaining in my present quarters for some six or seven days to wait for the carriers, although I did not even now lay very much stress upon their arrival.

My resolution being taken, I ordered my encampment to be reconstructed, and the huts to be covered with green boughs as a protection against fire. My dwelling occupied the centre, and in front of it were piled the goods. My immediate attendants arranged their huts all round me and within call.

The Sova Mavanda passed the next day with me, and we had a long talk. I gave him various little articles, and among others a box of lucifer matches, with which he was both astonished and delighted. When he retired he said to his *macotas*, in a tone and in words which I have not ceased to remember:—

“You see afar off a bird which soars aloft and then alights upon a distant tree, and you say it is a dove, then you walk on until you are quite near, and are astonished at its size, for it is an eagle. Thus it was with the Manjoro,” (a name they bestowed on me) “when far from our village, we said he was a dove; now we live with him and know him, we find he is an eagle!”

Mavanda subsequently sent to inform me that the greatest favor I could do him was to give him a pair of trousers. I resolved to humor him, but having nothing that could fit those stupendous limbs within many ells, I called in old Antonio, and much to his astonishment turned him into a tailor and sent him to measure his Majesty for the wished-for garment. I then cut out the pantaloons and set Antonio to work to stitch them. I cannot say they were a wonderful fit; but they ought to have been big enough, as they took five yards of wide calico! The man was a veritable hippopotamus, though a good-tempered one.

On the morning of the 20th, an envoy from the sova came to inform me that it was the time when the people kept high festival (a species of carnival), and his Majesty, to do me honor, would come to my camp, masked, and dance before me.

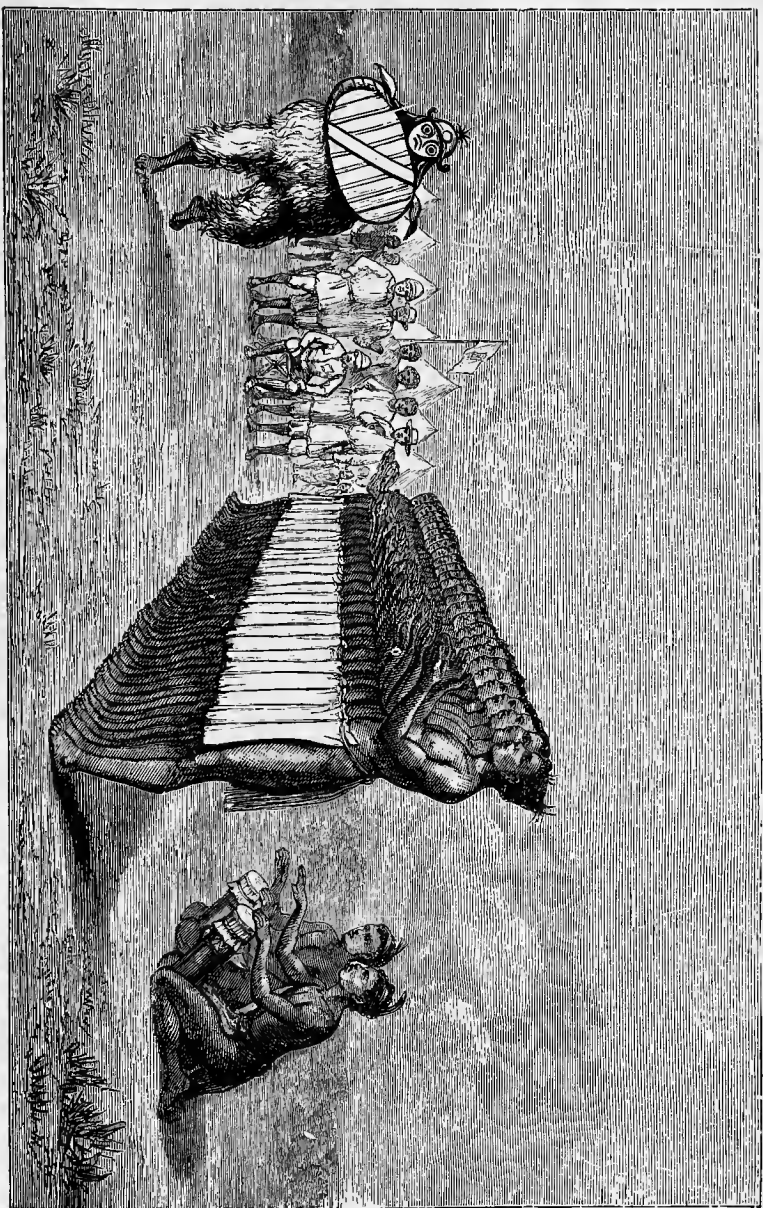
At eight o'clock some of his attendants arrived and a great concourse of people soon assembled. Half an hour later the sova himself appeared, his head thrust into a huge gourd painted white and black, and his enormous body made still larger by an osier frame covered with grass-cloth, likewise painted black and white. A sort of coat, made of horsehair and the tails of animals, completed his attire.

Immediately upon his arrival the men formed themselves into a line, with the attendants behind and the women and girls removed to a distance. The attendants and men, with upright and motionless bodies, then began a monotonous chant, which they accompanied by clapping their hands.

His Majesty took up his station about thirty paces in front of the line and began an extraordinary performance, wherein he acted the part of a wild beast torn with rage, and jumped and capered about amidst the utmost applause from his own people and mine. This lasted half an hour, at the end of which time he ran off at full speed, followed by his men. He reappeared shortly after and returned to my camp, in his ordinary attire, and passed the rest of the day with me. Decidedly I had succeeded in winning his good graces.

I broke up my camp on the 23d of June, and after a short march arrived on the left bank of the river Varea, which I crossed on a timber-bridge. I then travelled eastward and camped on the bank of the river Onda, opposite the large village of Cabango.

I took a stroll up the river, and on returning to camp an agreeable surprise awaited me, for Dr. Chacaiombe was the first person who met me at the entrance.



THE SOYA MAYVANDA, MASKED, AND DANCING IN MY CAMP.

I have frequently spoken about Dr. Chacaiombe, and never explained to my reader who he was. He was the diviner who, it may be remembered, predicted such agreeable things in respect to my future fate, when I was temporarily staying in the house of the Captain of the Quingue's son. He had come unsolicited to attach himself to my staff when in the Bihé.

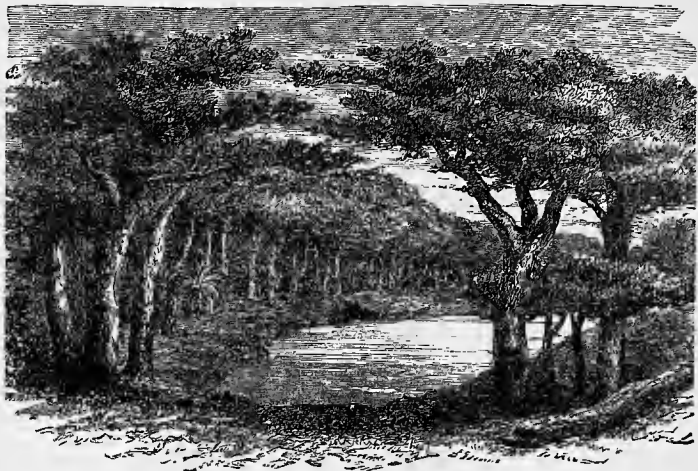


CUBANGO WOMAN'S HEAD-DRESS.

After many words of compliment, Chacaiombe informed me that carriers would arrive within a couple of days; so I resolved to wait for them.

Next day I again explored the Onda, and was greatly surprised at the appearance of a hamlet which I descried at a distance on its banks. On a nearer approach I found that what I took for negro habitations were no other than the residences of white ants (*termites*), collected in considerable groups, with conical tops, and having all the appearance, seen afar off, of native huts.

On getting back to camp I found the Sova of Cabango, who had just arrived with a suite of sixty men and a great many women. Though in almost a complete state of nudity of body, they were extraordinarily dressed about the head. The head-dresses were infinite in variety, in fact, were true works of art, and have a technology of their own. The sova offered me an ox, which I returned in a fashion that seemed perfectly to satisfy him.



VIEW OF LAKE LIGURI.

On that same day the carriers from Capôco arrived; they were but four, it is true, but four were then enough. In the evening my negroes and those of the locality had a jollification, which lasted amid great uproar until past ten. The cold that night was intense.

The sova now paid me another visit, and furnished me with scraps of information about the country. After a long talk he pretended that he was entitled to a variety of things on the ground of another ox he had given me, which was a pure invention. I saw myself under the necessity of desiring him to leave my encampment.

I resumed my journey on the 28th, and after a three hours' walk I stopped again on the banks of the river Onda. For upwards of an hour after leaving the encampment I strolled along the river upon open ground, but I then came upon a splendid forest which at times assumed the aspect of one of those extensive English parks, where the ground was completely clothed with a soft green turf. I wandered on and on, until at length my steps were arrested as if by magic, while my eyes contemplated with delight one of the most charming prospects they had ever beheld.

Before me lay in perfect repose a lake of crystalline water, whose bed of fine sand was visible at a considerable depth. Enormous trees springing from the borders of the lake formed an appropriate frame, while the rich, deep green of the foliage reflected to the smallest bough on the placid surface of the water greatly enhanced the beauty of the landscape. The green turf to which I have alluded ceased only at the water's edge, and hundreds of birds chirped and twittered amid the dense foliage, and at times skimmed rapidly over the lake.

The natives of the country, who are not much given to poetry or sentiment, are nevertheless sensible of the extreme loveliness of this spot, and call the sheet of water — of which they had frequently spoken to me — by the name of Lake Liguri.

On the 30th of June I reached the valley of the Chiconde, a rivulet whose course I followed till I reached the Cuito, where I camped. I was much moved on falling in with the Chiconde to observe its waters running rapidly towards the river Cuito, for until then I had only met with streams which ran towards the Atlantic; and their waters, whose ripple and rush had so often lulled me to sleep, were, so to speak, a tie which still bound me to my dear country, as they emptied themselves into the same ocean which bathed the shores of my native Portugal.

Could those waters only have conveyed the sighs and whispered words that were uttered over them, how many tender messages would they not have carried to my dear ones! That very day a year had passed since I bade farewell to my dear old father; and how vividly did I not remember his parting words, and the expression of his fears that we were bidding each other an eternal adieu!

My camp was next pitched in the country of the Luchazes. Several men and women came into camp; but they brought nothing with them for sale, and we wanted food. They promised, however, next day to let us have some canary-seed.

The Luchazes women carry their baskets suspended from their heads by a broad strip of the bark of a tree, and falling upon their backs. This prevents them carrying their children in the mode generally in use in Africa, upon their shoulders, so that the little ones are slung by their sides.

While I was giving orders to break up the encampment, a gang of female slaves, conducted by three negroes, arrived on the banks of the Cuito.

I seized the three blacks, and had the poor creatures set at liberty. When they were assembled in my camp, I informed them that they were free, and that if they chose to join my company, I would find means of sending them on to Benguella. I assured them they had nothing more to fear from their guards, and that they were quite at liberty to act as they pleased. To my astonishment, they one and all declared that they did not desire my protection, but wished to continue their course, which I had interrupted.

Whence came they? None could furnish me with an intelligible reply. What then was to be done? I felt a natural repugnance to take them with me against their own will; so, after due deliberation, I resolved to let the poor women follow the sad fate which they had the

means, but lacked the inclination, to escape. They were therefore allowed to follow their leaders.

I set out again in an easterly direction, and after a two-hours' march sighted a village and pitched my camp on the banks of a rivulet close up to it. I learned that both rivulet and village bore the name of Bembe.

When the work of cutting down the wood for our encampment commenced, I saw a sudden commotion among my blacks, who then took to their heels in every direction. Not understanding the cause of their panic, I immediately proceeded to the spot to make inquiries. On the very place which I had selected for my camp, appeared issuing from the earth millions of that terrible ant called by the Bihenos *quissonde*, and it was the sight of these formidable creatures which scattered my men. The *quissonde* ant is one of the most redoubtable *wild beasts* of the African continent. The natives say it will even attack and kill an elephant, by swarming into his trunk and ears. It is an enemy which, from its countless numbers, it is quite vain to attack, and the only safety is to be found in flight. The length of the *quissonde* is about the eighth of an inch; its color is a light chestnut, which glistens in the sun.

The chiefs of these terrible warriors lead their compact phalanxes to great distances, and attack any animal they find upon the way. On more than one occasion during my journey I had to flee from the presence of these dreadful insects.

Some messengers whom I had despatched to the village of Bembe returned with the unpleasant news that the petty chief of the place had given orders to his people to sell me no provisions. We were all beginning to feel the cravings of hunger; game there was none, and our entire food during the day had been a handful or so of *mas-sango*.

Next morning, early, we had another mishap through

one of the carriers falling ill, but my Doctor, Chacaiombe, though he could not cure the patient, nevertheless remedied the evil by shouldering the sick man's pack.

After a trying march, we came to an incline, at the foot of which appeared a plain whose extent was incalculable, owing to a dense forest. We descended till we reached the edge of the wood, but had then to alter our course, as the jungle was simply impenetrable.

We lighted upon the track of some animal, which we followed, until we came to a dead stop on the edge of a precipice, three hundred feet at least in depth, at the foot of which was brawling a mountain torrent. The difficulty of the path, the heavy loads with which the men were weighted, and the weakness of the latter, induced me to call a halt and pitch our camp.

The hunger from which we were suffering was beginning to get unbearable. I felt that game must be obtained, for nature could not hold out much longer. Having therefore made my arrangements, I started off in one direction, and sent my attendants Augusto and Miguel, the only trustworthy woodsmen I possessed, in another.

Shortly after leaving the camp I found the track of a herd of buffaloes, and at once followed it. It led me at length to the very bottom of the precipice, where the water was brawling over its uneven bed, and for a considerable time I kept along its right bank, till, finding an opportunity, I crossed to the other side, whence I perceived my buffaloes grazing at the outskirts of a dense virgin forest.

They were at least five hundred yards from me.

Then began the fatiguing operation of stalking — my gun on the trail, wading, as it were, through a sea of dry grass. From time to time I would raise my head to see how much my distance had been shortened, and to make sure the creatures had not taken the alarm. The very idea brought the moisture to my skin, for I longed in

fancy to return to the camp and bid my followers hie to the banks of the torrent, where they would find provisions to stay the cravings of their hunger.

My hopes and fancies were dispersed as if by an enchanter's wand. When I lifted up my head for the last time, not a buffalo was visible. They must have disappeared within the forest. I rose in all haste, and with the utmost speed of which I was capable, followed in the direction they must have taken. It was perfectly in vain. The thick and springy moss which covered the ground left not a trace of their passage, nor could my keenest endeavors overcome the difficulty.

It was a deep disappointment, unrelieved by any after-success; so that about six in the evening, worn out with fatigue and hunger, I made my way back to the camp, having, as I calculated, covered some twelve miles in vain.

The others, however, had been more happy than myself. Augusto came running out to meet me with a radiant face, and with no little triumph led me up to a superb antelope which he had shot a little while before. I lost no time in cutting it up and dividing it equally among us all.

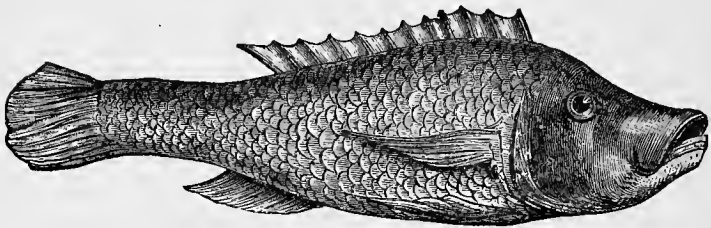
The contentment caused in my whole being by the consumption of a hearty supper was somewhat dashed at the aspect of my worthy Miguel, the elephant-slayer, who appeared before me with such a long face that I was sure something very serious had occurred to disturb him, and when I learned the cause, I did not wonder, though I could not help being inwardly amused, at his dismay.

During his absence my pet goat Cora had got into his tent and sacrilegiously munched up the wonderful charm which he possessed for slaying elephants!

The next day we started in a southeast direction, and after a two-hours' march, came upon a river that was very difficult to cross over. I gave orders for the felling of some large trees, and managed to throw them across the

stream by way of a bridge, over which the caravan passed in safety. I subsequently halted near two villages, and the inhabitants gathered about us, with whom we had a parley about provisions. A lot of massango, — the canary-seed before alluded to, — was brought into camp by negroes who were almost entirely destitute of clothing, and, as we did not dispute about price, we shortly had sufficient for that day's consumption.

The people with whom we were in communication were only recent settlers and had no store of provisions to dispose of; but they informed me that on the other side of a lofty serra lying to the eastward, there were several Luchaze villages and abundance of food. I hired guides to take us thither.



FISH OF THE RIVER ONDA.

CHAPTER X.

A VOYAGE ON THE CUBANGUI.

THE next morning we left the camp, and directed our course to the Serra Cassara Caiéra, the lofty mountain to which allusion had been made the day before. The actual height of the mountain is 5,298 feet above the sea-level, or 450 feet above my camp on the Cambinbia. It forms a table-land with tolerably steep slopes. The climb to the top was fatiguing. During the process the carriers beguiled the time, and perhaps lightened their labors, by a monotonous chant, which literally translated, ran as follows :—

“The cobra has no arms, no legs, no hands, no feet. And yet he climbs the mount ! Why should not we get up as well, with arms and legs and hands and feet ?”

I went on for about an hour along the summit of the serra from west to east until I came to the descent. From the highest point, a magnificent panorama meets the eye of the spectator, extending from northeast to northwest. The entire course of the River Cuango is visible.

I pitched my camp at the source of the Cansampo, a rivulet which runs into the Cuango. In the immediate vicinity, but on the other side of the rivulets, were five Luchaze hamlets.

The petty chief came to call on me, bringing with him a kid by way of present. He promised to send me some massango, and guides to conduct me to the village of Cambuta. He was as good as his word, and the massango and guides appeared in due time.

On the 6th of July I started in an easterly direction, and, after three hours' journey camped near the River Bicéque. The country is dotted over with hamlets, whose populations obey the Sova of Cambuta. I was able at the latter place to get a tolerable supply of massango, the sole article of food they cultivate in any quantity, and consequently the only one they offered for sale. Fortunately there were large flocks of wood-pigeons, and I managed to bring down not a few, charging my gun with little pebbles from the bed of the rivulet.



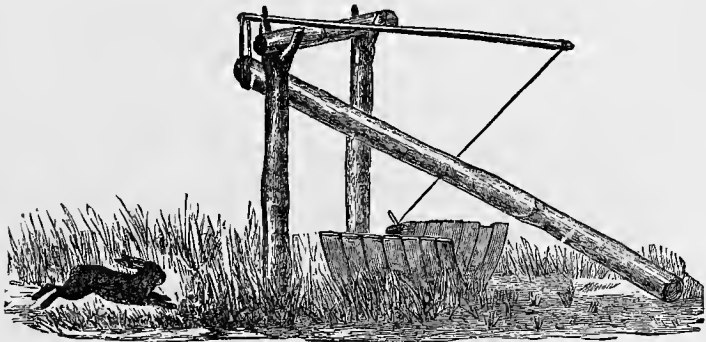
VILLAGE OF CAMBUTA, LUCHAZE.

Among the girls who came into my camp to dispose of massango, I noticed more than one of elegant form and graceful carriage. It could not be said that they owed anything to art, for clothing they had none; a little strip of bark doing duty for the traditional fig-leaf.

The cold continued intense during the night, and we could get no rest except in the neighborhood of our fires. On the following day there was considerable sickness in camp.

The Sova of Cambuta was absent at the chase, and the honors of his house were done me by his wives, with whom I was soon on the most cordial terms. I obtained from them not only a good share of massango, but a dozen porters to carry it, and two guides to lead me to the sources of the Cuando and the Cubangui, an affluent of the latter—rivers which the natives of the country told me were the *largest in the world*.

I started on the 9th of July, crossed the river Cutangjo, and camped on its right bank. I paid a visit to the village of Chaquicengo, which, like the whole of the inhabited places throughout the country, is very pretty and extremely



LUCHAZE TRAP.

neat. The houses are made of the trunks of trees, about four feet in height, which is in fact the height of the walls. The space between each upright is filled in, occasionally with clay, and in other cases with straw. The roofs are thatched, and, as the frame-work is composed of very fine rods, the thatch^s bends inward, and produces an effect similar to the roofs of the Chinese. The granaries are perched at a considerable height upon a timber frame-work, entirely of straw, with a movable cover. Access is obtained by means of a hand-ladder, and they are, in fact, little more than gigantic water-proof baskets, on which conical covers have been placed. The fowl-houses are

quadrangular pyramids of twigs and trees, placed upon four lofty stakes, to protect the inmates from the attacks of small carnivora.

In the centre of the village I observed, as in the Cuambo, a *kiosque* or temple for meeting or conversation. I found several men squatted round the hearth, busy making bows and arrows. They received me very courteously, and offered me for drink a liquor composed of water, fermented honey, and powdered hops. They called it "Bingundo," and I thought it the most alcoholic stuff I had ever tasted.

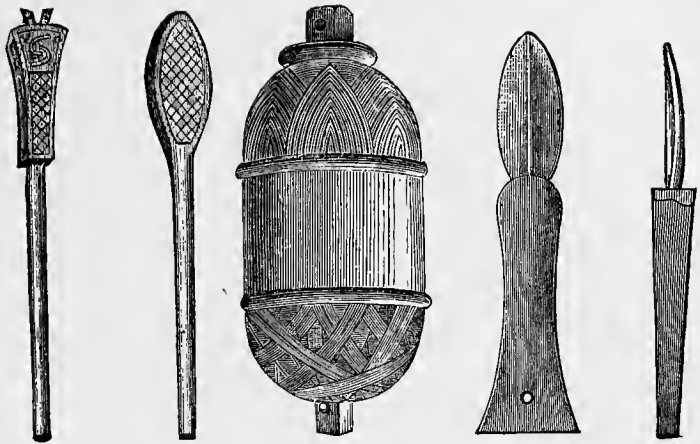
The Luchazes make use of a gin or trap to catch small antelopes and hares. It is ingenious in construction and will be readily understood by a glance at the drawing.

On my return to camp, after an excursion to the sources of the Cutangjo, I was accompanied by a large number of men and women, who were never tired of looking at me. They were none of them remarkable for beauty.

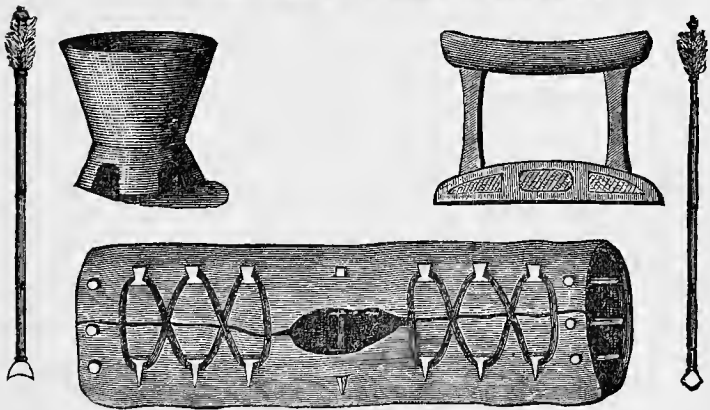
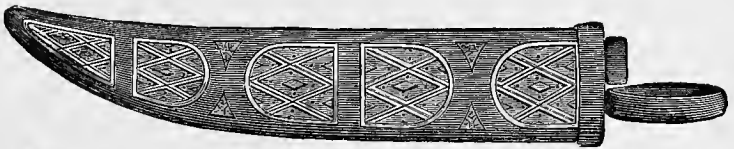
On the 10th of July we started at eight in the morning, and half an hour later, lost ourselves in a forest of excessive density, from which we only managed to emerge, with considerable trouble at ten o'clock. We then traversed a space that was free of underwood, but covered with gigantic trees, which shaded us delightfully from the sun. In another half-hour we were in a thick jungle again, where locomotion was difficult and even painful. At length I descried the pleasant slope of an eminence, at whose feet lay the sparkling water of a little lake, surrounded by a verdant carpet of waving grass.

Having determined the position of the sheet of water, I drew off from it, and had my camp pitched some hundred yards or so to the south upon the rising ground, and about ninety feet above the surface of the marsh, — for the spot where the great affluent of the Zambesi takes its rise rather deserved that name than the designation of a lake.

In the midst of my labors I had a sudden and violent attack of fever, which completely prostrated me for some



TOMAHAWKS, TINDER-BOX, FLINT AND STEEL.



KNIFE-SHEATH,—BASKET,—WOODEN-BOLSTER,—BEEHIVE.

three hours. When I came to my senses I could scarcely refrain from smiling at my curious plight. I was literally covered with amulets, my chest alone being thickly strewed with the horns of small antelopes full of the most precious medicines. A bracelet of crocodile's teeth encircled my right arm, and two enormous buffalo-horns were suspended from a couple of poles set upright in my tent.

During the fever my negroes had lavished the greatest care upon my person, and, in obedience to Dr. Chacaiombe's instructions, had heaped these things upon me with the utmost faith in the result. A strong dose of quinine, which I took as soon as I was able, brought about my speedy recovery, a result that was no doubt, however, set down to the virtues of the amulets.

Early next day I drew up a rough map of the marsh ; rectified my position, and constructed a small monument of clay in the hut where I made my observations. Within this tumulus I buried a bottle which had contained quinine, carefully wrapped up, and containing a paper, on one side of which I wrote the names of the members of the Central Geographical Commission, headed by that of His Majesty the King of Portugal, and on the other the co-ordinates of the spot and the date.

My twelve Luchaze carriers were very homesick, and complained bitterly of the cold. The country is depopulated, and should contain a great deal of game, judging from the traces that were observable. Another clear evidence of the fact was the number of leopards we started, but, unfortunately for us, we started nothing else.

On the morning of the 12th July, with a temperature only two degrees above zero, I broke up my camp and prepared to leave. Thousands of paroquets, that were harbored in the woods, were all shrieking at once, and the noise they made was perfectly deafening.

I kept along the right bank of the Cuando for a couple

of hours, and then, at the direction of the guides, crossed over to the left, by a bridge which we improvised out of the trunks of trees. I encamped beside the river.

The next morning I was again on the move, and tramped on till noon, camping at that hour near a brook which ran into the Cuando. The woods I had passed through, and the one where I was now encamped, were almost exclusively composed of enormous trees, which the Bihenos styled *Cuchibi*, and that turned out most serviceable to my half-famished caravan. They produced a fruit not unlike a French bean, having one bright scarlet seed enclosed in the dark-green husk. After a lengthened concoction the scarlet envelope separates from the white sheaths and forms the edible portion of the fruit.

The next day I left the river Cuando and travelled eastward. At noon I arrived at the summit of the serra, whence the guides pointed out to me in the far distance the sources of the river Cubangui. In the afternoon I camped hard by the sources themselves. Our last rations were here served out, and hunger again stared us in the face. The guides averred we were at no great distance from the villages, but it would take us at least a couple of days to reach them, owing to our numerous invalids.

On the following day I could not keep up the march of the caravan over four hours, and was compelled to camp alongside the Cubangui, which river, in fact, I had not left from the time of making its source. A gnu which I shot, and a little honey which the negroes gathered in the forest, furnished our only rations for that day.

Next morning I went on again, following the right bank of the stream, and after another four-hours' march camped beside the Linde rivulet, opposite three Ambuella villages. I at once despatched messengers, not only to those places, but to others lying on the same side of the river as ourselves, but all we obtained was a scanty supply of mas-sango.

It took six hours next day to reach the sova's village, Cangamba. I forthwith despatched a present to the great man, in the shape of an old uniform of an infantry captain, with which he was delighted, and gave prompt orders to his people to supply me with food. We obtained, in exchange for beads, some of that eternal — I had almost said cursed — massango, from which there appeared now to be no escape. I discharged my guides and the twelve Luchazes



MOENE CAHENG, SOVA OF CANGAMBA.

who had accompanied me thus far, and who took their leave well satisfied with what I gave them.

I saw and conversed with a band of hunters who were travelling southwards in search of elephants. It was the first time I had heard speak of elephants, as not one is to be found throughout the country I traversed from Benguella to the Cubangui.

A couple of days after my arrival I received a visit from the Sova of Cangamba, by name Moene Cahenga, who

brought with him as a present four chickens and a large basketful of massango.

He was wearing the uniform I sent him, to which he had added a belt hung with leopard-skins. He carried in his hand an instrument formed of antelopes' tails, with which he kept off the flies.

Having obtained guides, a few carriers, and a good store of the despised food, I decided upon making a fresh start on the 22d of July in the direction of the villages under the sway of Sova Cahu-heú-úe on the River Cuchibi. My guides informed me that I should have to travel through a desert country for eight days, and that I must consequently be well provided with provisions.

The guides having assured me that for a couple of days we should have to stick to the river's bank, I took it into my head to descend the stream in my India-rubber boat. Having ordered it to be conveyed to the river, I broke up my camp, and, entrusting the command of the caravan to Verissimo, I embarked with two young niggers, my attendant Catraio, and another little fellow, about twelve years of age, called Sinjamba, the son of a Biheno carrier, whom I had selected for his knowledge of the Ganguella tongue, and converted into my interpreter. I confess that it was not without a certain trepidation that I pushed off from the bank into the middle of an unknown stream, with mere children for companions and a fragile canvas-boat beneath me.

The Cubangui is sixteen yards across and nineteen feet deep at Cangamba, but widens out a little below that village, and shortly displays a breadth of forty to fifty yards, and occasionally even more. Its bottom, varying from ten to nineteen feet in depth, is covered with a fine white sand, which evidently rests upon a bed of mud, as the aquatic flora is something wonderful.

Many kinds of rushes and other aquatic plants take root in the prolific bed, shoot their leaves and stems, in con-

stant motion with the current, through nearly twenty feet of water till they reach the surface, where they display their multi-colored and elegantly shaped flowers. Occasionally this wealth of vegetation will occupy the whole expanse of the river, and seem to bar the passage of any floating thing. At the outset I had some hesitation about venturing my boat upon this aquatic meadow, as I thought it betokened too shallow a depth of water for navigation; but when my sound constantly gave me twelve and then twenty feet of depth, I acquired more confidence, and steered boldly through the floating garden.

Thousands of birds chirped and fluttered among the reeds and canes which lined the banks; the weight of a dozen of them producing scarce an impression on the gigantic grass-stems. Occasionally a brilliant kingfisher would be seen hovering motionless in the air, until at a given moment it would descend from its lofty observatory like an arrow from a bow, and carry off its glittering prey from the surface of the water.

The birds were not the sole inhabitants of the clustering rushes on the banks. A sudden commotion amid the green stems would attract my attention, and a rapid glance would discover a crocodile just disappearing beneath the waters. Or the splash of a heavy body in the stream would betray the presence of an otter, either alarmed at our approach, or, like the kingfisher, intent upon his daily meal. The whole place was instinct with life; and death, as usual, was following quickly in its train.

Some three miles below Cangamba I came upon a bevy of eighteen women, who were standing on the bank and fishing up small fry by means of osier-baskets.

At one of the turns of the river I perceived three antelopes, of an unknown species, at least to me; but, just as I was in the act of letting-fly at them, they leaped into the water and disappeared beneath its surface. The circumstance caused me immense surprise, which was increased

as I went further on, as I occasionally came across several of these creatures, swimming and then rapidly diving, keeping their heads under water, so that only the tips of their horns were visible.

This strange animal, which I afterwards found an opportunity of shooting on the Cuchibi, and of whose habits I had by that time acquired some knowledge, is of sufficient interest to induce me for a moment to suspend my narrative, to say a few words concerning it.

It bears among the Bihenos the name of Quichôbo, and among the Ambuellas that of Buzi. Its size, when full-grown, is that of a one-year-old steer. The color of the hair is dark gray, from one quarter to half an inch long, and extremely smooth; the hair is shorter on the head, and a white stripe crosses the top of the nostrils. The length of the horns is about two feet, the section at the base being semicircular, with an almost rectilinear chord. This section is retained up to about three-fourths of their height, after which they become almost circular to the tips. The mean axis of the horns is straight, and they form a slight angle between them. They are twisted around the axis without losing their rectilinear shape, and terminate in a broad spiral.

The feet are furnished with long hoofs similar to those of a sheep, and are curved at the points. This arrangement of its feet and its sedentary habits render this remarkable ruminant unfitted for running. Its life is therefore, in a great measure, passed in the water, it never straying far from the river banks, on to which it crawls for pasture, and then chiefly in the night-time. It sleeps and reposes in the water.

Its diving powers are equal, if not superior, to those of the hippopotamus. During sleep it comes near to the surface of the water, so as to show half its horns above it. It is very timid by nature, and plunges to the bottom of the river at the slightest symptom of danger. There are many points

of contact between the life of this strange ruminant and that of the hippopotamus, its near neighbor.

I cannot but speak in the highest terms of praise of my Mackintosh boat, which carried me so bravely over the waters of the Cubangui. Its only drawback was its restricted size, which confined me to so constrained a position that by four o'clock in the afternoon every joint in my body was aching.

I had seen no signs of my people since I left Cangamba, and, to the pain caused by my cramped posture were added considerable anxiety of mind and undoubted hunger of the body. My young rowers were perfectly exhausted with fatigue; I made them pull up on the left bank, and ordered little Sinjamba to climb to the top of a tree in order that he might, from that elevation, see whether there were any signs on the other bank of the smoke of the encampment. He thought that he perceived smoke in a northwest direction, and consequently higher up the stream than the point we had then reached.

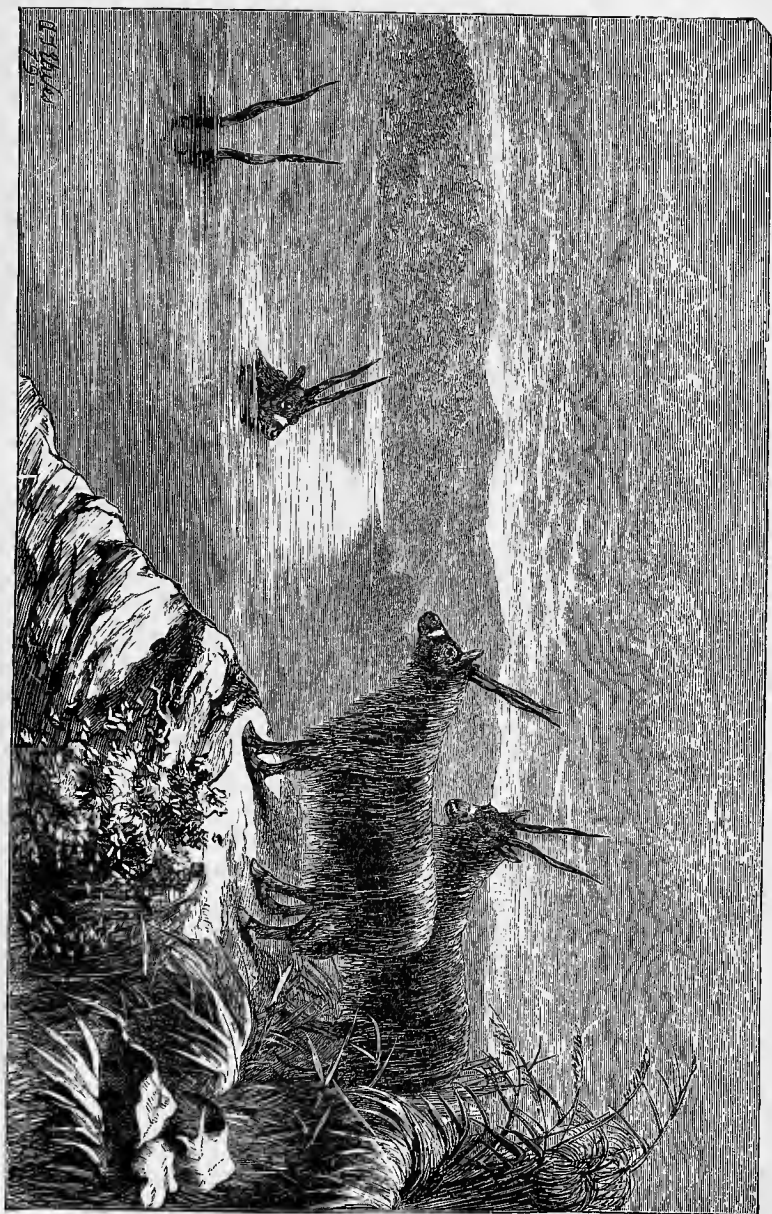
We therefore retraced our course, and, after some difficulty, I managed to get ashore upon the marsh on the right bank, and threaded my way towards the spot whence the smoke appeared to proceed.

I had walked about three-quarters of a mile, when I came upon traces of my caravan towards the south. The impressions of the men's footsteps might have misled me, but there was no mistaking the tracks of my goat and the dogs. I returned to the boat, and again steered down the river. From time to time we pulled up, and the boy was set to climb a tree and look out, but the operation was repeated in vain.

Evening was now coming on, and my anxiety increased. Not only were we all desperately hungry, but I did not like sleeping away from the camp, on account of my chronometers, which would not be wound up.

The sun at last disappeared, and, as twilight is exceed-

SCENE ON THE RIVER CUBANGUI—THE QUICHOBOS.



ingly short in these latitudes, I deemed it wiser to go ashore; which I did, with the two young niggers, on the left bank of the stream. Before we had settled ourselves down, I fancied I heard the distant report of a gun to the southwest. We at once got back into the boat, and pushed on vigorously upon hearing another report, to which I replied.

My signal was immediately answered by another, the flash of which I saw at some two hundred yards' distance. I steered the boat in that direction, and shortly came upon my henchman Augusto, who was up to his waist in water in the marsh, along with a Biheno who had accompanied him. His delight at seeing me was very great, and he and his companion lost no time in pulling me out of the boat and conveying me across the marsh to the higher ground.

It was an arduous task, which it took half-an-hour to accomplish, but we reached terra firma at last. The lads, having secured the boat to some canes, quickly followed us. Augusto informed me that the camp was at some distance, and that we should have to cross a dense forest ere we reached it.

Unfortunately the night was pitch-dark, and locomotion was excessively difficult, owing to the unevenness of the ground and the resistance of the underwood. Stumbling here, falling there, covering a dozen yards of ground in about as many minutes, tearing one's clothes, and one's flesh too, with the thorns of the brambles; such are the incidents which accompany a journey by night through a virgin forest.

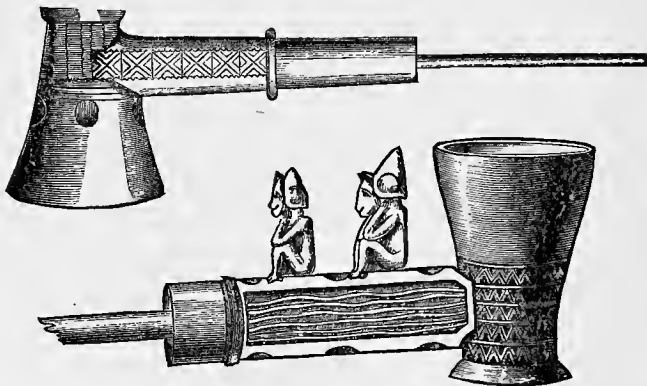
After an hour of violent exercise, we heard, with indescribable pleasure, the report of rifles and the buzz of human voices. They came from my own people, who were speedily gathered round us.

Verissimo Gonçalves appeared at the head of a troop of Bihenos, who insisted upon conveying me to the camp on a litter which they improvised with stout poles and the

branches of trees. It was in this guise that I returned to the encampment, where at midnight, beside a roaring fire, I appeased my hunger, made almost ravenous with a thirty-six hours' fast.

I remained in this spot the whole of the next day; but on the following one, at early morning, I commenced the passage of the river, which was a work of time, as my Mackintosh boat was the only floating thing I had to trust to.

At about nine, I set out with my people along the left bank of the river, and an hour afterwards I fell in with a brook, and started a good deal of game. Continuing on, I came to a halt at one o'clock, pitching my camp close to another little stream which, like the former one, is a tributary of the Cubangui. The next day, after a somewhat forced march of six hours' duration, I reached the right bank of the river Cuchibi, where I camped.



AMBUELLA PIPES.

CHAPTER XI.

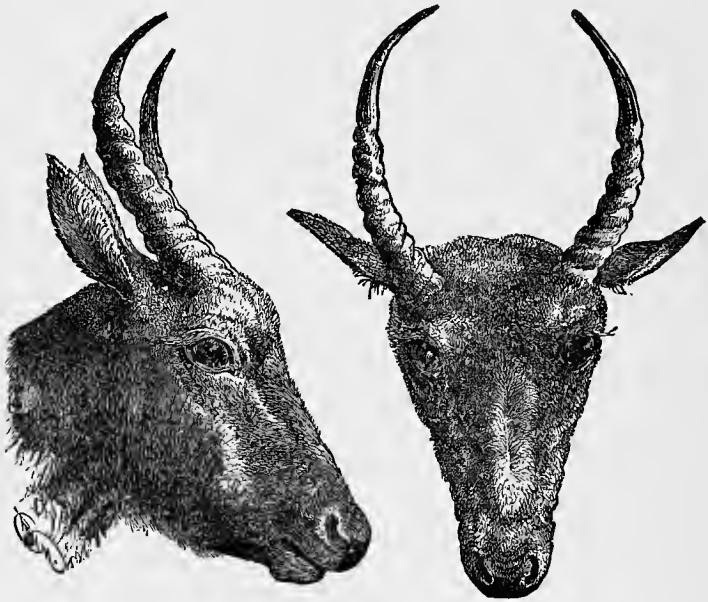
AMONG THE AMBUELLAS.

IT was on the 25th July that I camped on the right bank of the river Cuchibi. The ground lying between this river and the Cubangui is clothed with a primeval forest, the vegetation of which is of the richest nature.

Next morning we followed the downward course of the river by the right bank. About noon I discovered that many of my people were absent. I called a halt, and retraced my steps to look for them, when I found several of the fellows in the wood, bartering my cartridges, which they had stolen, with sundry Ambuella natives, for quichôbo flesh, fish, and other articles.

On finding themselves discovered, they took to their heels, saving two, viz., the pombeiro Chaquiçonde and Doctor Chacaiombe, whom I caught in the act. The latter threw himself on his knees and prayed for pardon; but not so Chaquiçonde, who drew his hatchet and made a movement as if to strike me. I wrenched the weapon from his grasp, and gave him such a blow with the haft of it on the head, that it felled him senseless to the ground. I thought I had killed him: a mishap which occasioned my mind less pain than the cause which led to it, as it was the first time I had experienced positive insubordination from one of my own people. I turned to the men, who had now gathered about me, and ordered them to carry the wounded man into camp, which they at once did, the sight of the blood oozing from a rather ugly wound, rendering them very silent and submissive.

On an examination of the hurt, I felt convinced that it was not mortal; and wounds in the head, if they do not kill at once, soon heal up. I did what my little skill dictated on behalf of the foolish fellow, and then called a council of the other pombeiros, to decide what punishment should be awarded for his double crime. The majority of them were for putting him to death, the rest for thrashing him within an inch of his life. As he had recovered



THE SONGUE.

his senses, I ordered him to be brought up for judgment, and having harangued him on the heinousness of his offences, ordered him to be set at liberty, with an injunction to "sin no more." My forbearance produced a great effect, though at first the fellows had a difficulty in believing that I was in earnest.

On the following day we had a march of six hours, still along the right bank of the river. A good deal of game was visible in the course of the journey, but it was

very wild, and the only animal killed was a *songue*. It measured four feet seven inches to the shoulder, and was four feet five inches in length from the shoulder to the root of the tail. Its short hair was of a reddish yellow, and uniform in tint. I found, on examination, that it could cover $17\frac{1}{2}$ feet in a leap, and I saw several of them go over the tops of canes which stood six feet out of the ground.

When brought to bay, it will fight with great courage and ferocity. The flesh is tasty enough, but, like that of all antelopes, it is very dry. It feeds in herds, and always in the open; and sets a watch while grazing. It takes to the forest only when it is closely pursued, on which occasions it will not hesitate to swim across a stream.

On the 29th of July, after a march of three hours, we pitched our camp opposite the village of Cahu-héu-úe, where the Sova of the Cuchibi has his residence.

Before speaking of the Ambuellas tribe, I wish to say a few words about my mode of life in Africa. My custom, with very rare exceptions, was the following :

I rose at five o'clock, removed my clothes (as I always slept dressed and armed), and took a bath in water at a temperature of 65° Fahrenheit. The English are accustomed to bathe in cold water, which is a capital tonic. I, for my part, used simply to wash, for the purpose of cleanliness, and always had an iron pot with hot water ready, to produce the desired temperature. After my bath came my toilet. My wash-basin was formed out of a calabash, eighteen inches in diameter. My towels were of the finest Guimarães linen.

My toilet over, in which I was assisted by my body-servant Catraio, that worthy brought me the chronometers, thermometers, and barometer. I wound up and compared the first, and registered the indications of the others. By that time, the young Pepeca had got tea ready, and

brought it in. It was served in a china tea-service to which I attached the very highest importance, it having been the gift of the wife of Lieutenant Roza in Quillengues. Fine as a sheet of paper, transparent in texture, and elegant in form, that tea-service was my delight, and I thought the beverage never had the same flavor taken from any other vessel as out of that delicate porcelain cup.

Having swallowed three cupfuls of green tea without sugar, as I had not got any, the traps were packed up, and I gave orders to start; which, however, we rarely did before eight o'clock, as it was next to impossible to get the men away from the fires, round which they gathered out of the intense cold.

Our order of march was the following: The lead was taken by Silva Porto's negro, Cahinga, bearing the flag, and immediately behind him came the cases containing the cartridges, and the wood and ropes for camp use. The other carriers followed indiscriminately, in single file; and I, Verissimo, and the pombeiros brought up the rear.

During the journey I noted the course we took, and calculated our marches by the pedometer and watch. Then came camping-time, and for the next hour all hands were employed in constructing huts. In order to do so, some of the men were set to felling timber, others to lop off branches, and others again to gather grass. I, meanwhile, as if I had nothing else to do, stretched myself on the turf and slept, or at least tried to do so, till they came and told me my hut was ready. It generally took about an hour; but, before I retired to my quarters, I used to take my observations for the meteorological record.

At the proper time I called Catraio, who brought me the instruments. I used a swing-thermometer which had been the property of the ill-fated Baron de Barth; and each time I moved the instrument all of the Biheno carriers would stand at a distance watching the operation

in wonder, and though it was regularly repeated every day, they always did the same thing, and always expressed the same mute surprise.

The observations having been duly registered, the young nigger, Moero, brought in the plates and my ration ; for I cannot dignify with the name of *dinner* the handful of massango, boiled in water, which constituted the repast.

When it was over, if I were too tired to hunt up game or scour the neighborhood, I employed my time in writing up my diary from my rough notes, in calculating observations, or in drawing. The ink which I used for all my work was obtained from small, so-called "magic" ink-bottles, each of which lasted me from two to three months.

When night fell, the wood crackled on the temporary hearth, and gave me warmth and light. If I had no observations to make during the hours of darkness, or if—as was often the case—my fatigue compelled me to seek rest, I would lie down on the leopard-skins which formed my bed, using as a pillow the little valise in which I kept my papers.

A habit which I acquired during the journey, springing probably in the first instance from the cold which always preceded daybreak, was to wake regularly at three o'clock. I then rose and replenished the expiring fire, came to the door of the hut, just outside which hung a thermometer, and noted the point at which the mercury stood, for at that hour I could obtain a pretty correct minimum.

From 3 A. M. till 5 my time was passed beside the fire, smoking ; and I would often thus consume from ten to twelve cigars, whilst thinking of my country and the dear ones I had left behind me. How often at that hour—my time for meditation and sad reflection—did I not cogitate over present troubles and the uncertain future which lay before me !

At the time of which I am now writing I was on the

Cuchibi, at twenty degrees east of Greenwich and fourteen and a half to the south of the equator. I was far removed from all assistance of which I might stand in need, and where was I to seek for means and resources to pursue my onward journey?

I was now upon the track of the Bihé caravans, and as I intended remaining there a few days, I sent a little present to the sova and a message informing him of my arrival.



THE SOVA CAHU-HEU-UE.

The sova lost no time in sending me provisions and a good supply of maize. What a rich treat was that dish of boiled Indian corn! I saluted it with reverence, moved by the reflection that the reign of massango was for the moment at an end. His Majesty further sent me word that he would pay me a visit next day.

Early on the following morning I turned out for a stroll, but found walking difficult on account of the thorny nature of the underwood. Still, I managed to get about three

miles from the encampment, when I came across an enormous snare for catching game.

It was formed of a lofty hedge, which must have been a mile or two in extent, enclosing a nearly circular space. At about every twenty yards there was an opening in the fence, which led into smaller enclosures, carefully covered by a strong gin or urivi. A band of men being assembled, they beat the wood all round, and with loud cries frightened the hares, small antelopes, and other animals, which, in their efforts to escape, darted into the enclosures referred to, and were caught in the urivi prepared for their reception.

On my way back to the huts I found in the wood an encampment of Mucassequeres, which gave evidence of being only recently abandoned.

The sova called on me in due course. I found him a man somewhat advanced in years, of a sympathetic countenance, and rather a Jewish profile. He was extremely well dressed, wearing, over a sort of uniform, a cloak of white linen, with a large and handsome kerchief round his neck. His head was covered with a cap of red and black list, and in his hand he carried a concertina, out of which he wrung the most painful sounds.

He made me a fresh present of maize, manioc, beans, and fowls, which I returned in the shape of a few charges of powder, the most valuable gift that could be made on the Cuchibi. The old chief retired extremely satisfied, and promised shortly to return.

During the afternoon my negroes captured in the forest two Mucassequeres, whom they at once brought before me. The poor savages were trembling with fear, and gave themselves up for lost. They knew a little of the Ambuella dialect, and by means of an interpreter we were able to understand each other. They imagined that sentence of death was about to be passed upon them, or that the rest of their days were to be spent in slavery.

I desired my men to let them go, and return them their arms. I then told them that they were free, and might return to their people, and I gave them also a few strings of beads for their wives. Their surprise knew no bounds, and they had much ado to believe that I was in earnest in what I said and did. Having ordered them something to eat, I inquired whether they would take me to see their camp.

After a warm discussion between them, carried on in a language unknown to all the bystanders, and completely different in intonation to any tongue I had hitherto heard spoken in Africa, they said they were quite willing to conduct me to their tribe if I would trust myself to go alone. I accepted the offer, and immediately started with the two ill-favored aborigines. Accustomed as I was to the forest, I had much ado to keep up with my agile guides, who more than once had to wait for me to join them.

An hour's fatiguing walk brought us to a patch of cleared ground, in the middle of which was the encampment of the tribe. Its inmates were three other men, seven women, and five children. A few branches of trees bent downwards, with others interlaced in front, constituted their only shelter. Of cooking appliances there was not a semblance.

I had come among them, but was perfectly at a loss how to act now I had done so, for we neither of us could understand the other. I thought the best thing to do was to ingratiate the women, so gave them a few strings of beads I had brought with me for the purpose. They received them, however, without the slightest sign of pleasure at the gift.

I managed to make my guides understand that I wanted to return, when, without leave-taking, they preceded me, and just as night fell left me at the edge of the wood, where I could hear the voices and merry songs of the people of my camp.

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The Mucassequeres may be styled the true savages of South tropical Africa. They construct no dwelling-houses or anything in the likeness of them. They are born under the shadow of a forest-tree, and so they are content to die. They despise alike the rains which deluge the earth and the sun which burns it; and bear the rigors of the seasons with the same stoicism as the wild beasts. In some respects they would seem to be even below the wild denizens of the jungle, for the lion and tiger have at least a cave or den in which they seek shelter, whilst the Mucassequeres have neither.

As they never cultivate the ground, implements of agriculture are entirely unknown among them; roots, honey, and the animals caught in the chase, constitute their food, and each tribe devotes its entire time to hunting for roots, honey, and game. They rarely sleep to-day where they lay down yesterday. The arrow is their only weapon; but so dexterous are they in its use, that an animal sighted is as good as bagged.

The two races which inhabit this country are as different in personal appearance as they are in habits. The Ambuella, for instance, is a black of the type of the Caucasian race; the Mucassequere is a white of the type of the Hottentot race in all its hideousness.

When my Mucassequere guides left me, as related, at nightfall at the edge of the forest, they uttered a few words, which probably meant a farewell, and disappeared in the darkness. The ruddy state of the atmosphere, due to the numerous camp-fires, and the sound of merry voices, guided my footsteps, and shortly after I found myself within the precincts of my encampment, where, to the notes of the barbarous music of the Ambuellas, the fellows were capering like madmen.

There were several Ambuella girls who were dancing with my carriers, and the bangles on their arms and wrists made a tinkling accompaniment to their motions.

I was much struck with the type of many of these girls, which was perfectly European, and I saw several whose forms, as they undulated in the dance, would have raised envy in the hearts of many European ladies, whom they equalled in beauty and surpassed in grace of motion. What followed was calculated to increase my surprise.

It would appear that these Ambuellas, on the arrival in the country of a caravan, are accustomed to flock into the camp, to sing and dance; and, as night advances the men retire, and leave their women-folks behind them. It is their hospitable custom thus to furnish the stranger wayfarers with a few hours of female society. On the following morning, at daybreak, the visitors steal away to their villages, and rarely fail to return to bring gifts to their friends. This custom led to an extraordinary adventure which befell myself.



AMBUELLA HUNTER.

CHAPTER XII.

THE KING OF THE AMBUELLAS' DAUGHTERS.

THE old sova, Moene Cahu-heú-úe, sent me his two daughters, Opudo and Capéu. Opudo was about twenty and Capéu counted some sixteen years. The elder was a plain girl enough, and was wonderfully haughty in manner; but the other was an attractive little creature, with a smiling and agreeable countenance.

From the moment of my setting foot in Africa, I had determined to lead an austere life, a practice which gave me considerable influence over my negroes, who, seeing me only drink water, and detecting me in no *aventure galante*, looked upon me as altogether a superior being. But now, notwithstanding my fixed determination, I was called upon to exercise no little restraint upon my feelings to resist the temptations of the younger daughter of the Sova Cahu-heú-úe. Capéu only spoke the Ganguella dialect, which I did not understand, but Opudo talked Hambundo fluently.

"Why do you despise us?" she inquired in an imperious tone. "Are the women in your country more lovely and loving than my sister? Any way, we intend to sleep here; for it shall never be said that the daughters of the chief of the Ambuellas have been thrust out of a tent by a white man."

Here was a ridiculous position for a man to be placed in! I was indeed so taken aback that I had not a word to say for myself.

There sat the two girls upon my leopard-skins, and there stood I. The large fire which separated us cast over the interior of the hut a ruddy light, somewhat subdued and softened by the green foliage which lined the cabin walls.

The bright flame displayed to great advantage the undraped figure of the young girl, whose languishing eyes were occasionally fixed upon me with an expression half-pouting, half-beseeking. My own looks wandered away,



OPUDO.

but involuntarily turned again and again to the statuesque and graceful figure.

Without, the noisy sounds of the barbarous music had ceased; the voices were more subdued, and silence was gradually taking the place of the previous uproar. My braves were evidently selecting their companions for the night; and there was I, still shut up with those irrepressible girls.

"We intend to remain here," repeated the haughty Ambu-

ella princess. "I don't mean to expose my sister to the scorn of all the old women of the villages; and let me tell you, white man, that if you are a chief of the White King, I am the daughter of a sova."

The ridicule of my position increased; I was compelled to put the firmest restraint upon myself, and, conscious that if I looked or spoke softly I was lost, I had to assume



CAPÉU.

a severity of aspect and hardness of behavior that were quite foreign to my character.

Still, things could not remain in the state in which they were, and I did not know how to alter them. I would have preferred, a thousand times over, risking a conflict with the warrior father to continuing this colloquy with the amorous little daughter.

Suddenly the skin which formed the door of my hut was raised, and some one entered.

It was little Mariana, who had overheard our limited conversation and came to the rescue. She approached the

fire, which she mended and replenished. Then, turning to the Ambuellas and repeatedly clapping her hands, as is the customary mode of complimentary salutation in the country, she uttered the words *Cô-qûe-tû Cò-qûe-tû*, and added:—

“The white man does not scorn you; but if he does not wish you to sleep here it is because I am the only one who does so; the white man is mine. My hut is alongside this one, and you are quite welcome to sleep there.”

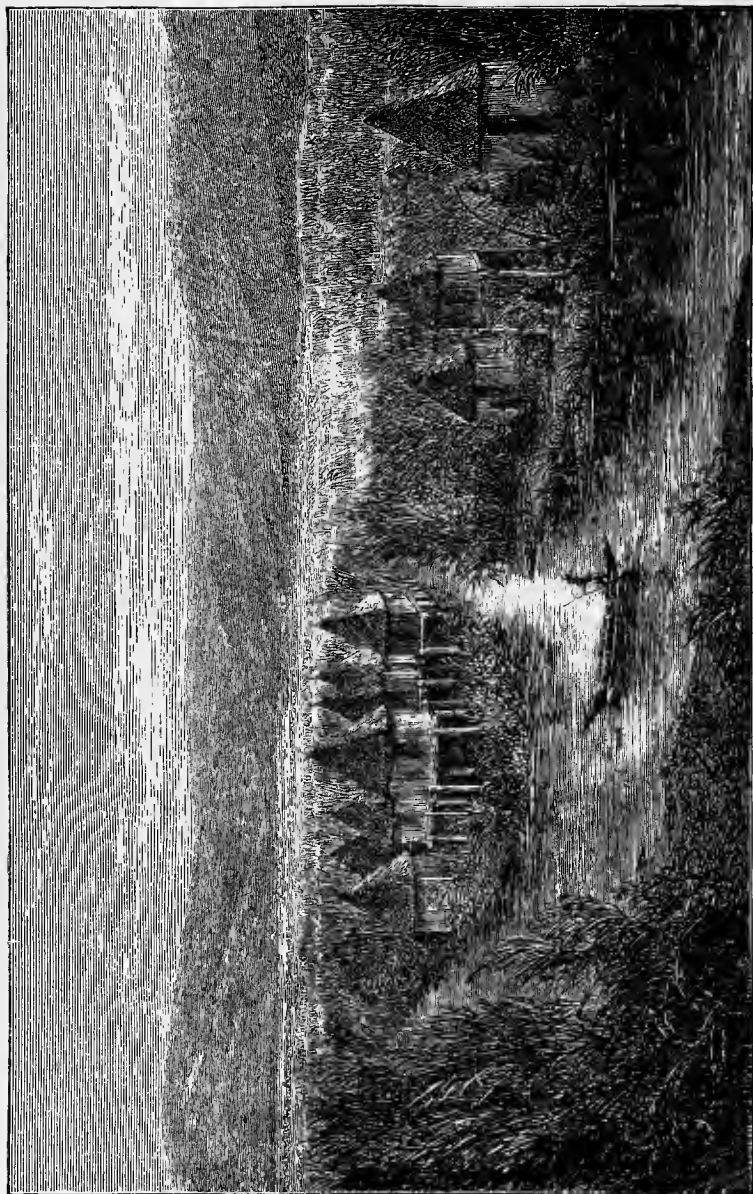
The daughters of Sova Cahu-heú-úe at once rose and left with Mariana, to whom I felt myself very greatly indebted for getting me out of my dilemma; but a few moments after, Opudo came back and whispered fiercely in my ear:—

“To-night we sleep elsewhere, but my sister does not mean to let you off.” I must confess it, this young woman inspired me with more fear than the wildest of wild-cats could occasion.

Next day the chief's daughters came in the usual way, to bring me presents. I gave them a few beads in return, and they retired without alluding to the scene of the previous night. Shortly afterwards a messenger came from the father, to announce that he expected me that afternoon, and that he would send a boat to convey me to his village.

My occupations had so engaged me during the day that it was not till evening that I remembered the canoe which the sova told me would be in waiting near the river to convey me to his village. On reaching the appointed spot my surprise was considerable at finding the frail skiff referred to *manned* by Opudo and Capéu, the two daughters of the chief! I do not consider myself a man of a particularly timid nature, but the sight of these two girls caused me some alarm.

This was no time, however, for indulging in such feelings, so I stepped into the canoe, and settling myself



THE ISLAND HOME OF THE KING OF THE AMBUPELLAS.

down, gave the signal for departure. The dexterity of these young women was remarkable, and they soon cleared the little creek or canal which led into the river.

The sun was fast nearing the horizon. The canoe sped swiftly through the open spaces left by the abundant aquatic vegetation, which displayed upon the surface of the water a vast wealth of beautiful flowers. So thick were the clusters of *Victoria-regias* and many species of the *nenuphar*, that at times they held us as in a net. On one occasion we were so imprisoned that I fully expected an upset, and in imagination saw those dark-skinned nymphs and myself struggling in the water among the crocodiles.

No such mishap, however, occurred. By a skilful manœuvre of the paddles we were set free, and Opudo then found her tongue.

"It is too late now," she said, "to go to our father's house. We waited for you long. We will return by land, and you shall come to-morrow." Shortly after, at a convenient spot, we went ashore, and they accompanied me to the camp.

Night fell, and found the sova's daughters again within my hut, conversing on indifferent subjects, whilst the sounds of dancing and merriment were heard without.

When the noise attendant on these festivities had ceased, they lay down near the entrance of the hut, beside the brightly burning fire. I wanted them to take up their quarters once more in the hut of little Mariana; but Opudo declined, saying she was a fawn of the forest, and little cared where she took her rest.

In the course of that day Augusto, who had been scouring the wood for game, fell in with a troop of small monkeys, the first I had come across in my journey from the coast westward.

On the following morning I paid my visit to the sova; but, being desirous of avoiding further adventures, I got

out my india-rubber boat, and proceeded to the village in that conveyance. The canal I traversed communicated with an arm of the river, twenty-two yards wide by nineteen feet deep, with a rapid current.

The river divides, forming aits, little bays and marshes, which are the beds of thick and lofty canes. It is upon these small islands, themselves intersected by other channels, which form a perfect labyrinth, that these Ambuella villages are planted, springing from a marshy soil, on the level of the river. The houses are perfectly imbedded in the thick tufts of cane. Their walls are formed of reeds; their foundations are stakes driven into the muddy ground, and the roofs are composed of thatch. They are wretched habitations, badly constructed, and affording little effective shelter.

Outside the doors, suspended from large poles, are immense calabashes, in which the inhabitants preserve their wax and other articles. The huts themselves are filled with calabashes. Indeed, among the Ambuellas these useful vegetables perform the office of trunks, cupboards, and other household receptacles.

On one of the small islands above referred to, a little group of buildings constitutes the residence of the Sova Moene Cahu-heú-úe. One hut is occupied by himself, four more are assigned to his four wives, and the rest are store-houses.

The sova received me very graciously, he having two of his favorites by his side. No sooner was I seated than my interpreter and one of the favorites commenced vigorously clapping the palms of their hands together; after which, scraping up a little earth, they rubbed it on the breast, and repeated many times, in a rapid way, the words *bamba* and *calunga*, terminating with another clapping of hands, not quite so vigorous as before. This completed the ceremony of introduction.

The chief expressed a wish to see my boat, and made a

little excursion in it upon the river. His wonder at the floating power of this portable canoe knew no bounds; and again and again he urged upon me not to sell any such to the Ambuellas of the Cubangui.

On our return to his island-home he sent for a calabash of *bingundo* and a tin cup, together with a pot of Lisbon marmalade, left there by some Biheno trader. Having filled the cup, the chief allowed some drops of the foaming



THE SOVA'S BROTHER.

liquid to fall upon the ground, and, covering the place with damp earth, he drank off the contents without drawing breath. The interpreter having informed him that I only drank water, he passed the calabash round to his favorites, who lost no time in disposing of what was left in it. At noon I took my leave, and returned to the encampment.

I passed the rest of the day with a petty chief, the brother of the sova, who informed me that he intended

starting for the Zambesi by way of the Cuchibi and Cuando.

My relations with the aborigines continued to be most cordial and pleasant. The sova's daughters were indefatigable in bringing me presents, and, in fact, my own food and that of the young niggers about my person was supplied entirely by these good Samaritans.

Anything for which I expressed a wish was at once procured, and presumably their desire was to make others believe that closer ties than those of platonic friendship existed between us. I had learned by this time that they would have been held up to scorn if suspected of being repudiated by the stranger of their choice, and, out of regard for their feelings, I let them have their own way,

We consequently lived on, the best friends in the world, and their co-operation was really of the highest importance in procuring me the carriers and stores of which I stood in need for traversing a vast depopulated space, where provisions would be simply unattainable.

My pecuniary resources were drawing to an end, and, saving a quantity of powder in the shape of cartridges, a few beads, and a little copper for bangles, I had literally nothing left. Two of my carriers were bearers of the present I had reserved for the sovereign of the Baroze, the chief article being a small organ, having a couple of automatic dolls, which executed a dance to the sound of music. This was a universal source of amusement to the aborigines. Augusto turned it to very profitable account, and many an egg did he conjure from the natives by the exhibition of the dancing figures.

Moene Cahu-heú-úe, no doubt upon the recommendation of his daughters, solved every difficulty as it arose, and actively aided me in my preparations for departure. The daughters themselves had resolved to accompany me to the borders of their father's territory, and it was Opudo who assumed the command of my escort.

In this country, where I was received as a friend, and was therefore unbiassed by any influence adverse to the African, I sought in vain to read in the negro soul other than the most sordid cupidity, the most sensual appetites, cowardice in presence of the strong, and tyranny to the weak.

I cannot at times help thinking that what is considered by many people in Europe as quite possible, viz. the civilizing the negro in Africa, is a pure chimera.

The civilizing element is, at all events at the present time, so infinitesimal as compared with the savage element, that the latter must inevitably preponderate until the other shall assume far larger proportions.

In order to realize this dream of many exalted spirits in the old world, there must be a white man for every black upon the African soil, as by such means only can the element of civilization be made to outweigh the savage.

We have an instance of this among the Boers of the Transvaal, who, European by origin, have in less than a century of time lost all the civilization they brought with them from Europe, have become conquered by the savage element amid which they have been living, and now, though Europeans in color and professing the faith of Christ, are the veriest barbarians in customs and behavior.

Of all the peoples I met with on my road, the Ambuellas were the greatest and most successful cultivators of the soil, which repays with wonderful prodigality the care and labor bestowed upon it. Beans, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, ground-nuts, the castor-oil plant and cotton, are raised among enormous fields of maize of excellent quality.

Domestic poultry is the only live-stock possessed by the Ambuellas. Their mode of life, constantly disturbed by apprehensions of attacks from their neighbors, prevents them ever becoming herdsmen or shepherds; so that vast tracts of land, upon which enormous flocks and herds might be easily raised, are totally abandoned.

The dog, that faithful and devoted friend of man, does not forfeit among the negroes his character as a sociable companion and trusty guard, and he is found among all the tribes of the Ganguella race.

Among the inhabitants of the river Cuchibi there are no places set apart for the interment of the dead. Their sovas are buried in any convenient spot in the wood, but the people find unmarked graves in the mud by the river-side.

The customs of the Ambuellas may be designated as mild and sociable, and their hospitality, as will be gathered from what I have already recorded, is of the frankest order. They are tolerable woodsmen, and gather a great deal of wax from the forest. They are also skilful fishermen, which is not surprising, living as they do on a river whose aquatic fauna is extremely varied.

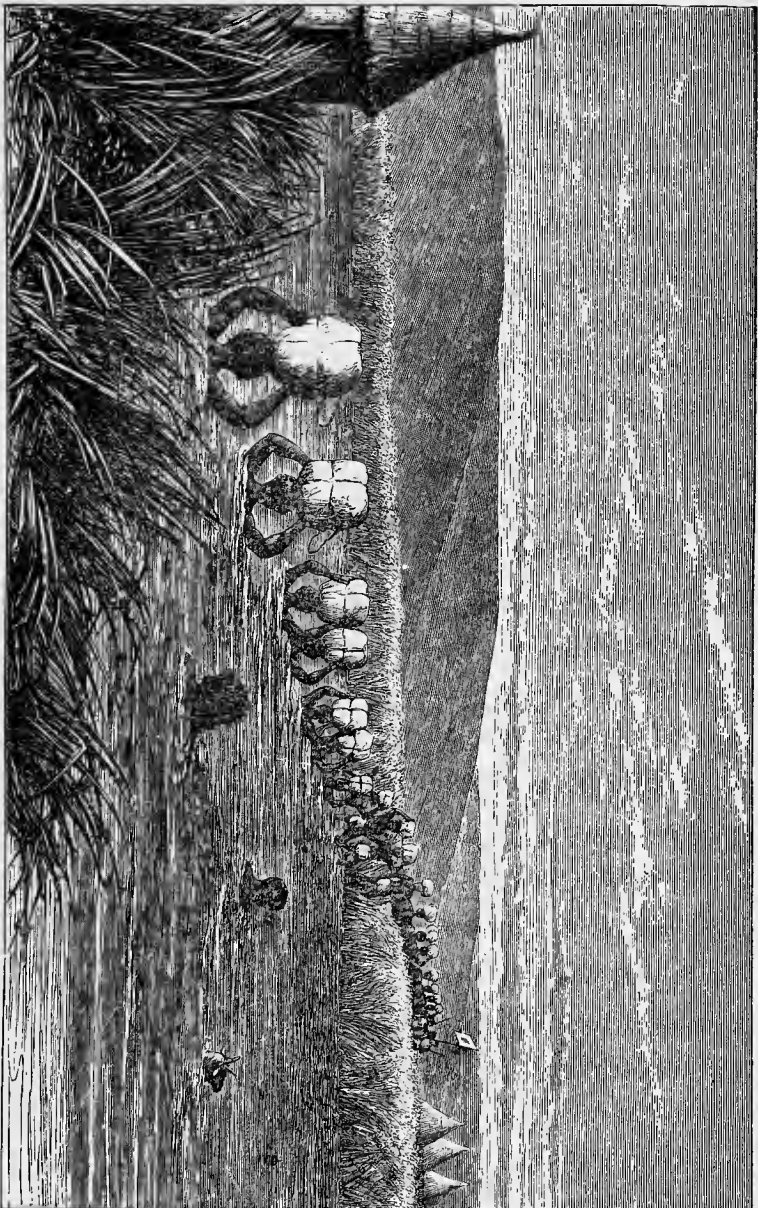
I had obtained a good supply of maize, and had got together carriers to convey it, under the command of the daughters of the sova; so that on the 4th August I took my departure, after the most cordial adieus, and continued the descent of the river upon its right bank.

Two hours after leaving Cahu-heú-ue the guides pointed out to me a ford where the passage of the river might be safely effected.

The river at that spot was eighty-seven yards in width. I stripped off my clothes, and proceeded to examine the ford. I found it was a narrow bar, with a depth immediately above and below it of ten to twelve feet, with a very hard sandy bottom. The current of the river over the ford was at least sixty-five yards a minute.

The passage took a couple of hours in the performance. I remained the whole of that time in the water, with Verissimo and Augusto, the only two who were capable of swimming, ready to assist any of the men who should lose their footing.

The passage of the river having been an excessively



THE CECHIBI RIVER.

fatiguing operation, I determined to pitch our camp shortly after crossing, which was done on our arrival at the village of Lienzi.

The natives soon flocked in great numbers into the camp, bringing with them presents, and provisions for barter or sale. I never saw before in Africa so many fowls as were that day brought over by the Ambuellas. There was not a carrier or the youngest nigger but feasted that day on roast chicken.

Among the Ambuellas who came into the encampment was one exceedingly pleasant-mannered fellow. He tried every possible means to convince me that I should be driving a capital bargain by exchanging a charge of powder for a fine cock he carried under his arm. I was much diverted with the ingratiating way in which he tried to persuade me to effect the exchange; and at last I told him that I would consent if he could kill the cock at fifty paces' distance with a bow and arrow. He accepted the proposal, and I measured the distance.

The cock being set up at the allotted place, eight arrows, each of which was infinitely wide of the mark, were fired at the intended victim.

A lot of the bystanders got quite excited with the sport, and at length a perfect cloud of arrows might be seen flying in the direction of the poor cock; but though the distance had been lessened to forty paces, the best shot was still half a yard away from the mark. I then told the Bihenos that I would make the cock a present to whoever could kill it. The best marksmen from my caravan now came forward; the most successful of whom was Silva Porto's negro Jamba, who planted an arrow within a quarter of an inch of the cock, which might, however, have lived and crowed for some time longer had I not put an end to the sport with a bullet from my Winchester rifle.

Our camp was the resort of a considerable number of women, attracted probably by the presence of the daughters

of their chief. They wore a great quantity of iron bangles round their wrists, about an eighth of an inch in thickness, of a quadrangular section, having the two outer edges indented. When they danced (and the Ambuellas are much given to dancing), the tinkle of these bangles had a very musical sound.

From Lienzi I went on a hunting-excursion down the river to its confluence with the Cuando. When I got back to the encampment I found my followers so given up to the delights of Capua, that there was no tearing them from the arms of the lovely daughters of this new African Nineveh. The double intoxication produced by *bingundo* and love made the fellows deaf alike to entreaties and threats.

The Soveta of Lienzi came to call upon me, in company of a Mucassequere, his guest. I gladly engaged the latter to serve as my guide to the sources of the river Ninda, which I was desirous of reaching; and as the inclination was strong upon me to start at once, I called the pombeiros together and told them of my intention to go on with the Ambuellas and my young attendants, and that they might remain behind if they thought proper, but that, in any case, I should carry away with me the whole of the rations.

Having made them this communication, I set off under the guidance of the Mucassequere, and accompanied by the daughters of the sova and their followers. My Quimbares, seeing me in earnest, at once left the camp and followed me, leaving the Quimbundos and Verissimo's niggers behind.

After a painful march of six hours through the tangled forest, and where not a drop of water was met with, we reached the right bank of the Chicului, parched with thirst. This river runs through a desert and swampy plain from 1,800 to 2,000 yards in width, and the forest, of unvarying density, only terminates where the marsh begins.

During the night the lions and leopards roamed ince-

santly around my encampment, roaring in the most frightful manner.

Next morning, at daybreak, I crossed the river at a place where a bridge had evidently at one time been thrown across the stream by Biheno caravans, and which I reconstructed. The passage was effected easily enough, but it was not so easy to reach the forest on the left bank, as we had to traverse the swampy plain, where we occasionally sunk to above our waists. My little nigger Pepeca more than once remained with only his head out of the bog, and we had much ado to disinter him; and there were 1,600 yards of this most trying and fatiguing swamp to get over.

After crossing the river, I sighted, at about 600 yards down the stream, a considerable herd of songues, and, stealing a rapid march upon them through the brushwood, I managed to kill three. My favorite goat Cora never left my side for a moment, and since she had heard the roaring of the lions, was in a constant state of nervous alarm. A good many birds were caught by my negroes, among which were a variety of quails and a white lapwing with white legs.

About 1 o'clock in the day my Quimbundos made their appearance, with the pombeiros, who in very humble guise entreated my pardon for not having come on with me the day before. I was in no mood just then to be too hard upon them, so forgave their temporary desertion, and shortly after I went on a fishing excursion, with a very large net, by the aid of which I caught a good many fish, very similar to the mullet of the Portuguese rivers. The serious illness of one of my blacks induced me to remain a couple of days in that place.

It was on the 9th of August that I was at length enabled to resume my journey. At night my camp was pitched at the source of a little brook called Combule.

I succeeded in persuading the sova's daughters to return

to their father's roof; and they departed, after a very cordial leave-taking. Even Opudo deigned to entreat me to take Cuchibi on my return, and come and live among them; whilst Capéu made her supplication still more eloquent by a glance of her eye,—one of those women's glances which are so powerful when spontaneous, and not acquired in the school of coquetry.

It was not without regret that I saw those two faithful girls depart; the only examples, as they were, that I had met with in Africa of natives forming an actual friendship.



HEAD OF THE MALANCA.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE JOURNEY TO LIALUL.

ON the following day we penetrated into an extensive thorny forest, through which we had literally to cut our road. After a fatiguing march of five hours we pitched our camp at the source of the river Ninda, having left a great part of our wearing apparel on the brambles by the wayside. Half an hour after our arrival I must have cut a very ridiculous figure in the eyes of any one but a native, as I was covered with bits of court-plaster where the thorns had picked out pieces of my flesh.

As evening fell, a cloud of flies, so small that they were impossible of measurement, swooped down upon the encampment, and, whirling about in a mad dance, penetrated the nostrils, the mouth, the ears, and eyes, till we were nearly wild with pain and annoyance.

I had a visitation of another kind, in the shape of a violent attack of fever, which did not, however, prevent me getting up more than once during the night, and turning out to learn why the dogs were barking. All through the dark hours the lions roared about the camp, and towards morning a chorus of hyenas helped to complete the infernal uproar.

I remained where I was till the afternoon of the next day, in order to determine my position, and then moved my camp a mile farther to the eastward. Close to the spot where I took up my new quarters was the grave of a fellow-countryman, the trader Luiz Albino, who was there

killed by a buffalo. Among my followers I had Luiz Albino's favorite negro, old Antonio de Pungo Andongo, the very man I converted into the Sova Mavanda's tailor.

Luiz Albino had left the Bihé with a large quantity of goods, which he was carrying to the Zambesi to trade with, and pitched his camp on the very same spot where mine was then standing. He turned out to give chase to a buffalo, which he wounded in the leg. Seeing it fall, he came back to camp, and summoning old Antonio (who was *young* Antonio then), bade him call the men and go out to seek a buffalo he had mortally wounded.

The Bihenos, who push caution to a fault, declined the task, and Albino, calling them a set of cowards, started off with Antonio for sole companion. On reaching the wood, the buffalo, which like all wounded buffaloes was waiting its chance to avenge the blow it had received, staggered to its feet and rushed at him. Luiz Albino fired off in quick succession, but without taking aim, both barrels of his gun; they had no effect in stopping the animal, which drove its horns into the unfortunate man's body. Antonio fired with better success, but too late to save his master, for the corpse of the huge beast toppled over on to the corpse of the white man.

A strong wooden stockade enclosing a piece of ground, some fifteen feet square, protects a rude timber cross, and reminds the wayfarer of the necessity of having his rifle prepared and his arm steady when sojourning in these regions.

I continued my journey, still keeping on the right bank of the Ninda, without anything of note disturbing us on our march. On the 14th I happened to be marching along at the head of the caravan, with no other companion than young Pepeca, when, on reaching the place where I resolved to come to a halt for the day, I perceived an enormous buffalo quietly grazing. Sheltered by the wood, I was able to get close up to him, and let fly at about



THE BUFFALO.

thirty-five yards, aiming at the shoulder-blade, as he stood right across me; the animal fell like a stone.

Next day we had a six-hours' march, and then encamped alongside a lake of good water, not far from the little village of Calombeu, an advanced post of the sovereign of the Barôze country. The people would sell us nothing, and provisions were beginning to get scarce. I was now in the vast plain of the Nhengo, lying 3900 feet above the level of the sea, which extends eastward to the Zambesi and southward to the confluence with that river of the Cuando. The ground, dry in appearance, is little better than a sponge, yielding slowly but surely to the pressure of the body, the water oozing up and filling the cavity thus made. During the nights that I was forced to stop there, I lay down on a bed that was dry enough, formed of dry leaves and covered with skins, but I always woke up in a puddle.

My life at this particular time was one of constant torment, as I failed to procure during the dark hours that refreshing sleep which repairs the fatigues of the day and helps one to bear better the troubles and apprehensions of the mind. The dearth of provisions to which we were fast hurrying, the difficulties presented by the country that lay before me, the state of my own health, which I felt was deeply shattered, and the unsatisfactory condition of my people, among whom symptoms of insubordination had frequently shown themselves, affected my spirits to such a degree that I was in a constant state of ill-humor.

On the 19th of August there came upon me a feeling of despair. I felt myself alone, — completely alone, — not a man of my whole crew seemed to have a scrap of energy left in him. I transcribe a few lines from my diary at this period, which will show the state of mind through which I was then passing.

"This upset me, and put me in a very bad humor. Great heaven! how much will, how much pertinacity,

how much energy are required by the man who, standing alone, surrounded by difficulties, created as much by his own followers as by natural causes, strives to fulfil a mission such as mine! Alone as I am in the centre of Africa with a great duty to perform and the honor of my country's flag to sustain, how much do I not suffer! Shall I ever bring it through untarnished? Truly, in situations such as these one must be either an angel or a demon, and at times I cannot help thinking I play the double part!"

On the day I wrote the above entry we were put upon rations, and maize was the only article we had left.

Seated at the door of my hut, as evening was falling, I was finishing my frugal meal, and listlessly watching my carriers, who were squatting about and eating in silence. It seemed as if some profound sadness had fallen upon the camp, and cast a spell over all its inmates.

Suddenly my dogs started up and ran towards the wood, barking furiously. A stranger man, followed by a woman and two lads, came from the bush, and, paying no heed to the dogs, entered the encampment, and giving a rapid glance round, advanced and seated himself at my feet.

He was a negro, whose bits of rags scantily covered his nakedness. What had once been a mantle hung from his bare shoulders. On his head he wore what only a great stretch of the imagination could call a cap, and in his hand he carried a stout stick. His weapons were borne by the lads who followed him.

The energetic physiognomy, keen eye, and decision of manner of the stranger immediately commanded my attention.

"Who are you?" I inquired, "and what do you want of me?"

He answered me in Hambundo: "I am Caiumbuca, and I have come to seek you."

On hearing the name of Caiumbuca I could not restrain

my emotion. I beheld before me the boldest of the Bihé traders. The name of Caiumbuca, the old pombeiro of Silva Porto, is known from the Nyangwe to Lake Ngami.

In Benguella, Silva Porto said to me: "Seek out Caiumbuca; engage him in your service, and you will have the best assistant you can meet with in all South Central Africa." On reaching the Bihé, I sought him high and low, but none could give intelligence of him.

"He is gone into the interior, and nobody knows where." This was the unvarying answer to my inquiries.

It happened that Caiumbuca was on the Cuando, when, hearing of my approach, he started across country, with the woman and two young niggers, to join me.

I had a talk with him for an hour; I even read him a letter which Silva Porto had given me in Benguella for him: I made him my proposals, and by nightfall, everything being settled, I called my carriers together, and presented him to them as my second in command.

On the 17th of August I made a forced march, for our provisions were at an end, and it was absolutely necessary to reach human dwellings. I camped on the right bank of the river Nhengo, which is in fact the Ninda, after receiving from the north an affluent of considerable volume, the Loati. This important affluent of the Zambesi runs through the immense plain of which I have already made mention, a plain so spongy and humid that it may be considered a veritable swamp. It is the resort of myriads of snails, which drag their spiral houses through and over the short and wiry grass. Caiumbuca having informed me that at a short distance from the encampment there were some native villages, I decided upon stopping where I was for another day, in order to obtain provisions. Early next morning I sent off some of the men for the purpose, but the natives turned out to be so shy, that they fled at their approach, and would not even listen to them. Our position was now sufficiently serious, as we had liter-

ally nothing to eat, and all attempts both at hunting and fishing yielded no result whatsoever.

A group of our fellows, headed by Augusto, came running into shelter, pursued by several lions, which only retired on hearing the noise of the encampment.

We set off again on the 19th, having eaten our last ration on the morning of the 17th! The march was kept up for eight hours, and at the close we pitched our camp near a lake, having left the banks of the river in order to get nearer to villages.

In spite of the fatigue of the journey and the weakness produced by hunger, I sent off a deputation to procure provisions, Caiumbuca himself being one of the party. At nightfall they returned, but empty-handed. They obtained absolutely nothing. And the natives not only refused to part with any stores, but showed a disposition to hostilities!

I then summoned some of the negroes who had been up to the villages, and questioned them as to the actual existence of stores among the inhabitants. On their answering me in the affirmative, I took an immediate resolution, and I bade the pombeiros encourage their men with the assurance that next morning they should have a good feed.

When alone with Caiumbuca, I informed him of the resolution I had taken to march on to the villages and procure provisions at any cost.

In pursuance of this determination, at daybreak of the 20th I again sent off Augusto with a few negroes to the villages, to request the people to sell me maize or manioc, and explain the circumstances under which we were placed.

The only reply my envoys obtained were insults and threatened blows.

Thereupon I collected all my people who were not completely prostrated by exhaustion, amounting to some eighty semi-valiant men. I placed myself at their head, and at once attacked the chief's compound; but, after a

skirmish with no casualties, the place surrendered at discretion.

I lost no time in repairing to the general stores, which were full of sweet potatoes, and took out the quantity required to appease my people's hunger, returning afterwards to the camp with the petty chief and a few other negro prisoners. I then gave them the value of the potatoes in beads and powder, and set them at liberty, after pointing out to them that in future it would be far better to act in a more hospitable spirit. They were astounded at my generosity, and promised to supply me with everything I needed directly I applied for it.

The inhabitants of these villages, like all the aborigines of the Nhengo plain, are of the Ganguella race, subjected, by force, to the Luinas, or Barôzes. They are a miserable and intractable set.

Toward evening, a troop of Luinas arrived at the camp. It appears they were scouring the country round, and learning that it was my intention to come to a halt in the neighborhood, they gave me a look up. The band was commanded by three chiefs, the principal of whom was named Cicôta.

These chiefs were wonderfully civil, and offered me their services. On my requesting them to obtain provisions for me, they replied that they were themselves badly off in the way of food; but that on the following day they would accompany me to other villages, where resources were to be obtained.

My Luina visitors were of good presence, tall, and robust. An antelope's skin, nicely dressed, was fastened to the leather belt in front and at the sides, and an ample mantle of skins completed the costume. All three chiefs had rifles. The men carried shields of an oval shape, and were armed with a sheaf of assegais for casting. The chest and arms were covered with amulets. The wrists were adorned with bracelets of copper, brass, and ivory,

and below the knees were from three to five very fine brass bangles.

Their heads were the most remarkable, not on account of their hair, which was cut short, but from the way in which they were adorned. That of the chief Cicôta, for example, was covered with an enormous wig made out of a lion's mane.



THE CHIEF CICÔTA.

On August 22d, I broke up the camp, and five hours later pitched it again, close to the village of Canhete, the first occupied by the Luina race.

No sooner were my huts raised, than, at Cicôta's instigation, many girls came into camp, bringing me poultry, manioc, massamballa and earthy-nuts. During the whole of the afternoon presents continued to pour in, which I returned in the best way I could.

I paid a visit to the village of Canhete. In the fields there tobacco and the sugar-cane were growing in the utmost luxuriance. The houses were built of reeds, covered with thatch; their shape being sometimes semi-cylindrical, with a radius of a yard and a half, and at others oval, of no greater height than the former.

The Luinas returned my visit, and treated me in the camp to a war-dance, a very picturesque performance, in which a masked figure played the part of buffoon.

When night had fallen, my negro Cainga, whom I had despatched two days previously to the king to inform him of my arrival in his country, returned in safety. With him came various chiefs, bearing presents from his Majesty, among which were six oxen! I could scarcely believe my eyes, and kept repeating, "Beef! We have really got beef to eat!"

Cainga told me that he seemed very proud at the idea of my visiting him by order of the Mueneputo, the White King, and that he intended giving me a splendid reception. With a view to display his greatness, he had ordered many boats to be got in readiness, so that my whole caravan might cross at the same time.

Cainga informed me that he was a young man of some twenty years of age, and that when he learned I was myself young, he said we should be friends.

Just as I was breaking up my camp, fresh envoys arrived from the king, bringing salt and tobacco as a present, and with them a message desiring me not to follow the direct road to the mouth of the Nhengo, as he wished to punish the inhabitants of the villages lying on the route, by depriving them of the pleasure of my visit. I sent word, in reply, that I intended to come by no other road, as it was the one that would suit me best.

No sooner had we quitted Canhete than we fell in with a horrible swamp, which, though scarcely five hundred and fifty yards wide, took us an hour to pass. We trav-

elled eastward, and three hours later reached the village of Tapa, where I accepted a house offered me by the chief, it being impossible to camp without the precincts of the village, owing to the swampy character of the ground.

On the 24th of August we started at eight o'clock in the morning. After crossing a swamp similar to that of the day before, we reached the right bank of the Nhengo at nine o'clock; and, keeping along it until half-past ten, we arrived at that hour at the Zambesi.

With what enthusiasm did I not salute the grand river! A group of hippopotami were poking their huge snouts out of the water, at some thirty yards distant, and two of them fell victims to their imprudence. An enormous crocodile, that was basking in the sun on an island hard by, shortly after shared the same fate. I had thus appropriately saluted the mighty Liambai, by dyeing its waters with the blood of its ferocious denizens!

It was while the enthusiasm of my own people and of the numerous Luinas who accompanied me was at its height that the king's canoes arrived, and at mid-day we crossed to the left bank of the river.

Keeping still in an easterly direction, at two o'clock we fell in with another branch of the Liambai, which separates from it near Nariere. We therefore proceeded to a large island, on which there are hamlets, the chief of which is Liondo. The branch of the river above referred to, although 164 yards wide, is very shallow, and we waded across it. On the other bank a good many natives were assembled, envoys of the king.

Still proceeding on, at three o'clock I arrived at a large lake near the village of Liara, which I crossed in a boat. My course continued easterly, and led through a perfect labyrinth of little lakes that had to be avoided, and it was not until five in the evening that I reached Lialui, the great capital of the Barôze or Kingdom of the Lui.

I found the king had drawn up a programme!

Some twelve hundred warriors were drawn up in parallel lines, extending to the house I was provisionally to occupy, and one of the grandees of the Court, accompanied by thirty attendants, formed my suite. On my arrival at the house, which had a large *pateo* or courtyard, surrounded by a cane-fence, I found a *daïs*, on which I was compelled to sit to receive the compliments of the Court. Four of the king's counsellors, with Gambella, their president, at their head, then arrived. At their back came all the grandees forming the court of King Lobossi. They seated themselves, and then began, both on their side and mine, a series of compliments and ceremonies, with a thousand protestations of friendship. When they gravely retired, their place was taken by other envoys, who only left me when night had fallen.

I was then able to retire to the house set apart for me ; but I got little or no sleep, owing to my speculations on the future of my enterprise.

The following chapter will show that it was not without reason that an undefined presentiment of evil took possession of my mind, and caused me that sleepless night on the 24th of August, 1878.

CHAPTER XIV.

KING LOBOSSI AND HIS EMISSARIES.

ON the 25th of August I rose, feeling very ill and burning with fever. I was in the Upper Zambesi, close to the fifteenth parallel South, in the city of Lialui, the new capital, founded by King Lobossi, of the Kingdom of the Barôze, Lui or Ungunge, for by all three names is that vast empire of South tropical Africa known to the world.

We learn from the descriptions of David Livingstone that a warrior coming out of the South at the head of a powerful army, by name Chibitano, a Basuto by origin, crossed the Zambesi close to its confluence with the Cuando, and invaded the territories of the Upper Zambesi, subjecting to his sway the whole of the tribes who inhabited the vast tracts of country thus conquered. On this army, formed of different elements and of peoples of many races and origins, its commander bestowed the name of Cololos: hence the designation of Macololos, which became so well known throughout Africa.

At the time of my arrival the ministry of foreign affairs was entrusted to a certain Matagga, whilst Gambella, the president of the king's council, had charge of the war department.

I was advised at daybreak that King Lobossi was prepared to receive me. I at once undid my traps, and put on the only complete suit of clothes I possessed. I then went to the great square in which the audience was to be

held, and found the king seated in a high-back chair in the middle of the open space. Behind him stood a negro shading him with a parasol.

Lobossi was a young man about twenty, of lofty stature, and proportionately stout. He wore a cashmere mantle over a colored shirt, and in lieu of cravat, had a numerous collection of amulets hanging on his chest. His drawers



THE KING LOBOSSI.

were of colored cashmere, displaying Scotch thread stockings, perfectly white, and he had on a pair of low well-polished shoes. A large counterpane of smart colors, in lieu of capote, and a soft gray hat, adorned with two large and beautiful ostrich-feathers, completed the costume of the great potentate. He held in his hand an instrument formed of a wooden carved handle, into which were stuck bunches

of horsehair, that served to keep off the flies, and as he sat he waved it to and fro with great gravity.

On his right, and on a lower chair, was seated Gambella, and the other three counsellors were on the opposite side. About a thousand persons squatted on the ground in a semicircle, displaying their hierarchy by the distance at which they were placed from their sovereign.

On my arrival King Lobossi rose, and after him the counsellors, and the whole people. I shook hands with the king and Gambella, bowed to the three counsellors, and then sat down near Lobossi and Gambella.

After an exchange of compliments and polite greetings, which appeared rather to belong to a European court than a barbarous people, I explained to the king that I was not a merchant, but came to visit him by order of the King of Portugal, and that I had that to say to him which could not well be said before so numerous an assembly.

He replied that he knew and understood that it was so, and that the reception he had given me the evening before, and the one he made me on this occasion, must prove that he did not confound me with any trader whatsoever; that I was his guest, and that we should have time to talk about affairs, as he hoped to have the happiness of keeping me for some time in his court. After this amiable expression of opinion, he dismissed me, and I returned to my house in a high fever.

I found in my courtyard no fewer than thirty oxen, which the king had sent me as a present. The favorite slave of Lobossi hinted that it would be an act of delicacy on my part to order the animals to be slaughtered, to offer the best leg of beef to the king, and distribute the meat among the courtiers. I gave orders to Augusto to act accordingly, and, the whole of the cattle having been killed, the flesh was divided among my carriers and the people of the court. I took good care to send to the king and the four counsellors the better parts, not forgetting to

make Gambella's the choicest, and letting him know that I did so.

At one o'clock I was received by the king in private audience. He was seated on a stool, and opposite him were the four counsellors upon a bench, attended by some grandees, among whom was a hale old man, whose sympathetic and expressive face greatly struck me. This was Machanana, the former companion of Livingstone on the



GAMBELLA.

journey which the celebrated explorer made from the Zambesi to Loando, and of whom he speaks in his "Journal" in such high terms of praise.

An enormous pot of *quimbombo* was placed in the middle of the room, and, after the king had drunk of it, all followed his example in copious draughts, without offering any to me, being informed that I drank only water. We conversed upon indifferent matters, and I understood that the time had not yet come to talk of my affairs. On my

retiring, the king whispered, in a tone which none could hear, that he should like to see me that night.

Shortly after my arrival at my own house, Machauana called upon me, and I had a long talk with him about Livingstone. He left me with many professions of friendship.

At nine o'clock I repaired to the king's residence. I found him in one of the inner *pateos*, seated upon a stool, near a large fire burning in an earthen brazier, a couple of yards at least in diameter. Opposite him, in a semi-circle, were some twenty men, armed with assegais and shields, who, during our conference, remained as motionless and silent as statues. Shortly after my arrival, Gambella came in and our conference began.

I commenced by saying that I had been compelled to leave upon the road the rich presents I had brought for him, but that, even as it was, I had been able to save a few trifles, and among them a uniform and hat, which I then presented him. Lobossi was delighted both with the uniform and hat, and thanked me very warmly for the gift. We then, after some conversation upon indifferent subjects, began to talk of business. Verissimo and Caiumbuca served me as interpreters.

I at once informed the monarch that I came as the envoy of the King of Portugal (the *Mueneputo*, for by that name His Most Faithful Majesty is known among all the peoples of South Africa, and which is formed of two words, *Muene*, meaning King, and *Puto*, the name given to Portugal in Africa.) I said that my chief aim was to facilitate commerce between the two countries, and that, as Lui was in the centre of Africa, and already in communication with Benguella, I desired to open the road to the Zumbo, which would afford a much nearer market, where it would be easy for himself and his subjects to furnish themselves with those European products of which they stood most in need.

Gambella, an intelligent man and acute diplomat (for such are not wanting among the blacks), tried more than once to catch me tripping; but I would not travel out of the road of facts and logic, and he apparently gave in.

After much discussion, it was decided that King Lobossi should send a deputation to Benguella, I supplying it with a man in whom I could place confidence, with letters for the governor and for Silva Porto; and that, in return, he should give me the people I wanted to accompany me to the Zumbo.

It was one in the morning when I retired, and, in spite of my mistrust of negroes, I freely confess that I went away satisfied. The whole of that day I was busily engaged, and at night-time, when I lay down, I had a severe attack of fever.

I rose next morning very ill. At ten I went to pay a visit to Lobossi, whom I found in a large circular house, surrounded by people, and having before him six enormous pans of *capata*. My own followers, Augusto, Verissimo, and Caiumbuca, and the king's attendants, were very soon in a helpless state of drunkenness; and, as I could do nothing to stop it, I returned to my own house, and went to my couch with a great increase of fever.

Lobossi sent me six oxen, the flesh of which was all stolen by his men, for the major part of my people were away constructing an encampment, and Augusto, Verissimo and Caiumbuca were too drunk to attend to anything.

Early next morning, the king came to see me; and at ten he sent to request me to appear before his great council, which he had convened expressly in order that I might lay my projects before it.

Again did Gambella, who presided at the meeting, try to confuse me, but with no better success than before. I

had, however, to give Gambella and the other members of the Board a lecture in Geography. The audience were astonished at my erudition. After a long discussion, it was resolved to send the deputation to Benguella, and to allow me sufficient people to cross the Chuculumbe to Cainco, leaving three or four strong posts on the road to secure the passage, on their return, of those who should accompany me to the Zumbo. I returned to the house with such an accession of fever that I lost my senses, but recovered somewhat by six next morning.

In the evening of that day a visitor was announced in the person of Manutumnueno, a son of King Chipopa, the first monarch of the Luina dynasty. I ordered him to be shown in, and beheld a youth of some sixteen or seventeen years, with a handsome figure and sympathetic face. He wore a pair of black trousers and the uniform of an ensign in the Portuguese light cavalry, in excellent condition.

The sight of the uniform made a deep impression on me. To whom had it belonged? How had it found its way into the centre of Africa? Moved by curiosity, I questioned Manutumnueno as to how he had come by the uniform; to which he replied that it was a present of a Biheno trader, made him some time previously. I then inquired if he had met with nothing in the pockets. He answered that there were none. "None!" I exclaimed. "What, no pockets in an officer's coat? Impossible!"

I requested him to let me examine it, which he willingly did, and unbuttoned the coat for the purpose. True enough, there were no pockets in the breast. I then turned him round, and examined the skirts, which, to his astonishment, *did* contain such contrivances; and, foraging in one of them, I found and drew out a tiny little note. It was not without a certain feeling of emotion that I scanned the few lines it contained, hurriedly written in pencil. The paper contained these words:—

"If I am not indifferent to you, kindly let me know how we can correspond."

And beneath, there was a name and address. The name was that of one of my friends and companions at college, who now holds a high position in one of the scientific branches of the Portuguese army.

"No doubt, good friend of mine," I thought, "some severe papa or lynx-eyed mamma, who is always inconveniently in the way in such matters, prevented thee, on leaving the theatre or festive ball, from delivering the little missive to thy Dulcinea of that night, and compelled thee to stuff the precious document into thy pocket. Little didst thou dream that the forgotten note would travel across the seas, penetrate into far different regions to that in which it was indited, and be carried — an unknown treasure — on the person of a negro in the Upper Zambesi! For thy consolation, however, know that the negro was at least the son of a king!"

Next day my fever had so increased that I could not stand upon my legs. Lobossi came to visit me, and brought with him his confidential doctor. He was an old man, small in stature, and thin of frame, with white beard and hair. He began by drawing from his breast a string that was run through eight halves of the stones of some fruit that was unknown to me. He then, with great gravity, pronounced certain cabalistic words, and cast the fruit-stones on the ground. After examining the positions they had taken, he came to the conclusion that my deceased relatives had possessed me, and that it was necessary for me to give him something, that he might charm them away. I bore all this nonsense with the utmost patience whilst feigning to lend the greatest credence to his words, and dismissed him with a small present of gunpowder.

My encampment being now finished, I lost no time in shifting my quarters into it. By the 29th of August the

fever had yielded somewhat to the strong doses of quinine I had taken, and my strength was coming back to me. Unfortunately, my moral condition retrograded in a like degree. At times, indeed, the depression of spirits was most inexplicable, and my energy gave way as my moral weakness took the stronger hold of me. I was becoming crushed by the weight of a terrible attack of homesickness.

On that day Lobossi sent his musicians to play and sing for my *entertainment*; but when they had done, a demand was made of two cartridges of powder per man.

In the afternoon I heard a great beating of drums in the city, and the king sent to request that I would fire off some volleys in the great square—a wish that I gratified by despatching a dozen of my men for the purpose.

I afterwards learned that it was a convocation to war, and before referring to the motives which led to it, I would fain say a few words about the history of the Lui, taking up the narrative from the point at which it was left by Dr. Livingstone, that is to say, from the death of Chicerêto.

Chicerêto was succeeded by his nephew Omborolo, who was to reign during the minority of Pepe, younger brother of Chicerêto and son of the great Chibitano. The Luinas conspired, and Pepe was one day assassinated. Omborolo ere long shared the same fate, and the Luinas, having organized what amounted to another Saint Bartholomew's, slew without mercy the remnant of the former invading warriors, of whom only a handful escaped, who, under the command of Siroque, a brother of Chicerêto's mother, fled westward and crossed the Zambesi.

The Luinas, after this sanguinary act, proclaimed their chief Chipopa, a man of ability, who took measures to prevent any dismemberment of the country, and managed to keep the empire in the same powerful condition that it boasted in the time of Chibitano.

Chipopa reigned many years, but treachery was soon at

its old work, and in 1876 a certain Gambella caused him to be assassinated, and proclaimed his nephew Manuanino, a youth of seventeen, king in his stead.

The first act of Manuanino's exercise of authority was to order Gambella, the man who had brought him to the throne, to be beheaded; and, not content with this, he deposed from office all the relatives and friends of his father, who had assisted to procure him his dignity, and collected about him only his maternal kinsmen. The former conspired in turn, and made a revolution, with the object of assassinating him, in March, 1878; but Manuanino, learning of his danger through some who were yet faithful to him, succeeded in escaping, and fled towards the Cuando, where he assailed and devastated the village of Mutambanja.

Lobossi, having been proclaimed king, despatched an army against him, and Manuanino had to retire from his new quarters, and repassing the Zambesi at Quisseque, plunged into the country of the Chuculumbe, which he crossed, and joined a band of whites, elephant-hunters, who were encamped on the borders of the Cafucue. Lobossi, apparently conscious that his own safety depended upon the death of Manuanino, sent a fresh army against him. It was of the result of that very expedition that news had arrived that day.

It seems that, on nearing the spot where the late sovereign was harboring with his newly found white friends, whom they styled *Muzungos*, the chiefs demanded that Manuanino should be given up, that he might be slain; and on receiving a flat refusal, they attacked the band, but with so little success, that they were completely routed by the whites, few only being left to escape back to Lialui and narrate the disaster which had befallen the expedition.

Among the few Macololos who, on the occasion of the African St. Bartholomew's, managed to escape, was, as I have mentioned, a chief of the name of Siroque. He

subsequently mounted the river Cubango to the Bihé, and remained there a considerable time, paying an occasional visit to Benguella, with trading caravans, He afterward returned to the interior and passed his days hunting elephants. But Manuanino at length got him into his power in a most treacherous way, and caused him to be assassinated. All his adherents fell victims at the same time, and the assegai of the slayer of Siroque opened the tomb to the last of the Macololos.



LUINA WOMAN.

CHAPTER XV.

TROUBLE IN THE BARÔZE.

THE day on which intelligence of the disaster which had befallen the king's arms reached the capital was dark and gloomy, and seemed in harmony with the state of Lobossi's mind. Ill news flies apace, and rumors of fresh mishaps tread upon the heels of each other. Among other scraps of sinister intelligence, it was next reported that Lo Bengula, the powerful monarch of the Matebeli, was projecting an attack upon the Lui.

Everything was topsy-turvy in the city; every one had a pet expedient to propose, or some mad scheme to ventilate; and two men, only, appeared to retain their wits and coolness amid the general confusion. These were Machauana and Gambella—the latter the Minister of War, Machauana the General-in-Chief.* Decided and rapid orders were issued by these two chiefs to faithful emissaries, who were at once despatched to distant villages.

It was said, and repeated, that they were the *Muzungos* who had slain the troops of Lobossi despatched against Manuanino, and that if it were known that I was a *Muzungo*, my life was not worth a day's purchase. Luckily the

*News of the Lui, which I have since received in Europe, inform me that the Luinas, after my stay among them, suffered a fierce attack from certain northeast tribes, and that, subsequently, Lobossi ordered Gambella, Machauana, and young Manatumueno, son of King Chipopa, to be put to death. Shortly afterwards it was reported in the Bihé that King Lobossi had himself been assassinated, and another sovereign proclaimed in his stead; the new monarch being the Manuanino before referred to.

people were ignorant of the fact, and thought that the Portuguese of the East were of a different race to those of the West.

On the 30th August, at early morning, Lobossi sent to inform me of his intention to proceed to hostilities. His emissary was Gambella himself, who further communicated that, as Chuculumbe was the theatre of the intended war, my journey thither was impossible, and that, as a necessary consequence, everything which had been arranged between us was at an end.

In the afternoon, having meanwhile had a violent attack of fever, a message was sent me that the Biheno pombeiros wished to speak to me. Although with difficulty, I rose and proceeded to hear what they had to say. After a good deal of beating about the bush, they at length came to the point. They were going to leave me, seeing, as they did, the ugly turn that things were taking in the Lui, and only wanted to get back to the Bihé.

The cowardly crew! They were about to desert me at the very moment I most needed their services.

Miguel, the elephant-hunter, the pombeiro Chaquiconde, and two carriers, Catiba and another, and Dr. Chacaiombe, protested their fidelity, and declared they would stand by me. The whole of the *Quimbares* also came forward to make a like declaration.

This unexpected move on the part of the Bihenos restored to me, as if by magic, the cool determination which had abandoned me for days past. I forthwith dismissed the deserters and ordered them out of the camp. This done, I reviewed my forces, and found that they amounted to fifty-eight men.

On the day after this event Lobossi called to see me, and said that my journey to the Chuculumbe was impossible, but that he would furnish me with guides and some people to proceed southwards as far as the Zumbo. He then complained most bitterly of the few things I gave him, and

said, if I had nothing else left, I ought to let him have all my arms and powder, with the greater reason, as, if I went to the Zumbo with his people, I should be under their protection.

I offered him the arms of the Bihenos who had left me that day, and seven barrels of powder; but I formally refused to give up a single gun which belonged to the men who remained or to my immediate followers. I then retired, not too well satisfied with the interview.

On the 1st September I rose feeling very ill, and, after making my morning observations, I turned in again to try and get a little sleep, when Verissimo, in an alarmed state, entered my hut, and told me that Lobossi had called all my people about him, and informed them that I had come there for the express purpose of joining the *Muzungos* who were on the Cafucue with Manuanino, and making war upon him; that this was proved by my persistence in wishing to go to the Chuculumbe; that he had, during the night, been made acquainted with the projects I meditated, and intended therefore to order me out of his country, and only to leave the road to the Bihé open to me. He had charged Verissimo to bring me this message.

I did not fail to despatch a reply to Lobossi, pointing out to him the impolicy of the course he was adopting, as I had it in my power to do him a deal of harm by preventing the traders of the Bihé from setting foot in his domains; but I got, for sole rejoinder, a fresh order to pack up, and to look to the Bihé as the sole available road.

In the afternoon I received another message, to the effect that the forces which had been got together for the war would not march until I had quitted the Lui and was on my way to Benguella. I told the envoy to inform King Lobossi, from me, that he had better sleep upon the matter, as night was a good counsellor, and that I should wait for his ultimate decision till next day.

On the 2d September I had a visit from Gambella, who

came from the king to command me to quit his territory forthwith, and to take no other road than that which led to the Bihé. That I must not go there, nor there, nor there, pointing successively to the North, East, and South.

Against all usage in the country, Gambella, whilst he remained in my house, retained his arms, and I followed his example by toying with a splendid Adams Colt revolver. I pretended to meditate over my answer, and then said :

"Friend Gambella, go and tell Lobossi, or accept the message for yourself, that I don't budge a step from here in the direction of Benguella. Let his army be as numerous as it will, if I am attacked, I shall know how to defend myself; and, if I fall, the Mueneputo will call him to account for my death. Any way, you may take it as my resolve that I only leave here to follow my own road."

Gambella left my hut in a towering rage.

Late at night, Machauana came secretly to visit me. He informed me that Gambella had counselled the king to order me to be put out of the way, but that Lobossi formally refused to take such a step. The advice was given at a council which Machauana attended, and he urged me warmly to be upon my guard.

In a long conversation which I held with Livingstone's old companion, I discovered that there was an ancient grudge between him and Gambella. The old warrior, once attached to Chibitano's service and subsequently to that of King Chipopa, was very desirous of seeing raised to the throne of the Lui, the son of the latter, his own pupil and protégé, young Monatumueno, my ensign in the light cavalry.

The discovery of this hatred, and of this affection in the heart of the old man, put me at ease upon my own safety. His power was great, as he had an enormous influence over great part of the Lui tribes, and hence the assegais,

which spare but few in the revolutions of the country, had spared him. I expressed to him all the gratitude I felt, and begged him, at parting, to give me timely warning if Lobossi decreed my death. He promised and retired.

After this interview I lay down, and revolved in my mind a singular plan I had been for some time cogitating, but which I had abstained from communicating to Machauana, in order to prevent him conceiving ambitious projects, which he might not at that moment have been nourishing.

I had resolved, if Lobossi decided upon my death, to surround myself with five of my most reliable men, to act as bull-dogs, such as Augusto, Camutombo and others, and repair with them at once to the king's audience, where all are alike unarmed; to cause them, at a given signal, to spring upon Lobossi, Gambella, Matagja, and the other two privy counsellors, whilst I, accompanied by Machauana, the General-in-Chief, who had ten thousand warriors at his call, would shout out:

"Live Monatumueno, King of the Lui; long live the son of Chipopa!"

A revolution effected in this way could scarcely fail to be successful in a country which dearly loves revolutions.

I fell fast asleep while ruminating this notable project, and slept on till awoke by Catraio next morning, who came to inform me that Lobossi was there, and wanted to speak to me. I at once arose, and went to receive him.

His object in visiting me was to say that he had altered his mind, and that all the roads were open to me. That he would furnish me with guides to the Oquisseque, but that, in consequence of the events that were occurring in his states, he could furnish me with no forces, nor would he be responsible for any disaster that might occur through my attempting the journey with barely fifty-eight men.

I thanked him for his decision, and, with respect to his caution, said I was accustomed to guarantee my own safety and to make no one responsible for my life.

On the morning of the 4th, I attended an audience of the king, who behaved towards me in a very amicable way. It was Lobossi's custom, at sunrise, to leave his quarters, and, at the sound of *marimbas* and drums, to proceed to the great square, where he took his seat near a lofty semicircular fence, the centre of which was occupied by the royal chair. Behind him squatted the natives who composed his court, and on his right were Gambella and the other counsellors, if present. In front, and at about twenty paces distant, stood his musicians in a line, and files of the people were ranged at the sides.

Many causes which did not require to be treated in the privy council were there heard and tried, for the audience was in every sense a judicial one. On the day in question, among other matters, was a case of robbery. The complainant summoned the accused (who squatted down in front), and stated his grounds of complaint. The accused denied the crime, and at once a man came forward from among the people to defend him. Any friend or relative is competent for such a purpose. Gambella acted as public prosecutor, and, the accused kneeling before him, he put a variety of questions to which the other replied.

The discussion went on, and various witnesses for the accusation and defence came forward in turn. The crime was held to be proved, and the plaintiff demanded that the thief's wife should be delivered up to him, which was done; so that he was indemnified for the loss of his property (a few strings of beads) by the possession of the other man's wife.

The case being thus terminated, it is to be hoped to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, another man presented himself, who accused his wife of failing in her obedience to him. This complaint was followed by many others of a similar character, and I counted more than twenty of Lobossi's subjects who made bitter complaints

against their partners, so that it seemed to me the women of the Lialui were in a state of complete domestic revolt. After some discussion, it was resolved that any wife who failed to yield blind and absolute obedience to her lord, should be bound hand and foot and thrust into the lake, where she was to pass the night with only her head out of water.

One thing which struck me as particularly curious in these audiences, was the mode in which Gambella conferred with the king, in secret, before the whole assembly. At a signal from the minister the music struck up, and the eight *batuques* made such an infernal noise that it was simply impossible to hear a word of what was being debated between the king and his minister.

The audience being over, the king is accustomed to retire to a convenient place, and go in for hard drinking. Numerous pipkins of *capata* are sent round, and the sovereign and his courtiers devote themselves to the worship of the god Bacchus. From this scene he retires to bed, and in the afternoon, after fresh libations, he gives another audience. This lasts till nightfall; he then feeds, and repairs to his *seraglio*, whence he rarely issues till one in the morning. At that hour, amid the beating of drums, he turns into his own house to sleep.

The cessation of the *batuques* is a sign that the monarch has retired. His guard, composed of some forty men, then strike up a music which, though monotonous, is far from disagreeable, and all the night through they join their voices, in an undertone, in a soft and harmonious chorus. This music, which is presumably soothing to the king's ear, and lulls him agreeably to sleep, serves to show that his guard are watching round his house. The foregoing will give the reader a general idea of the monotonous life led by this African autocrat.

On the same day, I learned that I owed my life to Machauana, who, at the privy council, formally opposed

a motion for my assassination, saying that he had been in Loanda with Livingstone, had been well treated by the whites, as were the Luinas who accompanied him, and that he would never consent to any evil befalling a white man of the same race.

The council, in view of the attitude and reasoning of Machauana, resolved that sentence of death should not be passed upon me; but, as it would appear, one of its members came to a contrary decision, on his own account, for that night, having left the camp with the intention of taking the altitudes of the moon, an assegai, cast by some unseen hand, came so near me that the shaft glanced along my left arm. I cast a hasty glance in the direction whence the missile came, and saw, in the dim light, a negro, at twenty paces' distance, preparing for another throw. To draw my revolver and fire at the rascal was an act rather of instinct than of thought.

At sight of the flash, the fellow turned and fled in the direction of the city, and I pursued him. Finding me at his heels, he threw himself on the ground. I seized hold of one of his arms, and whilst I felt his flesh tremble at contact with my hand, I also felt a hot liquid running between my fingers. The man was wounded. I made him rise, when, trembling with fear, he uttered certain words which I did not understand. Pointing the revolver at his head, I compelled him to go before me to the camp.

I called for two confidential followers, into whose hands I delivered my prisoner, and then proceeded to examine his wound. The ball had penetrated close to the upper head of the right humerus, near the collar-bone, and, not having come out, I presumed that it was fixed in the shoulder-blade. Having bound up his hurt, I sent for Caiumbuca, and ordered him to accompany me to the king's house, my young niggers with the prisoner following behind.

Lobossi had returned from his women's quarters, and

was conversing with Gambella before retiring for the night. I presented to him the wounded man, and inquired who and what he was. The king appeared to be both alarmed and horrified at seeing me covered with the blood of the assassin, which I had not washed off, when a hurried glance exchanged between the bravo and Gambella revealed to me the true head of the attempted crime.

I narrated the occurrence, and Gambella loudly applauded what I had done. His only regret was that I had not killed the wretch outright, and he said that he would take a terrible vengeance for the act.

The negro was unknown in Lialui, and the men of Lobossi's body-guard asseverated that they had never seen him. Lobossi begged me to keep the incident a profound secret, assuring me that nothing more of the kind should occur so long as I remained in his dominions. I returned to the camp, more than ever distrustful of the friendly professions of Gambella.

In the middle of the night, lying awake, I heard some one attempting to steal quietly into my hut. I was on my feet in an instant, ready to surprise the intruder. The person, whoever it was, could be no stranger, as my faithful hound Traviata, instead of growling, began to wag her tail as her nose pointed in the direction of the uninvited guest. I waited an instant, and then, by the light of the fire, I recognized the young negress Mariana, who, with her body half in and half outside the hut, made me a signal to be quiet. She entered, drew close up to me, and whispered :

"Be cautious. Caiumbuca is betraying thee. After returning home with thee, he went back to the city to speak with Gambella; on again returning here, he quietly summoned Silva Porto's men, and got them together in his own hut. I was on the alert and listened, and heard them talk about getting thee put to death. Verissimo was there too. They said that, as thou didst not understand the Lui lan-

guage, when thou saidst one thing to the king, they would say another, and answer in the same way, so that the king should get angry, and order thee to be killed. So be cautious — for they are all bad — very bad !”

I thanked the young girl for her advice and courage, and gave her the only necklace of beads I had left, and which I destined for one of Machauana's favorites.

This intelligence of Mariana was a heavy blow to me. The men in whom I most trusted were then the first to betray me! A thousand sad thoughts trooped through my mind, and, though they did not shake my courage, they completely banished sleep from my eyelids. It was true that Mariana's caution gave me an enormous advantage over my enemies, who remained in ignorance of my knowledge of their treason; and next morning, as I rose from my uneasy couch, I found myself muttering the old proverb, “Forewarned is forearmed.”

I resolved that the traitors should be betrayed by one of their own party, and cast my eyes upon Verissimo Gonçalves. I called him into my hut, and showed him, before saying a word, an imaginary letter despatched to Benguella, wherein I informed the governor that, having reason to mistrust him, I had to request the authorities to seize his wife, son and mother, and hold them as hostages; so that, if perchance I fell a victim to any plot, they might be at once sent to Portugal, where, as I then explained to Verissimo, my relatives would cause them to be burnt alive.

After this exordium, I assured him that the letter had been written as a simple measure of precaution, as I fully confided in his devotion to me, but that such devotion behoved him to be upon the watch, as I strongly mistrusted Caiumbuca; for that, if any mishap befel me, I should be unable to prevent the horrors which were reserved for the beings that were most dear to him. I took care to apprise him, more particularly, that I apprehended Caiumbuca's

not imparting to the king what I told him to say, and distorting in turn Lobossi's replies.

Verissimo, in great alarm, blurted out that I was not mistaken, and confessed the whole plot. I warned him about letting Caiumbuca know what had occurred, and impressed upon him the necessity of keeping me informed of the other's doings.

My encampment was very extensive, and spread out more than usual, owing to the Quimbares having taken up their quarters in the huts of the Quimbundos since the latter had left me. The centre was a vast circular space, more than a hundred yards in diameter. On one side was a row of huts, in which my own habitation was situated, having round it a cane-hedge, within whose precincts no one passed except my immediate body-servants.

We had reached the 6th of September. The thermometer during the day had stood persistently at thirty-three degrees Centigrade, and the heat reflected from the sandy soil had been oppressive. Night came down serene and fresh, and I, seated at the door of my hut, was thinking of my country, my relatives and friends. My Quimbares, who had retired within their huts, were chatting round their fires, and I alone, of all my company, was in the open air.

Suddenly my attention was caught by a number of bright lights flitting round the encampment. Unable as I was at the moment to explain the meaning of this strange spectacle, nevertheless my mind misgave me as to its object, and I jumped up and looked out from the cane-fencing which surrounded my dwelling. Directly I caught a fair view of the field, the whole was revealed to me, and an involuntary cry of horror escaped from my lips.

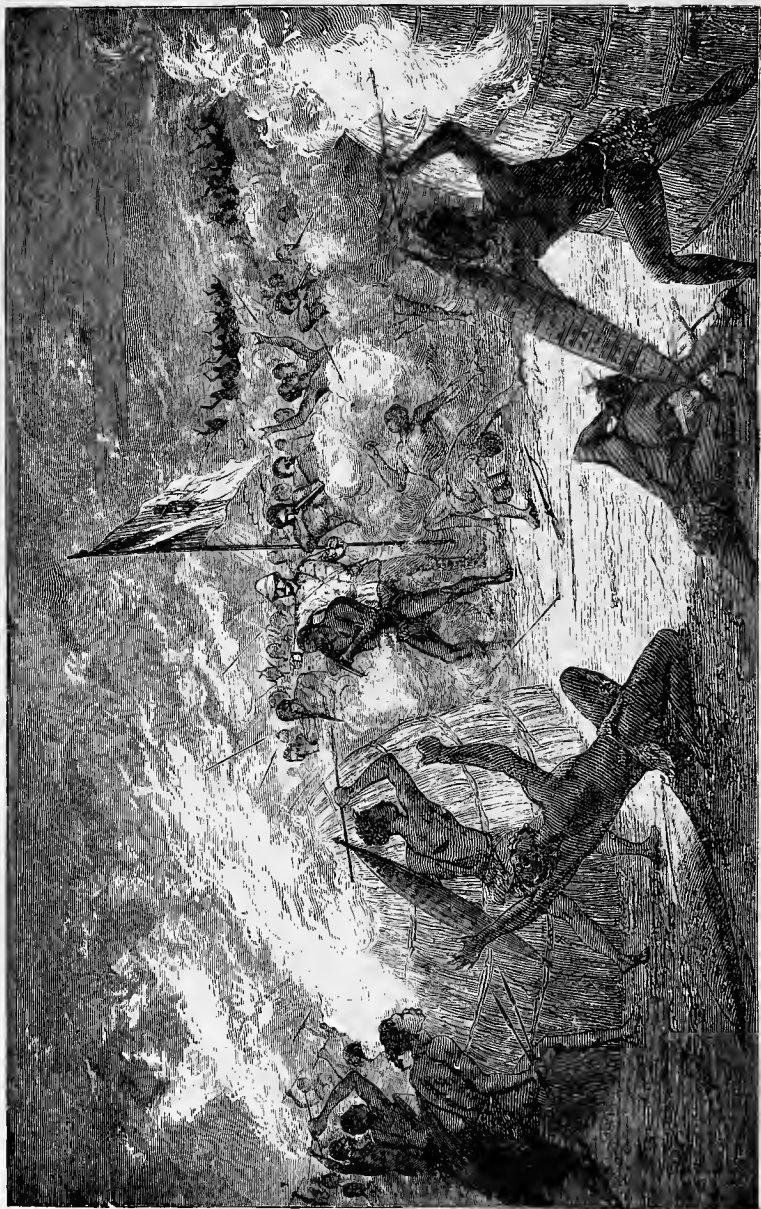
Some hundreds of aborigines surrounded the encampment, and were throwing burning brands upon the huts, whose only covering was a loose thatch of dry grass. In

a minute the flames, incited by a strong east wind, spread in every direction. The Quimbares, in alarm, rushed out from their burning huts, and ran hither and thither like madmen.

Augusto and the Benguella men gathered quickly about me. In presence of such imminent peril, there fell upon me, what I have more than once experienced under similar circumstances, namely, the completest self-possession. My mind became cool and collected, and I felt only the determination to resist and to come out victorious. I called aloud to my people, half-demented at finding themselves begirt by a ring of fire, and succeeded in collecting them together in the space occupying the centre of the camp.

Aided by Augusto and the Benguella men, I dashed into my hut, then in flames, and managed to get out in safety the trunks containing the instruments, my papers, the labor of so many months, and the powder. By that time the whole of the huts were ablaze, but happily the fire could not reach us where we stood. Verissimo was at my side. I turned to him and said, "I can defend myself here for a considerable time; make your way through, where and how you can, and speed to Lialui. There see Lobossi, and tell him that his people are attacking me. See also Machauana, and inform him of my danger."

Verissimo ran towards the burning huts, and I watched him till he disappeared amid the ruins. By that time the assegais were falling thickly round us, and already some of my men had been badly wounded, among others Silva Porto's negro Jamba, whose right eye-brow was pierced by one of the weapons. My Quimbares answered these volleys with rifle-balls, but still the natives came on, and had now made their way into the encampment, where the huts all lying in ashes offered no effective barrier to their advance. I was standing in the middle of the ground, before alluded to, guarding my country's flag, whilst all



ATTACK ON THE ENCAMPMENT IN THE LUI.

round me my valiant Quimbares, who had now recovered heart, were firing in good earnest. But were they all there? No. One man was wanting,—one man whose place before all others should have been at my side, but whom no one had seen,—Caiumbuca, my second in command, had disappeared.

As the fires were going down, I perceived the danger to be most imminent. Our enemies were a hundred to our one. It was like a glimpse of the infernal regions, to behold those stalwart negroes, by the light of the lurid flames, darting hither and thither. Screaming in unearthly accents, and ever advancing nearer, beneath the cover of their shields, whilst they brandished in the air and then cast their murderous assegais. It was a fearful struggle, but wherein the breech-loading rifles, by their sustained fire, still kept at bay that horde of howling savages.

Nevertheless, I revolved in my mind that the combat could not long continue thus, for our ammunition was rapidly disappearing. At the outset, I had but four thousand charges for the Snider rifles and twenty thousand for the ordinary; but it was not the latter which would save us, and directly our firing should slacken, through the falling off of our rapidly charged breech-loaders, we should be overwhelmed by the bloodthirsty savages.

Augusto, who fought like an enraged lion, came to me, with anguish depicted in his face, as he held up his rifle, which had just burst. I passed the word to my little nigger Pepeca to give him my elephant-rifle and cartridge-box. Thus armed, the brave fellow ran to the front, and discharged his piece point-blank against the enemy where their ranks were thickest. At the instant, the infernal shouts of the assailants changed their tone, and, amid screams of fright, they precipitately fled!

It was not till the following day that I learned, through King Lobossi, what had produced this sudden change in the aspect of affairs. It was solely due to the unexpected

shots of Augusto. In the cartridge-box entrusted to him were some balls charged with nitro-glycerine! The effect of these fearful missiles, which decapitated or otherwise tore in pieces all those subject to their explosion, had produced the timely panic among those ignorant savages, who fancied they saw in this novel assault an irresistible sorcery! Their unpremeditated employment at such a critical time seemed almost providential.

I saw at once that I was saved. Half an hour afterwards, Verissimo appeared with a large force, commanded by Machauana, who had come to my rescue by order of the king. Lobossi sent me word that he was a stranger to the whole affair, and he could only suppose that his people, imagining that it was my intention to attack them, in conjunction with the Muzungos of the east, who were collected under Manuanino, had taken the initiative, and fallen upon me of their own accord; but that he would take the most vigorous measures to prevent my suffering further aggression. I explained the matter to myself in another way, feeling convinced that, if the assault had not been ordered by him, it was the work of Gambella.

Verissimo, seeing the disasters occasioned by the conflict, asked me what was now to be done; a question I answered in the words of one of the greatest Portuguese of ancient times: "Bury the dead, and look after the living."

The conflagration had caused us serious losses of property, but infinitely more serious were the valuable lives which had been sacrificed through so unexpected an assault. The Portuguese flag was rent by the many assegais which had pierced through it, and besprinkled with the blood of many a brave man; but the stains it bore only served to bring out in stronger relief its immaculate purity, and again, far from the country to which it belonged, and in unknown lands, it had commanded respect, as it has always hitherto done and will continue to do till the end.

I laid down my soldier's arms, to take up the instruments of the peaceful surgeon; and the remainder of the night was spent in dressing the hurts of the wounded and sustaining the courage of the sound, whilst I set a careful watch to guard against another surprise.

At break of day I went to seek the king, and spoke to him in bitter terms of the events of the preceding night. Before his people, there assembled, I held him responsible for what had occurred, and said aloud that they who had to bemoan the loss of parents and kindred should attribute the blame to him, and him only.

At nine o'clock on the same day we quitted the plain, and succeeded in reaching the mountains near Catongo, all of us, sound as well as wounded, in the greatest state of weakness. Our only resource for food was the fish which abounded in the lakes.



LUINA MAN.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE KING'S RIFLE.

AFTER a march of fifteen miles, we came to a halt, and pitched our camp in the forest which covers the flanks of the mountains of Catongo. Quite close to me was a little hamlet, to which I sent to procure some food. A few women came over to us, bringing some trifling articles, which they exchanged for the metal cases of the cartridges fired from my Winchester rifles.

After the camp was constructed, we went off to fish in the neighboring lakes, whence we drew a small supply, which we boiled and ate without salt.

On the 10th I set the men to fish in the lakes, so as to obtain the wherewithal to stay our hunger. I spent the day at work, and as I had on the western side a boundless horizon, where, as in the open sea, the azure firmament covered the earth like an enormous dome, I thought it a good opportunity of determining the variation of the magnetic needle by the amplitude, a simpler method than by the azimuths which I had hitherto been compelled to employ.

I was desirous of observing during the night of the 10th and 11th a reappearance of the first satellite of Jupiter, and I told Augusto to call me when the moon was at the height I explained to him, which would be eleven o'clock, and, thoroughly fagged, I lay down early and slept profoundly, trusting, of course, that Augusto would keep watch. In the middle of the night I awoke at Augusto's

summons, believing it to be the hour I had appointed; but no sooner had I answered the faithful fellow's call than he said, in a broken voice: —

“Sir, we are betrayed; all our people have fled, and have stolen everything!”

I sprang to my feet and hurried out of the hut.

True enough, the camp was deserted.

There were Augusto, Verissimo, Camutombo, Catraio, Moêro and Pepeca, and the wives of the young niggers, all silent — lost in wonderment — and eying one another.

I sat down with my eight faithful ones around me, and began making inquiries about what had occurred. But I sought in vain for details, which none could give me. The men had all fled without one of those who were left behind having been a witness of the desertion. The dogs, to which they were all known, uttered no warning bark. Pepeca, who had been the round of the huts, had found them all empty.

The few loads that had been deposited at the door of my own hut, and which consisted of powder and cartridges, had also disappeared. This was the deepest wrong they could inflict upon me. All that they had left were the contents of my scanty dwelling; these were my papers, my instruments, and my arms, — but arms that were now valueless, for one of the stolen loads contained my cartridges, and without them the former were of no account.

Without delay I made an inventory of my miserable belongings, and found I had thirty charges with steel balls for the Lepage rifle, and twenty-five cartridges with large shot for the Devisme musket, which were of but little use. And those were all my heavy weapons.

I could not but bow my head before this last heavy blow which had been dealt me, and a terrible tightening of the heart awakened for the first time since I set foot in Africa, the presentiment that I was lost! I was in the

centre of Africa, in the midst of the forest, without resources, possessing some thirty bullets at most, when to the sole chance of bringing down game I had to look for food, when in fact game only could save our lives, and when I had as supporters but three men, three lads, and two women.

Augusto accused himself again and again for having slept when I had told him to keep watch, and in his rage would, at a word from me, have followed the fugitives and essayed to carry out his threat of killing them all. I had some difficulty to restrain the fury of my faithful negro, and scarcely conscious of what I said, certainly without my words carrying any conviction to my own mind, I ordered them to retire to rest, to fear nothing, and that I would find a remedy for the evil. Meanwhile I would keep watch.

When they were all gone and I was left to myself, I sat down by my fire with my senses dazed and my limbs nerveless. The moral shock reacted on my body, already considerably shattered by constant fever. With my arms on my knees and my head buried in my hands, I watched the wood as it blazed without a single thought or idea assuming a definite shape in my mind. I was, in fact, in a state bordering on imbecility. Nevertheless, instinct, the child of habit, soon made me conscious that I was unarmed, and I aroused myself sufficiently to call Pepeca and bid him bring me my gun. He came, delivered me the weapon, which, almost unknowingly, I laid across my knees, and again retired.

This wretched state of moral and physical depression lasted long, and when it began to yield it was to give place to the terrible consciousness of the horrors of my position. It must be in some such state of mind as the one in which I was then plunged that men commit suicide.

Thus brooding, my chin drooped upon my breast till my half-dimmed eyes caught the glitter of the rifle lying

across my knees, and as I gazed upon it, by slow degrees an idea, formed I know not how, took shape until it thoroughly roused me. Springing to my feet, I bounded into the hut and raised the skins which formed my bed. I removed the little valise which served me as a pillow, and then with the utmost care brought forth from beneath, a leather case, in shape rectangular, low and long. With feverish hand I opened the case thus carefully concealed, and noted with eager eyes the articles it contained.

Laying aside the case, I opened the trunk of instruments where the box containing my Casella Sextant was kept in its place by two tins, of whose contents I hastily satisfied myself. I then hurriedly rose, quitted the hut and the encampment, and gained the wood where in the daytime I had spread out my net to dry after using it for fishing. To my delight it was still there, kept outstretched by the weight of the lead fastened to its outer meshes.

I handled the leaden weights with trembling fingers, and then gathering the net in a bunch returned to camp, bending beneath the heavy burden. When I reached the fire, I deposited my load upon the ground beside me.

The miser, devouring with eager, covetous eyes the treasure of which he is possessed, must wear some such expression as brightened mine, when gazing upon a rifle in that case. It was in fact new life to me, it was my safety and my victory. It was, for my country, an expedition happily carried to an end; it was the realization of the ardent desire expressed in solemn conclave, it was the crowning of the edifice, all the more meritorious as being effected in spite of every obstacle.

The arm which I now fondled so tenderly, as one would fondle a beloved child, the arm which was to work out my destiny, and with it the expedition across the broad continent of Africa, was the KING'S RIFLE.

Within its case were stored the implements for casting

bullets, and all things needful to charge the cartridges, when once the metal envelopes were obtained, each of which, by its system of construction, would serve again and again. A small box, also within the precious case when the king presented to me his valuable gift, contained five hundred percussion caps.

The thoughts which had trooped so tumultuously through my mind brought to my recollection two tin boxes of powder, which I had used since leaving Benguella, in default of something better, to jam tightly into its place in the trunk, the box containing Casella's Sextant. Lead only was wanting, and that was now supplied me by my net!

I had therefore the means within my power to dispose of some hundreds of shots, and I felt that with such a supply, I could command the wherewithal to support life in a country where game was to be found. The remainder of that night was, to my distracted mind, like a peaceful morning after a night of tempest, and I awoke calm and confident.

I summoned the chief of the neighboring hamlet and induced him to send off a couple of messengers to Lialui, to relate what had occurred to King Lobossi, and at the same time inform him I was shifting my camp to a spot somewhat nearer to the village. We then set to work to construct four huts and a strong fence, to which place we removed with all the despoilers had left me.

The messenger dispatched to Lobossi returned with a message from the king, to the effect that I should take up my quarters at Lialui until a determination was come to. I at once made up my mind not to quit the forest where I was encamped, and therefore decided to despatch Verissimo to Lialui to treat with the potentate. A violent attack of fever prostrated me, and I was compelled to lie down, feeling very ill.

Next day I was even worse, and got most anxious for

the return of Verissimo, who did not put in an appearance till evening. With him came some of the king's young negroes, bringing food and a present of curdled milk from Machauana. Lobossi sent word that he was my very good friend and was quite ready to help me, but that I must go and live in his house. I dismissed my visitors with what haste I could, as I was longing to find myself alone with Verissimo, to learn news of Lialui.

The very first bit of intelligence he imparted gave me subject for deep reflection. He said that when he reached Lobossi's house the great council was assembled and a heated debate was going on. Some envoys of Carimuque, the chief of Chicheque, had recently arrived, requesting permission from an English missionary, who was at Patamatenga, to enter the country, as he was very desirous of visiting the Lui.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Matagja, opposed the entrance of this missionary, and a hot discussion ensued which Verissimo stayed to hear. It ended with a resolve not to allow the Englishmen to penetrate into King Lobossi's dominions.

Verissimo then began to narrate all the gossip he had succeeded in picking up; but my thoughts were elsewhere, and the English missionary was the sole subject of my meditations. By the time my follower had ceased his report, none of the latter part of which I had heard, my problem was solved, and my resolution taken to go and seek that missionary.

I eagerly ferreted out a map, a very wretched one, of Africa, and calculating approximately the distance from Patamatenga, I made out that it was some 375 miles from my present place of sojourn. I already felt an ardent desire to be upon the road, but my fever was ardent too, so, as a preliminary to my journey, I went to bed. On the 14th and 15th the fever increased in intensity, so that I was unable to leave my hut.

On the 16th, although very ill and weak, I set out for Lobossi's quarters. I was well received by him, and assured that he had connived in no way whatsoever with Caiumbuca and Silva Porto's negroes in the flight of my Quimbares; which however was false, because without his consent they could not have crossed the Zambesi.

I then requested him to assist me in my journey, to go and join a missionary who I knew was at Patamatenga, to which he answered by inquiring how I intended to get there without carriers? This question was much applauded by the bystanders, who admired the skill with which he parried my question.

I responded it was true that I had no carriers, but that there was the river Liambai and he had boats, so that if he gave me boats I could dispense with the carriers, more particularly as I had no loads to carry.

He replied that no doubt the Liambai was there, but that it had cataracts also, and how could I get over them? This elicited fresh applause from the auditory.

I rejoined that I was quite aware of the fact, but that in those places the boats and their contents might be brought ashore and be relaunched in the water below the falls.

He retorted that his people had very little strength, and could not drag the boats ashore. This retort elicited fresh applause, and he evidently took much pleasure in displaying his wit before his hearers. Then suddenly, without waiting for further remark on my part, he inquired why I had not come to live with him at Lialui, as he had ordered me.

I answered quietly that I had not done and did not intend to do so, for many reasons, the principal being that he was a crafty knave, who since my arrival had done nothing but try and deceive me in order to rob me of all I had. I then rose, and bestowing upon him the epithets of robber and assassin, abruptly left the presence. The

assembly were so astonished at my audacity that not one of them attempted to bar my way.

I repaired at once to the house of Machauana. I found him conversing with Monutumueno, the son of King Chipopa, and lawful heir to the sovereignty, who, as I prophesied, would one day be King of the Lui.* When about to leave them for my mountain-home, an envoy from Lobossi appeared to beg me in his name to go and see him. I went at once.

The king said that I had no reason to distrust him, for that he was very much my friend; that he intended to have some boats got ready, and that the Liambai was open to me.

I returned to my camp in the mountains of Catongo on the 17th of September, after partaking of curdled milk and potatoes in Machauana's dwelling. It was already night when I arrived, and I learned with no little satisfaction that Augusto had killed a gazelle.

On the 19th, not having heard anything from King Lobossi, I decided to send Verissimo down to the capital, in order to learn whether the promise of the canoes was mere moonshine. On the 21st Verissimo returned from Lialui with the information that the canoes were ready, and waiting my orders.

On the 23d I left Catongo for Lialui, where I arrived in the afternoon. Gambella received me with much ceremony, and had me shown into an apartment he had prepared for my reception. The walk under a burning sun had for the time completely knocked me up, and it was not until night that I was able to wait upon Lobossi, who received me very graciously.

The next day I had a visit from Lobossi, who came to take leave and present me with his slaves who came to man the canoes as far as certain villages on the Zambesi,

* I was a false prophet; for Monutumueno was assassinated by King Lobossi in December, 1879.

where the chief would supply me with fresh boats and crews. He gave me a small tusk of ivory, as a present to the chief of the villages who was to arrange about the boats, and he also presented me with an ox as provision for the voyage. I thanked him warmly, and we parted the best of friends.

I started in a southwest direction, and an hour's walk brought me to the arm of the river which is called the little Liambai. Shortly afterwards three small canoes put off from the bank laden with my baggage, and carrying myself, Verissimo, and Camutombo. Augusto, Moero, and Pepeca, with the two women, followed us on foot, accompanied by the hunter Jasse and the chief Mulequetera, sent by Lobossi to convey his orders to the chiefs, and see that the road was kept free for my passage.

There were two other creatures belonging to our little band, concerning which I have hitherto said little or nothing; two beings whose devotion to me had never faltered, whose fidelity had never been called in question, that were ever ready to follow when I marched, to remain still when I pitched my camp, to load me with caresses when I was sad, and to divert me in my gayer moods. These were Cora, my pet goat, and Calungo, my parrot. This river-voyage would separate me all day from Cora, as, on account of the narrowness of the canoes, it was impossible to take her on board; but Calungo, seated fearlessly upon my shoulder, made one of the boating-party as a matter of course.

After paddling southwards for a quarter of a mile, we left the little Liambai and steered southwest by a canal, through which the western branch of the river pours a small stream of water, from lake to lake, into the eastern branch.

After tremendously hard work, we came to a halt at six o'clock, on the bank of a lake, in a plain recently fired, where there were no materials to construct the slightest

shelter. I had had the precaution to bring some wood with us, which enabled us to roast some meat, that I ate with a voracious appetite, not having partaken of food the whole of the day. I then spread my skins upon the damp ground, and lay down with the sky for a covering. The boatmen sat up all night roasting meat, and eating it when it was done, by which means they made a great hole in the ox given me by Lobossi.

After a wretched night I started with the canoes at day-break of the 25th, and paddling along the lake for half an hour we then entered the main branch of the Liambai. So great a quantity of game appeared upon the banks that I made the boats pull up, and handselled the King's Rifle, which thus early furnished me with food sufficient, as I calculated, to last for a couple of days, notwithstanding the voracity of the Luinas. The Liambai, at that spot, was two hundred and twenty yards broad and very deep. I camped on the left bank at five in the afternoon, under the same conditions as the night before, without shelter and under the open sky.

The boatmen, who, as I observed, were slaves of King Lobossi, were very inclined to be insolent, so that I was compelled to keep them in order with the stick, in accordance with instructions given me by Lobossi himself, who, no doubt, foresaw that they might be so. Verissimo, who, since leaving Quillengues, had escaped the fever, now had a violent attack, and I was not myself quite free.

On the following day we paddled on for about an hour. Verissimo was much worse, and at night I was also in a burning fever, and yet was compelled to sleep in the open air upon damp ground. I woke completely wet with dew, and feeling wretchedly ill. I continued my voyage next morning, and after six hours of steady navigation, camped again upon the left bank.

On the 28th we paddled along to the village of Muangana, whose chief was to furnish me with a boat by

Lobossi's orders. Muangana turned out to be a Luina with grizzled hair, very respectful in manner, who received me most cordially. He said that he would, next day, himself go over to the village of Itufa, and would manage to obtain for me a boat and some provisions. We continued on, and in about an hour and a half arrived at Itufa, a large village built upon the left bank of the stream. More than once we were in great danger of capsizing, and the reader may believe me that the prospect of tumbling into a river teeming with crocodiles is not a pleasant one.

I found, on arriving at the village, that I was expected, as notice had been given of my coming by my people, who had reached there in the morning over land. The chief gave me a good reception, put a house at my disposal, and offered me a pan of curdled milk and a basket of maize flour; he, however, told me that Lobossi had been misinformed, and that he had no boats.

At night, when I lay down to rest, I saw that I was literally surrounded by enormous spiders, flat in shape and black, which began scuttling down the walls at such a rate that I fled from the house in dismay, and lay down in the open *pateo*. It was evidently written that during my journey on the Zambesi I was not to have a night's rest under a roof.

On the 29th at daybreak, old Muangana arrived with the promised boat. He renewed his assurances of good will, and retired with the remark that he had fulfilled the orders of his King Lobossi, and hoped that I was satisfied, as he desired the friendship of the whites.

The difficulty of procuring another canoe at Itufa continued; but Jasse the hunter and the chief Mulequetera set to work and made so vigorous a search that they ferreted out a boat, which elicited from the chief of the Itufa a world of protestations that he knew nothing of its existence.

For the first time since leaving the Bihé I saw cats in Africa, these animals abounding in the village of Itufa. There are a good many dogs, also, of excellent race, which the natives employ with advantage in hunting the antelopes.

The difficulty of obtaining provisions still continued, but my rifle supplied the place of goods for barter, and we always managed to get a little massambala flour in exchange for the antelope flesh and skins.

My new conveyance was a canoe scooped out of a long trunk of a *Mucusse* tree, and measured thirty-three feet long, by seventeen inches amidships, and sixteen inches deep. My canoe was manned by four men, one forward and three aft. I was seated about a third of the distance from the prow, upon my small valise that contained my labors. I carried a duplicate of my diary, initial observations, &c. in a woollen girdle wound about my waist. My guns were laid ready to my hand, and the skins composing my bed completed the cargo.

In the other canoe were Verissimo, Camutombo and Pepeca, the trunks with clothing and instruments, and the game (when any), which was shot down. The boatmen always paddle standing, to balance the canoes, which would otherwise capsize.

CHAPTER XVII.

AMONG THE CATARACTS OF THE ZAMBESI.

IT was under such circumstances that, on the 1st of October, I started from Itufa and embarked my fortunes upon the gigantic river, whose waves, raised by a stiff breeze from the east, threatened at every moment to swamp the fragile vessels.

After four hours' journey, we came to a halt on the left bank, in a small creek, which my people, who were coming on foot, had appointed beforehand as our rendezvous. I met with no game in the jungle, but a flock of wild geese having settled in a neighboring lake, I returned to the boat to get my fowling-piece carrying small shot, for which I had only twenty-five cartridges, and managed in half-a-dozen shots to bring down seventeen birds.

The place where I had halted was at the extreme south of the vast Lui plain. The two ridges of mountains which at the fifteenth parallel are thirty miles apart, there converge, leaving only sufficient space for the bed of the Zambesi, a mile and a quarter wide. The monotonous and bare plain is here succeeded by a broken ground and covered with a luxurious vegetation.

A still greater contrast is presented by the soil. To banks of the whitest and finest sand, succeeds, by a rapid transition, a volcanic ground where huge blocks of basalt form the river banks. It was with indescribable delight that my eyes rested upon these blackened masses, vomited forth in waves of fire during the early ages of the world.

I had seen nothing in the likeness of a rock since I left the Bihé, and I gazed upon these as upon the faces of old friends.

When my cook, Camutombo, lit his fire to roast the geese, a spark flew into the lofty, dry grass which covered the soil, and, fanned by a strong wind, speedily blazed and spread with inconceivable rapidity. Indeed, so rapid and fierce were the flames that, for a moment, we were completely enveloped, and had to make a rush for the canoes to escape the danger.

We started again next day, and after four hours paddling fell in with huge basaltic strata, which crossed the river from east to west. Some of the rocks were so near the surface that they made navigation difficult, and although the current was scarcely perceptible we still had to diminish the way on the boats in order to avoid dangerous collisions with these natural walls, which appeared more like a work of art, raised by the hand of man, than the cooling of lava which at one period must have flowed so plentifully. In the basaltic region the river begins to be dotted with little islands, rich in vegetation. I encamped on one of these islands, which was of considerable extent and charming of aspect.

On the 3rd of October I resumed my voyage, still gliding by most lovely islands, all covered with luxuriant vegetation. We had been paddling for about a couple of hours when we sighted two lions on the right bank, which were drinking out of the river. Notwithstanding my having established as a rule for my guidance that I would have nothing to do with wild beasts, unless compelled thereto by circumstances, and notwithstanding also the value which every cartridge had in my eyes, the instinct of the sportsman was stronger than reason or prudence, and I ordered the canoe to be put alongside the bank on which the creatures were standing. They caught sight of us at once, and quitting the river-side leisurely walked up to

the top of a hill some 600 feet in height. I then leaped ashore and set off in their direction.

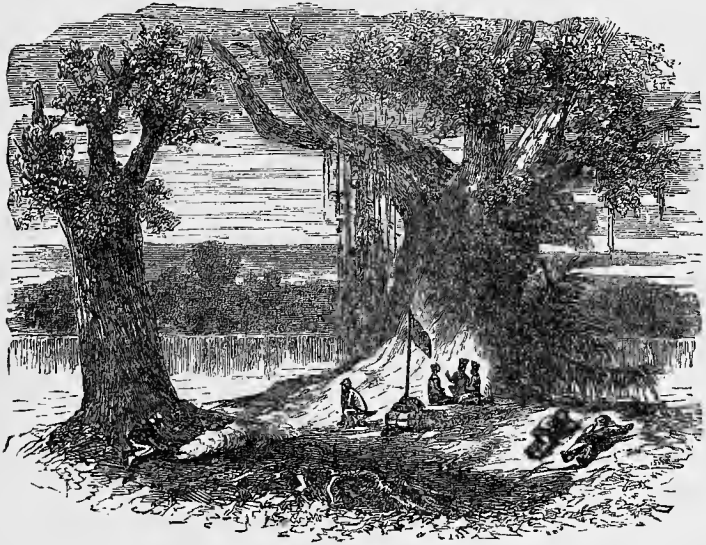
They allowed me to approach to within about one hundred paces, and then resumed their way up stream, stopping again after they had walked a short distance. By this time I had got within fifty paces of them, but they once again set off and were lost to view in a little thicket of shrubs. They were lions of unequal size, one being in fact almost double the dimensions of the other.

I crept quite close up to the shrubs and, peering cautiously through them, saw the head of one of the majestic beasts within twenty paces of me. I raised my rifle, but in the act of taking aim felt a sudden tremor run through all my limbs. It flashed upon me that I was weak and debilitated by fever, and my hand trembled as I put my finger on the trigger. It was a singular sensation which took possession of me, one that I had never experienced before, and that was probably caused by fear. By a strong effort of will I subdued it, and by degrees my rifle remained firm in the direction I slowly gave it, as if I were firing at a mark, and I was then almost surprised at my own shot. The puff of smoke passed rapidly away, and looking intently I saw nothing at the spot where only some seconds previously I had observed the head of the superb animal. I again loaded the empty barrel, and with both locks ready cocked, skirted the clustering shrubs. On the northern side I distinctly saw the spoor of a lion, but of one only; the other must have remained behind. With natural precaution, I then ventured into the thicket, and on a tuft of grass I saw the inert body of the king of the African forests. An *express* ball had penetrated his skull and killed him on the spot. I called my people about me, and within a very few minutes they stripped off his skin and claws.

Shortly after leaving the bank we began to hear, somewhat indistinctly, a distant noise, similar to that of the

sea breaking on a rocky shore. It must be a cataract, I thought, and the idea was confirmed by my boatmen. A little later the basaltic strata were multiplied, forming natural ramparts, and the river assumed a rapid current which made navigation most perilous.

Late in the afternoon we paddled to shore near the hamlets of Sioma, and pitched our camp beneath a gigantic sycamore close to the river side. That night my sleep



MY CAMP AT SIOMA.

was broken by the roar of the cataract of Gonha, which, below the rapids of Situmba, interrupts the navigation of the Zambesi.

The next morning I took a guide and set off for the cataract. The arm of the Liambai, whose left bank I skirted, receives two other branches of the river, which form three islands, covered with splendid vegetation. At the site where the river begins to bend westward, there is a fall in the ground of three yards in one hundred and

twenty, forming the Situmba rapids. After the junction of the three branches of the Zambesi, it assumes a width of not more than 650 yards, where it throws out a small arm to the southwest of trifling depth and volume. The rest of the waters as they speed onward meet with a transverse cutting of basalt, with a rapid drop in the level of fifty feet, over which they precipitate themselves with a frightful roar.

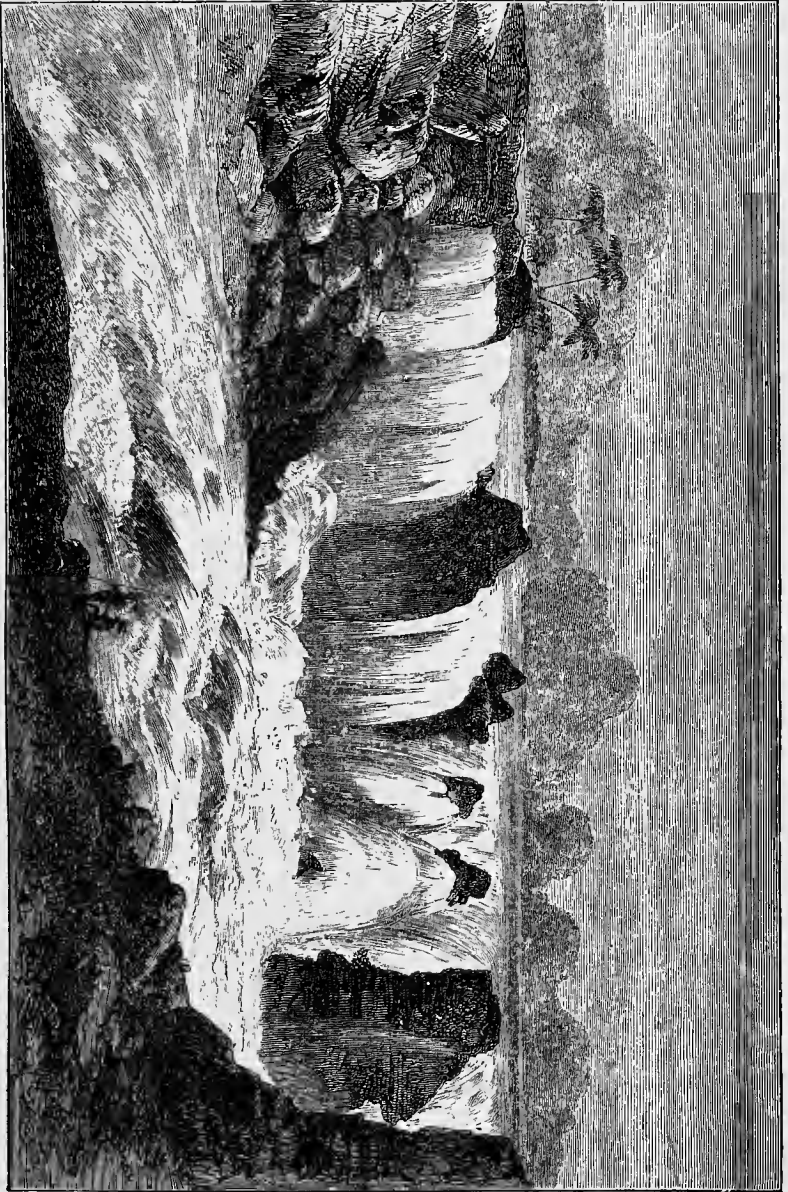
The cutting lies north-northwest, and creates three grand falls, a centre and two side ones. Between and over the rocks which separate the three great masses of water, tumble innumerable cascades, producing a marvellous effect. On the north, a third branch of the river continues running on the same upper level as the cataract, and then disembogues into the main artery in five exquisitely beautiful cascades, the last of which is 440 yards below the great fall. There the river bends again to the south-southeast, narrows to fifty yards, and has a current of 165 yards per minute.

The different points of view whence one can take in the entire space of the falls render the scene more and more surprising, and never had I before beheld, in the various countries I had visited, a more completely beautiful spectacle.

I remained hovering about it until night, my eyes unsatiated with gazing on the superb picture, where at each moment I discovered some fresh beauty.

On the 5th I surveyed the track along which the boats would have to be conveyed to take the river again at a safe place below the cataract, and found that it lay through a dense forest, not less than three miles in length; for throughout the whole of that space the Zambesi, enclosed in rocky banks not more than from forty to fifty yards asunder, retained a speed of 165 yards per minute, with boiling billows in which no canoe could possibly have lived. This narrow space below the Gonha cataract is

ГОРНА ДЪЛБАЧА.



called the Nanguari, and terminates in a fall which bears the same name. The point where it again commences to be navigable is styled the Mamungo.

The conveyance of the canoes by land was effected by natives of the hamlets of Sioma, who are established there by the Lui government for the express purpose of performing this service, to which they are bound without being entitled to any recompense whatsoever. The labor they had to undergo was very great, and I felt really grieved at the thought that I had nothing to give to those poor fellows who performed their heavy task so patiently.

The Zambesi at Mamungo widens to 220 yards, but still continues shut in by walls of rock, on which the various heights that the waters have reached are marked by discolored lines left by the mud held in solution by the stream. No sooner does vegetable soil appear upon the rocks of basalt than it is followed by abundant vegetation.

After navigating for about an hour and a half, I came across the mouth of the river Lumbe, where I pulled up. A hundred yards or so before emptying itself into the Liambai, its level is nearly a hundred feet higher than the latter; and it makes its way down in several cascades.

On the 7th, I again set out, and after an hour's paddle reached the Cataract of Calle. The river there runs to the southeast and assumes a width of nearly a thousand yards. Three islands divide it into four branches. We turned everything out of the canoes and towed along a little runnel which skirted the right bank, and on reaching the river below the falls, we re-embarked and continued our voyage. Half an hour later we fell in with some rapids, which only vessels of light draught could pass, and over which our men steered us with admirable dexterity.

Other rapids shortly succeeded, which we got over with like good fortune, and navigated for the rest of that day amid jagged cliffs ever washed by the violent current, but without meeting any more rapids, properly so called.

When we camped that night I felt seriously ill. The fever had increased upon me, and the want of vegetable diet was very sensibly felt. During the night a violent thunder-storm burst over us, and with it fell the first drops of the new rainy season.

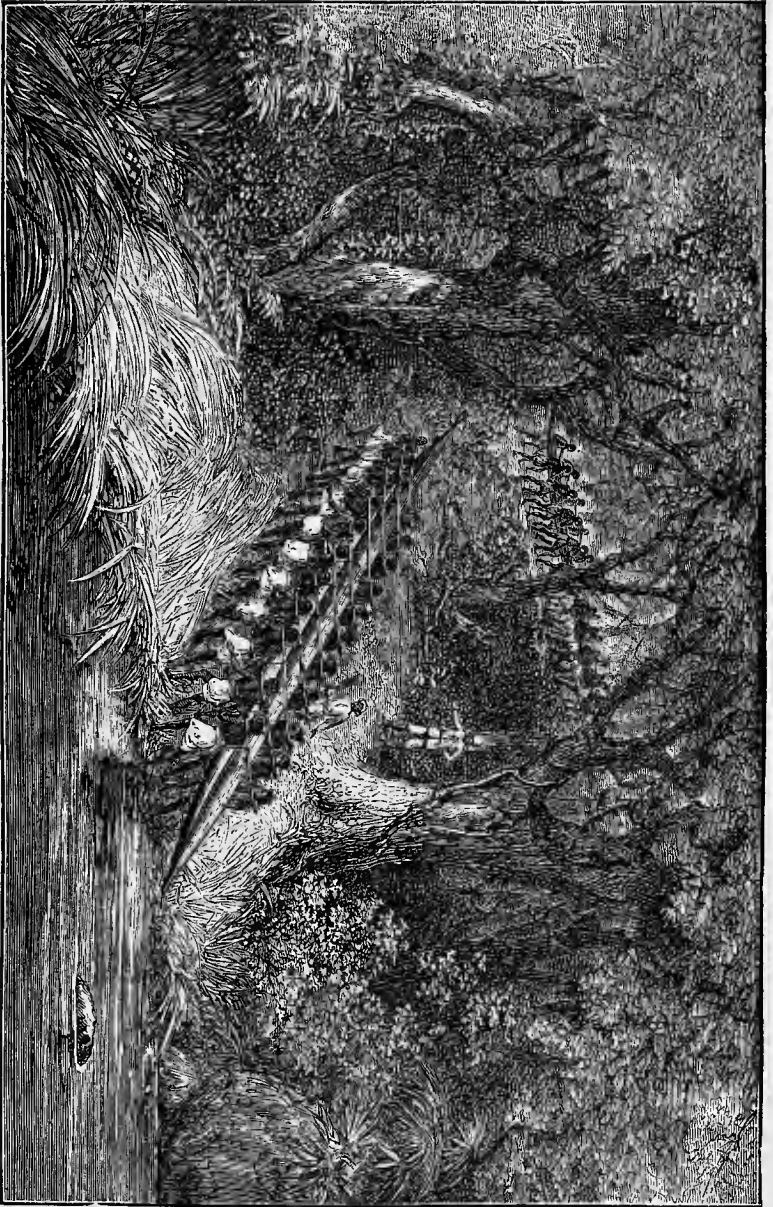
On the 8th of October I felt worse, suffering from great weakness of body, but fortunately not dejected in spirit. I therefore continued my voyage, and, in half an hour or so, found myself near the great rapids of Bombue. The river here forms one huge central rapid, where the inequality of level is about six feet.

Above the first descents, an island, covered with vegetation, divides the river into two equal branches. Bombue has two other descents, the second being 330 yards below the first, and the third 220 yards below the second. All these rapids are full of jutting rocks in every direction, making navigation simply impossible. The canoes, being emptied, were floated down, close into the bank — a fatiguing operation, and one which occupied a great deal of time.

Putting off again in the canoes, we started afresh, and against our will were carried over another rapid, fortunately without mishap, and after four hours' paddling came to a halt near the confluence of the river Joco. Our voyage that day had been beside and between islands of exceeding beauty, displaying the most picturesque prospects imaginable, and which appeared doubly so in my eyes, fatigued as they had been by the monotony of the African table-land.

In the afternoon of that day, having lain down to get a little rest, I was suddenly roused by the negroes, who had seen some elephants in the immediate neighborhood. In spite of my state of health, I seized my rifle and went in search of them. It was on the bank of the Joco that I sighted the enormous beasts, that were wallowing in a muddy pool. I got to leeward of them, and crept up

TRANSPORTATION OF THE BOATS AT GONHA.



very cautiously. On getting nearer, I saw they were seven in number. The thick jungle which grew close up to the pool allowed me to approach comparatively close without being seen.

For a moment I gazed upon the giants of the African fauna, and will not conceal that I had some hesitation about doing them an injury. Necessity, however, soon overcame any sentimental scruples, and I fired at the nearest, taking aim at the frontal bone. The colossus, on receiving the shot, staggered a moment without moving his limbs; he then dropped inertly upon his knees, rested an instant in that position and finally toppled over on his side, making the earth about him tremble with his fall. The other six made for the river at a round trot, and, having crossed it, disappeared in the forest.

The following day I was much worse, being attacked with severe inflammation in the liver, for which I applied caustics of pulverized quinine. As it was impossible for me to travel in such a condition, I resolved to stop where I was till I got better.

On that day Augusto met with the most extraordinary adventure that I ever remember to have heard of. He had fired at a buffalo, which he wounded, but not so badly as to prevent his turning upon and chasing him. Finding himself closely pursued, he drew his hatchet, and as the huge creature lowered its head to butt at him, he struck the animal a blow with all the force that his herculean strength allowed him.

Both man and buffalo rolled upon the ground together. The natives who were hard by looked upon him as lost, when to their astonishment, the beast regained its legs, and made off in the opposite direction. Augusto then rose, and, with the exception of a bruise or two occasioned by his fall, found himself none the worse for the encounter. The fellows then gathered about him, and when one of my young niggers stooped to pick up the hatchet, he discov-

ered, lying beside it, one of the creature's horns, which had been cut clean off, with the violence of the blow.

On the 10th, I was able to rise, feeling considerably relieved. The first news which greeted me when I did so, was that Augusto had disappeared since the evening before, and all the efforts to discover his whereabouts by the men who had sought him in the woods, were vain. I sent scouts out in every direction, and I myself headed one of the searching parties, notwithstanding my state of health.

In the afternoon, to my relief, Augusto reappeared. He said he had lost his way in the forest, had fallen in with a hamlet of the Calacas, who had robbed him of everything he possessed, barring his gun. The Luinas on hearing this, declared they would avenge the injury, and all my efforts to restrain them were perfectly useless. They did not return till night, when they appeared laden with the spoils, having completely sacked the place.

The state of my health was anything but satisfactory, and I passed a wretched night; still, I gave orders next morning to pack up and proceed on our voyage.

About an hour after leaving behind us the mouth of the river Joco, we fell in with the rapids of Lusso. I there got ashore and proceeded on foot, taking three hours to get over a couple of miles. The river at Lusso is of very great width, and divides into a variety of branches, forming the most lovely aits, covered with the richest vegetation. After the splendid cataract of Gonha, I beheld nothing more beautiful than the Lusso rapids. I re-embarked just below them, and having navigated for two more hours, I ordered the men to pull up a little above the cataract of Mambuc.

I resolved upon clearing the cataract that same day, although it was tremendous work, with the few hands at my disposal, to drag the boats overland. It occupied four hours in the operation, but I carried my point and took up my quarters for the night just below the falls.

During the night I thought my end was come. An intense fever seemed to be devouring my very vitals, and I had little hope of living to see the 12th of October, a festive day for me, as it was the anniversary of my wife's birthday. I called Verissimo and Augusto to my side and handed them the fruits of my labors, charging them, if I should die; to continue the journey which I was now pursuing, until they found the missionary, into whose hands they were to deliver the books and papers. I pointed out to them that the Mueneputo, the white king, would reward them handsomely if they saved those records, and were thus the means of conveying them in safety to Portugal.

The repeated hypodermic injections of sulphate of quinine, in strong doses, had, against my expectations, nevertheless overcome the fever, so that by six o'clock on the morning of the 12th I felt so much relieved that I determined to pursue my voyage.

We started at half-past 6, and at quarter-past 7 shot over some small rapids, and immediately afterwards some larger ones, that were highly dangerous. We steered into the only practicable channel, but no sooner had the canoe entered it, and began to feel the strength of the current, than a hippopotamus appeared blowing just below us. We were thus placed between Scylla and Charybdis, and had to choose between the monster or the abyss. We fought bravely with the current, and managed by a skilful manœuvre to get out of it, and avoided the threatened peril beneath the shadow of a rock, almost on the ground.

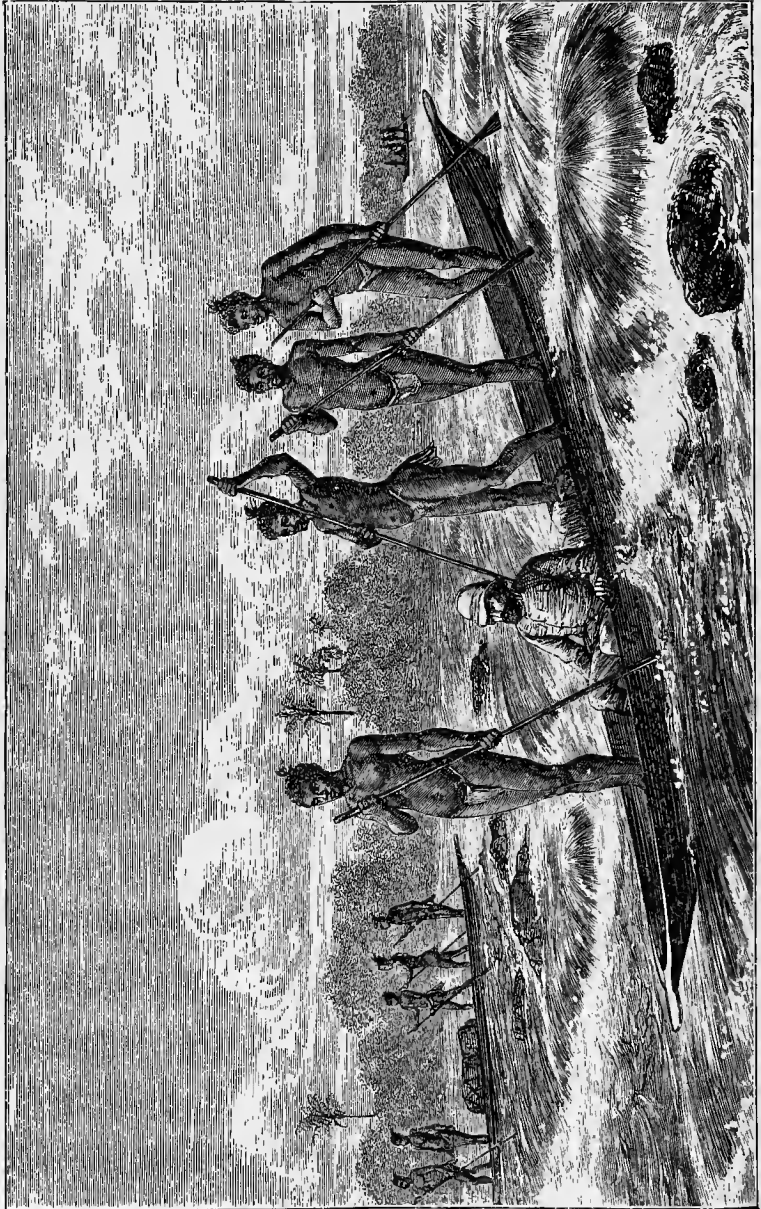
The other boat, in the endeavor to steer clear of the beast, shot out of the channel, and rushed with fearful velocity towards some rocks which guarded the entrance to another apparently impassable runnel. We all gave her up for lost, but she made her way through the obstructions, and escaped the danger, having shipped one large wave that almost swamped her.

At ten minutes to 8 there were more rapids, and others again at 8 o'clock presented a great volume of water, of considerable extent. We would have gladly made for the bank, as we heard at some distance below us a frightful roar, similar to the reverberation of thunder from the mountain sides, which made us apprehend other greater rapids, or another cataract, impossible to get over — alive. But all our efforts, even if we made the attempt, would have been vain. The nearest bank, the one on the left, was upwards of 650 yards from us, and the current, which was most rapid, enclosed between walls of basalt whence the waves were driven back in foam, made the approach simply impossible. It was one of those moments that are perfectly indescribable.

Hurried along by a giddy current, towards an unknown bourne, vividly feeling the imminent danger which each succeeding fall in the river's bed too clearly demonstrated, emerging from one gulf only to rush into another in which the waters were seething, we poor hapless navigators experienced at each moment a new sensation, and suffered a hundred times the pangs of death as we recalled the pleasures that life might yet have in store for us.

From a little after 8 o'clock to within twenty minutes of 9, we passed six rapids of trifling inequality of level, but at that hour a fall of fully three feet stood right in front of us.

Like to a man, who, in running a race, stops short by an instinctive movement on beholding a chasm lying open before him, our canoe, as though an animated creature, was stayed for an instant by a mechanical and unconscious back motion of the paddle. That motion caused us to swing round, and it was when the long canoe was right across the current that it leaped into the abyss, amid the foam of an enormous wave. It took but a second of time, but it was the fullest of sensation that I had ever experienced in my life. We owed our safety to the will of



IN THE RAPIDS.

Providence. Had the boat gone into the gulf head first, nothing could possibly have kept us from destruction. The loss of steerage was our salvation.

Immediately below the fall from which we had escaped, were other smaller rapids, and on passing them we succeeded, after immense efforts, in reaching a cluster of rocks which reared their heads in mid-river, at a point where the current was somewhat less violent. Having grappled them, we baled out the water and put things a little straight, disordered as they were by the shock to which we had been subjected.

By 9 o'clock we were again under way, and an hour later came upon fresh falls. These were followed at 9.25 by the great rapids of Manhicungu; at 9.30 by others, and so on again to those of Lucandu, presenting seven more falls, which we passed at a few minutes after 11. Another small rapid having been cleared a little later on, we arrived at about noon at the cataract of Catima-Moriro (*Fire-extinguisher*).

Catima-Moriro is the last fall of the higher region of the cataracts of the Upper Zambesi. Thence to the fresh regions of rapids, preceding the great cataract of Mozi-oatunia, the river is perfectly navigable.

The mind becomes fatigued just as the body does, and I was utterly fagged out, when I reached the close of that perilous 12th of October, a day which I cannot even now look back upon without a shudder. The emotions of those terrible hours had nevertheless so acted upon my system, that I found myself without fever, though lamentably weak.

I re-embarked on the 13th and did not stop till I reached the village of Catengo, where I pitched my camp. By that time I was feeling much worse, the fever which had temporarily left me having returned.

At Catengo I was again joined by my people, who had arrived the night before. They also had their adventures,

and the previous day had escaped most imminent danger when they were attacked by several lions. They had saved their lives by climbing to the tops of trees, where, for a considerable time, they were surrounded and besieged. My poor little goat, Cora, was hauled up by a cloth which they tied round her horns, and she remained lashed to a branch close to Augusto. That worthy fellow, too, succeeded in killing one of the lions from his elevated perch, and afterwards exchanged the skin at Catengo for a good lot of tobacco.

On the 14th I journeyed eastward, that being the direction taken by the Zambesi, and in the afternoon found myself not far from the village of Chicheque.

On that day we were fortunate in falling in with fishers, though not exactly fishermen, that supplied us with plenty of fish. These were gigantic *pygargos*, or aquatic eagles, which inhabited the banks of the river. Many, on being pursued, dropped the prey that they had been at some pains to catch. These *pygargos* of the Zambesi, which I had not seen near the cataracts, have heads, breast and tails perfectly white, with ebony wings and sides.

On the morning of the 15th I arrived off Chicheque, having navigated in an easterly direction for about an hour. I did not choose to take up my quarters at the village, owing to my distrust of the natives, but pitched my camp among the canes on a neighboring island. I then sent word to the chief of my arrival, and lay down in a burning fever which had come on again with great violence.

Shortly after I had done so, I had a visit from a European descendant, whom I recognized by the peculiar *café au lait* color of the skin as a native of the Orange territory. He informed me through Verissimo and by the aid of the Sesuto language, that he was a servant of the missionary I was seeking, and was there waiting for King Lobossi's answer to his master's application. I then

learned, to my great astonishment and pleasure, that the missionary was a Frenchman. The servant's name was Eliazar, and the man, observing that I was very ill, showed me attentions that I never obtained from a negro. When I told him that I was actually on my way to see his master, he expressed the utmost satisfaction, and assured me that the missionary was one of the best of men. I cannot explain why it was that my pleasure was so great at learning that the man I sought was French, but the fact remains.

While conversing with Eliazar, the chief of the village arrived. His name was Carimouque. I communicated to him my desire to leave the next day, as I was seriously ill and was anxious to reach the missionary to procure proper remedies for my ailment. I also let him know that I had no provisions or means to purchase any, and he promised to send me over, that very day, food for myself and people.

In the afternoon my boatmen showed an inclination to strike; they were very noisy and discontented, declaring that they would not leave Chicheque until they were paid. I summoned them before me, and pointed out that I had nothing whatsoever to give them; that the ivory I possessed could only be converted into goods when I arrived at the missionary's quarters, so that in order to procure their pay, they must necessarily go on. They retired, apparently convinced by my arguments, and I was left to my own reflections.

I passed a horrible night in the cane-brake on the island. All through the dark hours I was disturbed by the cobras pursuing the rats, and the rats rushing away from the cobras. Meanwhile my fever increased.

Carimouque, the chief, came to see me in the morning of the 16th, bringing with him, as a present, some massambala and a small quantity of manioc flour. He declared that the men absolutely refused to go further without being

paid, and that I had better despatch a messenger to the missionary, to desire him to send me goods, and wait where I was till they came. This, however, I positively refused to do, and averred that I would pay the men nothing if they did not start with me next day.

After a lengthened discussion, in which Eliazar manfully supported me, repeating again and again that his master would certainly at once pay the men's demands upon arrival, it was resolved that on the following morning, the 17th, our journey should be resumed.

A little later in the day, the envoys whom Carimuque had sent to the Lwi with the missionary's message to the king, returned. Lobossi's reply, as dictated by Gambella, was a fine specimen of diplomacy, neither admitting nor absolutely rejecting the proposal. It expressed great pleasure at learning that he had arrived in the country, but that at the present moment, owing to imminent hostilities and the want of accommodation which the Lialui afforded, owing to its being a city so recently constructed, it was not advisable for him to proceed any further. He was therefore requested to forego his intention, and return next year to make another application. Carimuque, at the same time, received positive orders not to furnish him with means to pursue his journey northward.

Eliazar, who was very disheartened at the receipt of his message from King Lobossi, continued to keep me company, and dilated in glowing terms upon the merits and goodness of his master.

On the 17th I took my departure, and before noon reached the mouth of the Machilla. This river runs through a vast plain, in which graze thousands of buffaloes, zebras, and a great variety of antelopes. I was there witness to a surprising effect of mirage, which presented to my astonished gaze a mass of heterogeneous animals with their hoofs in the air.

I never in my life saw so much game together as I

beheld in that district. All the animals, however, were wonderfully shy, and would not allow a nearer approach than a couple of hundred yards. I succeeded in killing a zebra.

After a stay of a couple of hours, we continued our voyage for two hours and a half more, and at five in the afternoon pulled in to the bank on perceiving an old tree floating down with the current. This tree, which we eagerly seized upon, was quite a godsend, as without it we should have had no wood that night for warmth or cooking purposes; the place being utterly destitute of even a shrub.

We were on the point of starting again, when a negro came running to say that the other canoes were moored much higher up the stream, and the crews encamped there. We had therefore, however unwillingly, to turn back, as all the stores and meat were in one of the other canoes. It was consequently half-past six, and quite dark, before we were all met together.

I may mention that on leaving Chicheque all my people had embarked, as Carimuque had placed two large boats at my disposal, in which I had stowed Augusto, the women, the lads, and my goat. Calungo, the parrot, always travelled with me.

During the night a terrible drama was enacted, in the darkness, within earshot of my camp. This was a frightful combat between a buffalo and a lion, which terminated in the death of the former, whose bellowings in his death-agony were mingled with the prolonged roars of his conqueror and the howls of a troop of hyenas.

We pursued our voyage, and, after five hours' navigation between islands divided by small channels, stopped just above a rapid with a descent of upwards of a yard, the first link in that chain of falls which terminates in the great cataract of Mozi-oa-tunia. With the basalt reappeared the ever-beautiful forest, where among other trees towered the baobabs — those giants of the African flora that I had

not seen since leaving Quillengues. On getting ashore I went and lay down in the shade of one of those colossal trees.

I had terminated my navigation of the Upper Zambesi, and from that point, until I met with the missionary, my journey would be performed by land. The village of Embarira was six miles distant from the place where I was lying, and my late boatmen had already started with the packs upon their heads.

Sleep fell upon me, and it was quite dark when I awoke. The only persons around me were Verissimo, Camutombo, and Pepeca. To my inquiry why we were still there, Verissimo answered that he did not like to wake me. I got up, and in spite of the darkness set out on my journey, when I discovered that we were all completely unarmed. Verissimo, who from time to time certainly did very stupid things, had allowed my weapons to be carried away with the rest of the traps to Embarira. I certainly felt ill at ease after I had made this discovery, for it is not by any means pleasant to find oneself without arms in the midst of a forest infested with wild beasts. I therefore set the men at once to gather wood to make a fire, but in the darkness they could find none to suit the purpose.

Pepeca suddenly remembered he had seen at no great distance an old boat, which we managed to find, but being made of the hard wood of the Mucusse, my hunting-knife made no impression upon it.

I then bethought me of using it as a battering-ram against the trunk of the baobab, and three of us, swinging it to and fro, dashed it full butt against the tree. This had the desired effect. The old canoe could not resist this operation, and after it had been practised a few times, we had wood in sufficiently small pieces to make a good fire.

We were taking our measures to pass the night there, when we heard the voices of people approaching, and shortly after, Augusto appeared with several men who had

come in search of me. I readily started off with them, and arrived at Embarira at midnight. The chief of the village had prepared a house for me, in which I lay down, fagged out and burning with fever.

The state of my health, shattered as I have described it, the doubts which I entertained of the future, the apprehensions which I felt for the present, joined to the bodily discomfort caused by the visitation of thousands of bugs with which the house was swarming, made me pass a night of tribulation.

Another subject also tended to engage if not disturb my mind. On my arrival I was informed that a white man (Macua), who was neither a missionary nor a trader, was encamped opposite me, on the other side of the Cuando.

Whom was I about to meet in those remote regions?

My curiosity was indeed great, and I tossed about upon my couch, impatient for the dawn of another day.

NOTE.

A few words about Captain Capello and Lieut. Ivens, Major Pinto's companions in the early part of his journey, and from whom he parted at Bihé, may be of interest to readers of this American edition,—especially as Pinto says nothing of their subsequent operations.

After leaving Pinto, Capello and Ivens visited the highlands of the Bihé, and followed several rivers to their sources. They explored the rivers Quango and Quanza, and the territories bordering upon them. They could not descend the Quango to the Zaire, on account of the resistance of hostile tribes. They were well received by the chief of the Motiango Territory, from which the German explorer Schultz was excluded; but they were not allowed to pass eastward, under penalty of their lives. Nearly all their followers deserted them.

The travelers reached the Coast, at Loanda, in November, 1879, and were received with great enthusiasm. Both were ill and destitute, and Capello appeared quite old and was hardly recognizable. They brought a general map of Loanda; notes extending over 32 degrees; plans of the territories and roads; and meteorological, magnetic, and geographical observations of much value.

PART II.



THE COILLARD FAMILY.

HOW I CROSSED AFRICA.

PART II.—THE COILLARD FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

IN LUCHUMA.

THE night that I passed at Embarira was a frightful one. Assailed by thousands of bugs and clouds of mosquitoes, I had to quit the house offered me by the chief and seek in the open air a refuge from such cruel persecution. The nineteenth day of October dawned upon me at last, after a long and sleepless night.

The first intelligence I was able to procure was that the missionary was some twelve or fourteen miles distant, but that on the other side of the Cuando an Englishman had taken up his quarters.

To request the chief to furnish me with a canoe to cross the river was my first impulse, but I only obtained a formal refusal, on the plea that he had no canoe. After considerable wrangling, he flatly told me that he should not allow me to quit his village till I had paid the boatmen a certain portion of goods.

I called Jasse, the hunter, and pointed out to him the impossibility of complying with his request until I had communicated with the Englishman and procured from him the goods wherewith to settle with the men, as I had

none of my own. Jasse summoned the boatmen and the chief, and explained what I had told him, but without avail; the refusal to allow me to go over to the other side of the Cuando was formally repeated.

Seeing that nothing could be done on that tack, I requested that a message might be sent to the Englishman, and I wrote a few lines on a visiting-card, which Verissimo took over. The wretched night of watching I had passed and the never-failing fever quite prostrated me. I lay down again in the open air to wait for a reply to my communication.

An hour or so elapsed, when a white man appeared before me. The feeling I experienced at sight of him was indescribable.

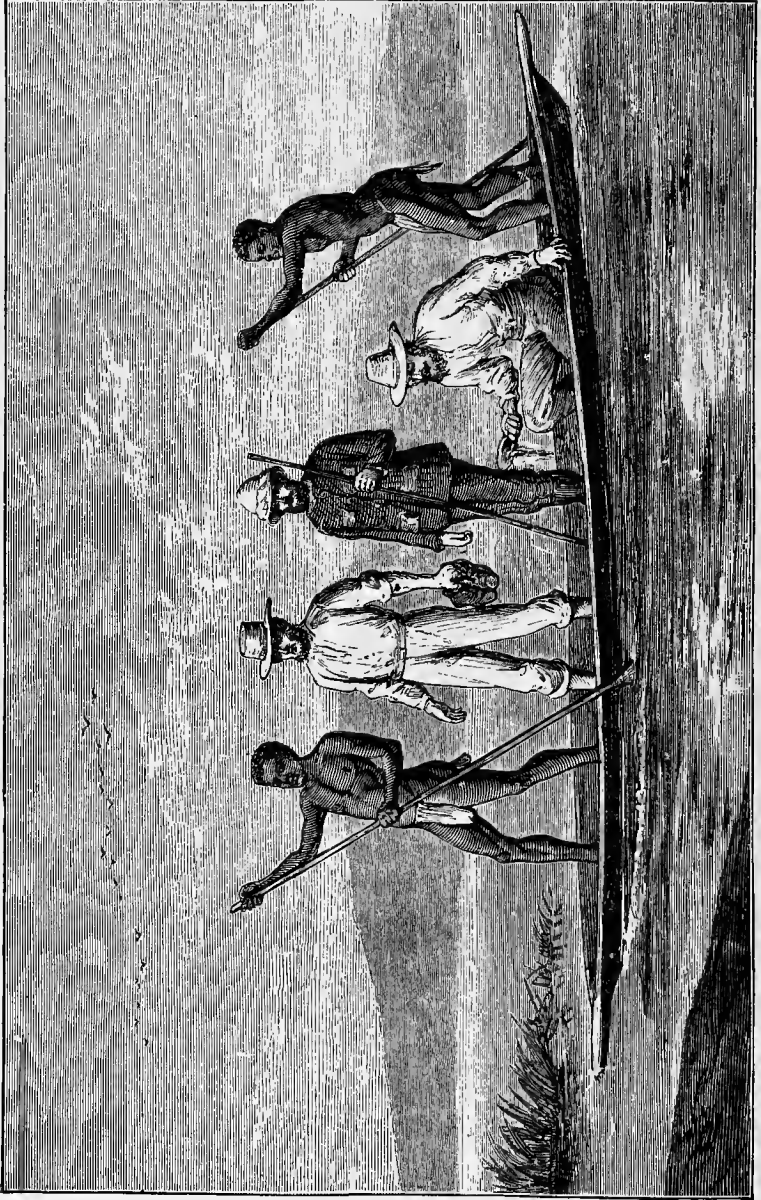
The man on whom I gazed might have been from twenty-eight to thirty years of age, and looked an Englishman in every feature. He had a small and very fair beard, blue eyes, well-opened and bright, with hair closely cropped and fair as his beard.

He wore a shirt of coarse linen, the unbuttoned collar of which displayed a strong and massive throat, whilst the turned-up sleeves exposed to view muscular arms, burnt brown by the African sun. His trousers of ordinary material were secured by a strong leathern belt, whence hung an American bowie-knife.

His feet were protected by stout shoes, which, from the stitching being all on the outside, betrayed the work of his own hand; and he wore blue socks of coarse cotton.

I explained to him who I was; briefly narrated my position, and begged him to supply me with goods in barter for ivory which I had in my possession. I pointed out to him the necessity of such an arrangement to get rid of my importunate creditors and continue my journey to the missionary station.

To this he made answer that he had no goods, that he was himself without resources, and that they could only



"THREE EUROPEANS CROSSED THE RIVER."

be obtained by sending to Luchuma. The style of his discourse and his well-chosen phrases convinced me at once that my visitor was no common man.

Subsequently he persuaded the chief to let me accompany him across the river, on condition that I should return that night to Embarira. We started, and after crossing the broad stream, that very Cuando whose sources I had discovered and determined months before, we arrived at a small camp, where we were met by another white.

This was a man of lofty stature, with a long beard and white hair, who was certainly not old, for his activity of body and expression of face forbade that idea, but who appeared prematurely aged by long suffering and labor. His dress was almost a counterpart of the other's, but he seemed very much better shod.

We conversed about my position, but came to the conclusion that in their present state of impecuniosity they could do nothing for me. That word *nothing*, however, had to be taken with a certain reserve, for if they had nought else to give they were able to offer me a tolerable dinner, and I had a famous appetite to expend upon it.

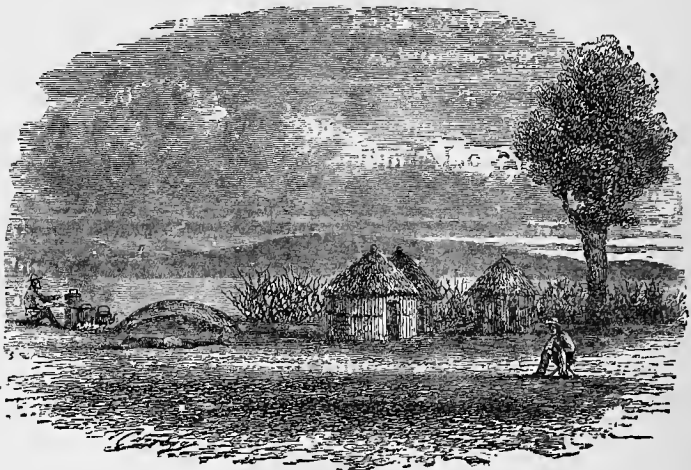
After thoroughly satisfying my craving, I arranged with them to write to the missionary and beg him to let me have some goods to pay my boatmen. I despatched a carrier to Luchuma, and myself returned to Embarira, where I lay down again in the open air, having a keen remembrance of the terrors of the night before.

I had a sound and unbroken sleep, and was awakened at daylight of the 20th by the arrival of the goods from Luchuma in order to pay the crews. I settled with them all, and obtained from the chief carriers sufficient to convey my belongings and the ivory to Luchuma. I saw them safely off, and sent a letter to the missionary with a request that he would grant me hospitality and pay the carriers on their arrival.

At mid-day a light canoe, impelled by a couple of

negroes, started from Embarira to cross the waters of the Cuando, having three white men as passengers.

The old and wretched skiff leaked badly, so that the passenger in front took off his shoes, which he carried in his hand; the one behind imitated his example, and set to work to bale out the water, which threatened to swamp them ere the voyage was half over; whilst he who stood in the middle, being provided with splendid water-proof boots, contemplated in a dreamy sort of way the floundering of the enormous crocodiles which were swept by at



DR. BRADSHAW'S CAMP.

the mercy of the current, quite indifferent to the inch or so of water in the canoe.

Those three men thus thrown together in the centre of Africa by the chances of exploration were myself, Dr. Benjamin Frederick Bradshaw, a zoölogical explorer, and Alexander Walsh, likewise a zoölogist, a preparer of specimens and the doctor's companion.

On our arrival at the right bank, one of the three huts they possessed was immediately placed at my disposal.

Dr. Bradshaw, as excellent a cook as he was an able

physician, a distinguished *savant*, and famous hunter, at once set to work to prepare breakfast, composed mainly of partridges he had shot that morning. The doctor's professional cook, an active Macalaca, seeing his master thus take the work out of his hands, quietly looked on and watched the proceedings.

The meat was ready, and we seated ourselves at table, where were placed before us a large bowl of maize, cooked whole, and a noble dish of stewed partridges. We had not eaten the first mouthful when a negro came into the hut carrying something wrapped in a white linen cloth.

He had just arrived from the French missionary, and put his parcel into my hands. It contained something heavy, and on my unfastening the cloth, my surprise was great at perceiving an enormous loaf of wheaten bread!

Bread! which I had not seen for upwards of a year; bread, which was always my favorite food, the want of which was so severe a deprivation; about which I constantly dreamed during the weary nights of fasting and hunger; for which I at times felt an immoderate desire, and thought I could understand how men for a lengthened period deprived of it could commit a crime for its possession!

I found my eyes grow misty with tears as I gazed upon the loaf, and believe that I was more touched at the sight of that old familiar friend than I had hitherto been during my journey.

It was Dr. Bradshaw who restrained my voracity, that might have proved fatal, and made me take a capital cup of cocoa; shortly after which I fell into a deep sleep, the more refreshing and invigorating as it was under the shelter of a roof and free from the visitation of vermin. All my people and baggage had gone to Luchuma, and only Augusto and Catraio were left with the trunk containing the instruments.

I woke next morning with a light heart and in high

spirits, happy to begin a day which was to turn out one of the most trying and anxious of my life.

We had had an excellent breakfast of partridges and chocolate, and were chatting pleasantly over some most aromatic Chuculumbe tobacco, when suddenly appeared the carriers who had started the previous day for Luchuma, making a great outcry, and declaring that they had not been paid there.

This assertion quite took me aback, the more especially as Verissimo had not written a line upon this subject, and he had himself accompanied the party and carried with him the ivory which was to cover any outlay made at the place of destination.

We ourselves had nothing, and in fact we did not exactly know what to do to pacify these savages, who seemed to be under the conviction that they had been swindled, having carried the goods from Embarira, and received no payment for doing so. Shortly afterwards, the chief of Embarira and Jasse appeared upon the scene, and they soon got into high words with me and with the Englishmen, threatening us, and using the most insulting language.

I was ashamed and annoyed beyond measure to see these Englishmen, who had treated me with such extreme kindness, mixed up in a matter that was entirely my own, and insulted on my account, but I could not, of course, foresee the event that was now occurring.

After a score of demands, not one of which it was possible to satisfy, the carriers, with Jasse at their head, declared that they would start off for Luchuma and get the baggage and ivory back, which they would keep until they were fully paid; they then went away, leaving the chief Mucumba with a troop of natives to keep watch over us.

Upon the advice of Dr. Bradshaw we retired into one of the huts and got our weapons ready for a stout defence, in case of a very probable attack.

At nightfall Mucumba began to make a great uproar, and calling his men about him made a raid upon the other two huts, from which they took my trunk of instruments, and conveyed it in the boat to the other side of the river.

They then surrounded the third hut, in which we had taken shelter, insisting that I should return with them to Embarira. Apprehensive that my hosts would be exposed on my account to imminent peril, I wanted to give myself up to the natives and thus put an end to what threatened to be an inevitable conflict; but Dr. Bradshaw would not hear of anything of the kind, and declared that we ought to resist the fellows to the utmost.

We were four men in that hut, three whites and Augusto, — all disposed to sell our lives dearly, — and our attitude was such that the savages hesitated at the idea of an attack which must be fatal to many among them. After a prolonged council among the ringleaders of the party, they resolved to abandon the field, and at once retired to the other bank of the stream.

I had been very anxious at not having seen anything of my young nigger Catraio during this uproar, and feared he had been made prisoner; but when all was quiet he popped his head into the hut, with that knowing grin upon his features which was natural to him, and then coming forward, put into my hands my chronometers, which he had gone across the river to bring out of my trunk while the Macalacas were surrounding us and otherwise engaged. So that Catraio for a second time prevented the chronometers stopping for want of being wound up.

At 9 o'clock at night the French missionary, François Coillard, arrived at the camp, and on hearing what had occurred assured me that the carriers had been paid, and liberally too, at Luchuma, and that he would lose no time in making the chief Mucumba listen to reason.

Next morning, at daybreak, the chief himself, with

Jasse and a number of followers, crossed the river and came over to the camp.

Mr. Coillard, who speaks the language of the country as fluently as he speaks French or English, made the chief of Embarira a long speech, wherein he pointed out the shameless dishonesty of the carriers. Mucumba, on hearing this, at once gave orders to restore all my property that had been taken away the night before, and apologized for his conduct on the plea that the men had thoroughly deceived him.

This was very satisfactory, but when I thought all further controversy was at an end, the hunter Jasse brought forward a new claim. He demanded that I should pay his own immediate attendants — young niggers he had brought over with him, with whom I had had nothing whatsoever to do. After a short discussion, in which I was ably supported by Mr. Coillard, two yards of stuff were allotted to each of the blacks, and the matter was thus settled.

We then sat down to breakfast with a feeling of immense relief that our troubles were over for that day, but it was not so written in the book of fate.

The fellow Jasse once more appeared; this time making a claim on his own account and that of the chief Mutiquetera, although I had paid them both very handsomely. A fresh dispute arose, in which Mr. Coillard's assistance was again invaluable, and it was not terminated until a promise of a rug had been made to each of them.

Mr. Coillard informed me that he was on his way to Chicheque to receive the reply of King Lobossi to his application, but that in the course of ten or twelve days he would be back. He therefore begged me to await his return at Luchuma, where his wife, Madame Christine Coillard, expected me. I decided to go to Luchuma the next day. During the night I had a violent attack of fever, and felt exceedingly ill in the morning.



ENCAMPMENT OF THE COLLARD FAMILY—LECHUMA.

The doctor and his companion made up their minds to leave at the same time, and proceed to Luchuma, as the events of the previous day warned them of the danger of trusting to the treacherous natives.

I started with the thermometer at forty degrees Centigrade, along a sandy tract in which walking was a difficult operation. The fever had taken all the strength out of me, and I rested quite as long a time as I was upon my legs. The ground was thickly covered with trees, and began to rise directly I left the river. After five hours' slow and painful marching I came upon a little spring at which I was enabled to slack my burning thirst, and two hours later I reached Luchuma. It was then 6 o'clock in the evening.

In a narrow valley, not more than 260 feet in width, shut in by mountains of no great elevation and gently sloped, grows a coarse and weedy grass. The mountains that enclose the little valley are richly wooded. On the east side a collection of huts forms the establishment of an English trader, Mr. Phillips. Opposite, on the western side, two abandoned hamlets constitute the factory of Mr. George Westbeech.

North of Mr. Westbeech's hamlets a strong stockade surrounded a circular space of 100 feet diameter, wherein stood a thatched cottage, two travelling-wagons and a country hut. This was the encampment of the Coillard family, and in fact was Luchuma. I entered the space thus enclosed by the high wooden stockade, my body bent with fatigue and my mind unsettled by the violent emotion I experienced.

Before me, at the door of the cottage, were seated two ladies, embroidering in colors some coarse linen material. On seeing those ladies seated there, in the centre of Africa, my sensations were bewildering.

The reception given me by Madame Coillard was that

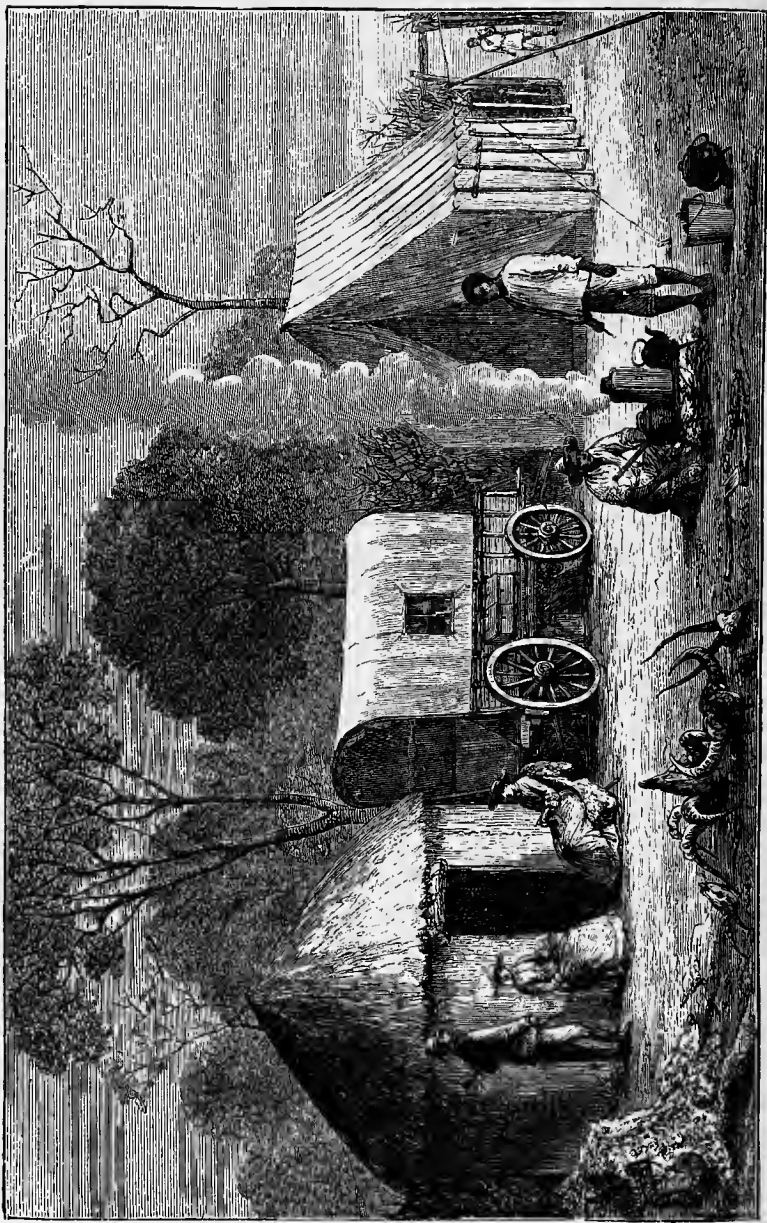
which might have been accorded to her own son. With consummate tact she at once put me at my ease. She said they had not yet dined, as they were waiting my arrival to sit down to table. She then begged me to come into the hut, where a table covered with a fine white cloth displayed a simple service containing a nourishing dinner. Opposite me sat Madame Coillard; beside me was Miss Elise Coillard, her niece, with downcast eyes and face suffused with a modest blush at seeing a total stranger thus dropped into their inner and retired life.

Madame Coillard's kindness and attention were extreme, and long ere the meal was over the strangest feelings took possession of me. The company of those ladies, the dinner, the service, and such simple things as tea, sugar, and bread, of which I had been so long deprived, produced a perfect bewilderment of brain. I was at last unable to form a single definite idea, and the impressions of that moment were almost more than I could bear.

I know not how I got through the remainder of the meal, but I dimly remember that I found myself alone in the hut. Then, an attack like an ague-fit shook my whole body; I gasped for breath, and then at last hot tears burst from my eyes and wetted my cheeks that were parched and cracking with fever. I wept long and unrestrainedly, and I do not attempt to hide the fact; and I believe the shedding of those tears saved me. If I had attempted to restrain them and succeeded, I should probably have gone off my head altogether.

How long I remained in that state of excitement I cannot say, but it must have been a long time afterwards that I was aroused by the entrance of the ladies into the hut, who came to prepare my bed for the night.

The condition to which I was reduced may be judged from the fact that I found myself telling them, *them* of all people, of a rumor I had heard that morning in Embarira



“MY SENSATIONS WERE BEWILDERING.”

of a great fire having broken out at Chicheque in the houses of the chief Carimuque, and that the whole of the baggage of the French missionary had been consumed in the flames! It was high time that I went to bed — and I did so, and slept.

When I awoke at daybreak the scenes of the preceding day one by one, came confusedly back to my memory, and as they did so the impressions were like those of a dream. I rose to find they were only too real, and again the perturbation of mind from which I had only partially recovered returned.

Mechanically, without the slightest consciousness of my acts, and from the mere force of habit, I wound up and compared the chronometers, made the meteorological observations and entered the results in my diary.

Shortly afterwards Miss Elise, in snowy cap and apron, came smiling into the hut and was soon busy in preparing breakfast. Madame Coillard followed shortly after, and was sedulous in her efforts to secure me every possible comfort.

I cannot even now explain how it was that these two ladies should produce upon the mind of a man like myself, who had seen and undergone so much, the singular impression which they did, but the fact remains undoubted. It may have been the weakness caused by the approach of fever which, after a couple more days passed I know not how, completely knocked me down, and proved of such excessive violence that delirium shortly supervened. My state was a very serious one, but more fortunate than on previous occasions, I had two guardian angels who watched by my bedside.

On the 30th of October the delirium left me; but with returning consciousness I felt that my life was held by a mere thread to a body worn out with fatigue and long privations, and I thought I should never stand on my feet

again. On that day I entrusted my papers to Madame Coillard, and begged her to have them safely conveyed to the Portuguese authorities.

Dr. Bradshaw had paid me repeated visits, and used every effort of his skill to save my life. The fever, however, would not give way, and my stomach refused everything in the shape of medicine. I then decided upon making a last effort myself, and tried repeated hypodermic injections of strong doses of quinine.

On the 31st, to my own astonishment, I was still alive, and increased the dose of quinine by hypodermic absorption. Dr. Bradshaw advised and caused me to take a strong dose of laudanum, and next day, the 1st of November, symptoms of improvement began to appear.

On the following day I made rapid progress and was able to sit up a little. This gave me an opportunity of observing that provisions were falling short, and thinking about this made me lie awake part of the night.

On the next morning, at daybreak, when all were still wrapped in sleep, I got up noiselessly and aroused my men. Though still tottering on my legs, I started off with them for the forest, and was pleased that we were able to do so unobserved. It was evening ere we returned, my men bending under the weight of the game I had succeeded in shooting. I found Madame Coillard in great distress, thinking I had abandoned the camp for good and all, and I was received with maternal solicitude and was rated soundly for my imprudence.

The same thing occurred on all this as on former occasions of my violent attacks of fever. I had, so to speak, no period of convalescence, but, thanks to a robust constitution, passed from the condition of a patient to that of a man in sound health.

A few days later bad news arrived from Mr. Coillard, who, in a long letter to his wife, confirmed the news of

the fire to which I have referred. Everything he possessed that was in the keeping of the chief Carimuque had fallen a prey to the flames — a circumstance which greatly complicated the position.

In addition, there was another piece of intelligence, which more seriously troubled the good lady's mind. This was that Eliazar, the man whom it may be remembered I met at Chicheque, had been attacked by a bad fever and was in considerable danger. Madame Coillard was much attached to him, he having been formerly in her service, and she anxiously waited for further news.

Two days after this, another letter was received from the missionary, which increased the trouble already reigning in the encampment at Luchuma. Eliazar was worse, and but little hope was entertained of his recovery.

On the 7th of November I had been sitting up rather later than usual to make my astronomical observations, the two ladies keeping me company, and talking about the absentee and poor Eleazar's illness. Madame Coillard told me she had a strong presentiment that her husband would arrive that night. I proposed at once that we should go out to meet him, and the suggestion being eagerly adopted by the courageous women, we set off at once on the road to Embarira.

We had scarcely gone a mile from the encampment when I, who was walking a little ahead, announced that I heard the tread of people in the forest; they thought, however, that I was mistaken, as we met no one after another twenty-minutes' march. I knew, however, that I made no mistake, for more than once a sound, but ill-defined, and intelligible only to the practised ear of a woodsman, reached me as I proceeded. Had it not been so I would scarcely have induced those two ladies to approach a forest, peopled by wild beasts, with which I felt but little inclination just then to do battle.

At about half-past eleven the noise which I had heard became more distinct, and I had no hesitation in telling my companions that people, shod like ourselves, were coming along the track we were pursuing. Shortly afterwards, figures appeared emerging from the darkness, and the missionary, accompanied by two or three negroes, stood before us.

Madame Coillard looked in vain for another form beside her husband. But that form was missing. Another grave had been dug in the Upper Zambesi; another lesson had been taught to those imprudent enough to risk a sojourn in that country of death. We returned in sadness and silence to the camp at Luchuma.

On the following day I had a long talk with Mr. Coillard. What I apprehended was only too true. His resources were insufficient to supply me with the means to proceed to Zumbo.

We decided not to separate, but go on together to Bamanguato. He was anxious to start at once, for Luchuma was a fatal spot, where two of his most faithful servants were already mouldering in their graves.

I could not, however, quit the country, without visiting the great cataract of the Zambesi, and it was arranged that we should all proceed to Guejuma's Kraal, and that I should thence start upon my expedition.

At twenty minutes past ten, on the night of the 13th, we broke up the camp of Luchuma. It was difficult travelling with heavy wagons through the forest. At frequent intervals the trunk of a tree or a fragment of rock would stand in the way, and it was necessary to cut away the wood or remove the stone. Augusto, who put out his herculean strength, performed prodigies of labor.

It was not until six o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th that we reached Guejuma's Kraal, having travelled night and day, with such short intervals of rest as the oxen and

ourselves absolutely needed. There is no water between the two places, and though we had a scanty supply for ourselves, the poor cattle had to pass three days without drinking at all. When therefore we reached Guejuma they made extraordinary efforts to free themselves from the yoke, and when released they started off for the pools of wretched water which supply the kraal.

Guejuma's Kraal had been established by the English traders as a place of rest and depository for their herds, which they cannot keep in Luchuma, owing to the presence there of the terrible tsee-tsee fly.

In spite of the wretched state of my health, I determined to leave next day for the falls, and Madame Coillard gave herself no little pains to supply me with provisions for the journey. I could not possibly find a guide, but did not let the want of one stand in the way of my departure.

CHAPTER II.

MOZI-OA-TUNIA.

EARLY in the morning of the 16th of November I made my preparations for departure, which cost me indeed no great labor, as Madame Coillard had already got ready the most important part, namely, the commissariat. I took the whole of my followers, as I was afraid of leaving them behind me at Guejuma, lest they should behave improperly during my absence. The only things I did not bring away were my baggage, my pet-goat Cora, and Calungo the parrot.

As my excursion would occupy some twelve to fifteen days, it was arranged that Mr. and Madame Coillard should leave their present quarters and proceed to Daca, where I was to join them.

Finally, everything being ready, I started at ten o'clock, being accompanied for a mile along the road by my kind host and hostess, who then, after an affectionate leave-taking, returned to the kraal.

I travelled along the plain in a northerly direction, and an hour later came upon a dense forest, into which I penetrated, in order not to alter my course. After some forty minutes' battle with the jungle, I reached a small lake of crystalline water, and halted awhile to rest during the heat of the day. About four o'clock I fell upon recent traces of game, which I followed till I reached the open, when I found myself by the side of a muddy pool, evidently a common watering-place of the denizens of the



forest. There we camped, and set about forming as strong a shelter as possible against the rain, which threatened to be abundant.

We started again the next morning, and kept up our tramp for four good hours. At noon the march was resumed. At night we camped by the side of a natural reservoir of rain water.

Next morning we crossed belts of densely wooded ground, but with none of those giant trees which are peculiar to the intertropical flora. The whole of the ground we had been recently traversing was of volcanic formation. Some enormous convulsion of nature had evidently taken place in this region, leaving behind it striking evidence of its passage and indelible traces of its power in gigantic works of basalt.

Personally I got on very well and comfortably, but the men had great difficulty in making their way barefoot over the sharp-pointed rock. Our journey was kept up for nearly four hours, and we then camped by a rivulet and hastily constructed our huts, to be prepared against another threatening storm.

The site of the encampment was lovely. A little stream of pure, crystal water which ran purling northwards, lay on my west. On the eastern side a rising ground covered with dense foliage embellished the landscape in that direction. And my camp, which consisted of four small huts, stood in a narrow valley, and was shaded by enormous trees as different in bulk as they were in kind and foliage. It was a most peaceful scene, its repose not disturbed but made the more complete by a distant booming sound, like the reverberation of thunder, from the mountain sides, which the wind, as it blew from the north, brought distinctly to the ear. It was the voice of Mozi-oa-tunia in its eternal roar. Next day we followed a little rivulet running northward, through a deep and arid valley, and after three hours' march made a halt for rest. We were

off again at noon, but an hour afterwards came to a dead stop.

Thunder-clouds had been gathering since the morning, and the horizon all round had been alive with lightning, but at the hour just mentioned the clouds had gathered above our heads and the storm burst upon us with all its fury. A torrential rain came down in sheets, driven by a brisk wind. The thick black masses of vapor swooped on to the ground and belched forth fire and water in equal abundance. Zigzag forks of fire played about in every direction, until the upper air appeared to be ablaze.

My people, prostrate on the ground, and too alarmed to seek shelter from the water which was running over them in torrents, were shivering with cold and fright. I had enough to do to arouse and calm them, putting on for the effort an appearance of ease which I was far from feeling. An hour later the tempest, as if fatigued with its own violence, began to diminish in intensity, and calmed down sufficiently to enable us to continue our journey. At about five o'clock we reached the vicinity of the great cataract, and finding some deserted huts just above it, we put them into habitable condition and encamped for the night.

And what a cruel night it was! During the dark hours a fresh storm broke over us in fury, many of the trees in the neighborhood being struck by the lightning. The rain inundated our huts, extinguished our fires, and wetted us and our belongings through and through. To the reverberations of the thunder-claps was added the ceaseless roar of the cataract, till the brain grew bewildered with the sound. The tempest lasted till four in the morning.

The day broke with fresh rain, so that until nine o'clock it was impossible for us to quit our huts. About that time the clouds began to break, and the sun at length burst upon the glorious landscape. At noon I reached the western extremity of the great cataract. The Zambesi,

two miles above the falls, runs east-northeast, and then takes a curve to the eastward, — the direction in which it is rushing when it meets the chasm into which it leaps.

Mozi-oa-tunia is neither more nor less than a long trough, a gigantic crevasse, the sort of chasm for which was invented the word abyss, — an abyss profound and monstrous into which the Zambesi precipitates itself bodily to an extent of 1978 yards.

The cleft in the basaltic rocks which form the northern wall of the abyss is perfectly traceable, running east and west. Parallel thereto, another enormous wall of basalt, standing upon the same level, and 110 yards distant from it, forms the opposite side of the crevasse. The feet of these huge moles of black basalt form a channel through which the river rushes after its fall, a channel which is certainly much narrower than the upper aperture, but whose width it is impossible to measure.

In the southern wall, and about three-fifth parts along it, the rock has been riven asunder, and forms another gigantic chasm, perpendicular to the first; which chasm, first taking a westerly curve, and subsequently bending southward and then eastward, receives the river and conveys it in a capricious zigzag through a perfect maze of rocks.

The Zambesi, encountering upon its way the crevasse to which we have alluded, rushes into it in three grand cataracts, because a couple of islands which occupy two great spaces in the northern wall divide the stream into three separate branches.

The first cataract is formed by a branch which passes to the south of the first island. It is 196 feet wide and has a perpendicular fall of 262 feet, tumbling into a basin whence the water overflows to the bottom of the abyss, there to unite itself to the rest in rapids and cascades that are almost invisible, owing to the thick cloud of vapor which envelopes the entire foot of the falls.

The island which separates that branch of the river is covered with the richest vegetation, the leafy shrubs extending to the very edge along which the water rushes, and presenting a most marvellous prospect.

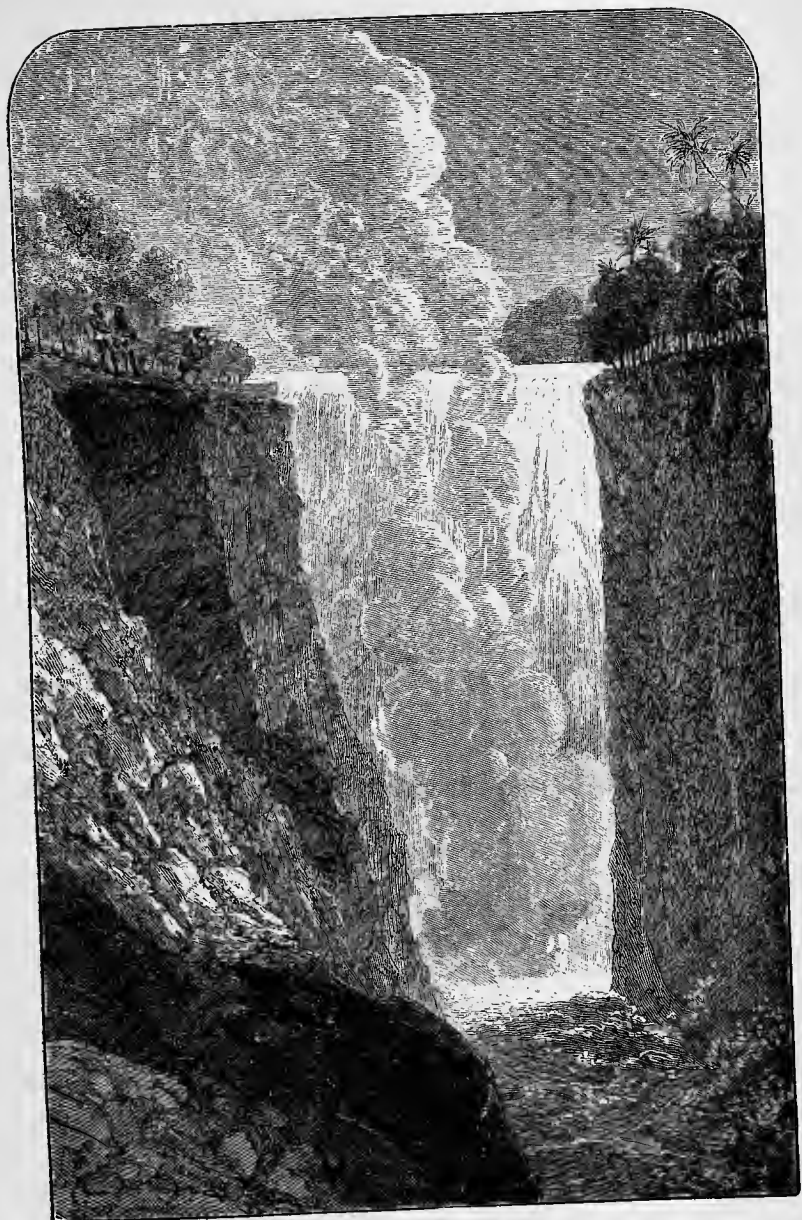
This is the smallest of the falls, but it is the most beautiful, or, more correctly speaking, the only one that is really beautiful, for all else at Mozi-oa-tunia is sublimely horrible. That enormous gulf, black as is the basalt which forms it, dark and dense as is the cloud which enwraps it, would have been chosen, if known in Biblical times, as an image of the infernal regions, a hell of water and darkness, more terrible perhaps than the hell of fire and light.

At times, when peering into the depths through that eternal mist, one may perceive a mass of confused shapes, like unto vast and frightful ruins. These are peaks of rocks of enormous height, on to which the water dashes and becomes at once converted into a cloud of spray, which rolls and tumbles about the peaks where it was formed, and will continue so to do as long as the water falls and the rocks are there to receive it.

Opposite Garden Island, through the medium of a rainbow, concentric to another and a fainter one, I could perceive from time to time, as the mist slightly shifted, confusedly appear a series of pinnacles, similar to the minarets and spires of some fantastic cathedral, which shot up, as it were, from out the mass of seething waters.

Continuing our examination of the cataract, we find that the beginning of the northern wall, which starts from the western cascade, is occupied to an extent of some 218 yards by the island I have before alluded to, and which confines that branch of the river that constitutes the first fall. It is the only point whence the entire wall is visible, simply because along that space of 218 yards the vapor does not completely conceal the depths.

It was at that point I took my first measurements, and by means of two triangles I found the upper width of the



MOZI-OA TUNIA — A PERILOUS ACHIEVEMENT.

rift to be 328 feet, and the perpendicular height of the wall 393 feet.

This vertical height is even greater, further to the eastward, because the trough goes on deepening to the channel through which the river escapes to the south. At that point, likewise, I obtained data for measuring the height.

In my first measurements I had as my base the side of 328 feet, found to be the upper width of the rift; but it was necessary to see the foot of the wall, and I had to risk my life to do so.

I made Augusto and Catraio strip off their garments, which I tied together. These were composed of striped cotton-cloth, which had already seen a good deal of service, and did not present all the security one would have desired, but I had no other available. I bound the improvised rope about my body under the armpits, in order to leave my hands free, and taking my sextant, ventured over the precipice. The loose ends were held by Augusto and a Macalaca residing in the neighborhood of the falls. They trembled with fear at the whole proceeding, and made me tremble in turn, so that it took me a much longer time than usual to measure the angle. When I told them to pull me up, and I found myself once more with the solid rock under my feet, it seemed as if I had just awoke out of a terrible nightmare.

I read in the nonius $50^{\circ} 10'$, and no sooner had I recorded the measurement than I was seized with horror at what I had done. An excess of ill-regulated pride, and the desire to ascertain with the utmost possible exactness the height of the cataract, had induced me to commit the greatest imprudence of which I was guilty throughout my journey.

Taking measurements and triangles in such a locality is indeed a difficult task, where one is met at the very outset by the want of ground whereon any reliable base can be marked out. I barely succeeded in measuring 246 feet,

and that, by dint of enormous labor. I can but suppose that the triangles made by Dr. Livingstone from Garden Island were resolved by the angles only.

After the first island, where I made my measurement, comes the chief part of the cataract, being the portion comprised between the above island and Garden Island. In that spot the main body of the water rushes into the abyss in a compact mass, 1312 feet in length, and there, as is natural, we find the greatest depth. Then follows Garden Island, with a frontage of 132 feet to the rift, and afterwards the third fall, composed of dozens of falls which occupy the entire space between Garden Island and the eastern extremity of the wall.

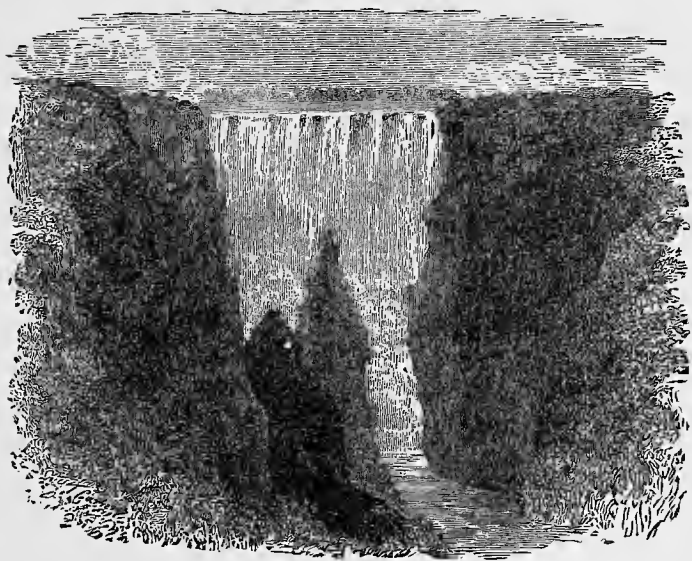
As the water which runs from the two first falls and from part of the third near Garden Island rushes eastward, it meets the remainder of the third fall coursing west, and the result is a frightful seething whirlpool, whence the creamy waters rush, after a mad conflict, into the narrow rocky channel before alluded to and go hissing away through the capricious zigzag chasm.

The islands of the cataract and the rocks which lie about it are all covered with the densest vegetation, but the green is dark, sad-colored and monotonous, although a clump or two of palms, as they shoot their elegant heads above the thickets of evergreens which surround them, do their best to break the melancholy aspect of the picture. Never-ending showers of spray descend upon all objects in the proximity of the falls, and a ceaseless thunder growls within the abyss.

Mozi-oa-tunia cannot be properly either depicted or described. The pencil and the pen are alike at fault, and in fact, saving at its western extremity, the whole is enveloped in a cloud of vapor, which, perhaps fortunately, hides half the awfulness of the scene. It is not possible to survey this wonder of nature without a feeling of terror and of sadness creeping over the mind.

How great the difference between the cataract of Gonha and that of Mozi-*oa-tunia*!

Both have their attractions,—both are superbly grand; but Gonha has the attraction of the lovely virgin crowned with the flowers of innocence, toying in a delicious garden, freshened by the perfumed zephyrs of a summer



MOZI-OA-TUNIA.

morn; Mozi-*oa-tunia* is grand and repellent as the free-booter, burnt by the summer's sun and hardened by the winter's frost, with blunderbuss in hand, roaming amid the mountain fastnesses in a dark and stormy night.

Gonha is beautiful as a balmy morning in spring; Mozi-*oa-tunia* is imposing as a tempestuous night in winter.

The 22nd of November arrived,—the day which I had fixed for my return,—but my position was rather a critical one. We had barely rations for a couple of days, and we could not hope to reach Dacca under six; so I went out on the hunt, in spite of the bad weather.

At a short distance from the camp I was fortunate enough to fall in with and bring down a malanca, and I returned to the huts to give orders to have it brought in and dismembered, when there suddenly appeared upon the scene the chief of the villages at the falls, whom I had not previously set eyes upon, who had come to visit me. In attendance upon him was a posse of negroes, who helped to bring in the malanca I had shot. The chief brought with him a quantity of grain and a brace of fowls, which he offered to barter for the antelope's skin and my rug. Pressed as I was for time, I accepted the arrangement, at which the old fellow was delighted.

And thus did my rug and I,—that rug which had shielded me during so many sleepless nights passed in the African wilds,—part company!

On the following morning I set out, retracing my steps to the place where I had diverged to the cataract. It had not been difficult for me to find the huge falls of the Zambesi, for their voice announced their presence from afar; but the making for a spot which had no existence on the map, and whose position I had calculated from the vaguest information, was not so easy a task. According to my calculations, Patamatenga lay due south of me, and I therefore so steered my course, determined not to deviate from it on any account whatsoever.

After four hours' march, I came to a halt by the side of a brook, in a most unpromising position. The soil produced nothing but black stones, and the landscape was rendered all the more grim and sombre by a sky laden with heavy clouds. A profound silence reigned over the contracted and dreary valley. The night was no less unpleasant, for a strong wind was blowing.

On the 24th of November the journey was resumed, our course being southward over broken and difficult ground.

We had a seven-hours' tramp next day over a huge plain covered with shrubs and tall grass. Of water there

was not a vestige. We stopped at length, worn-out with fatigue, and I determined upon camping, when, just above my head, from a branch of the tree against which I leaned, I heard the cooing of some African doves.

Water, I knew, could not be far distant, for it was late in the afternoon,—the hour when most creatures drink,—and unless watering-places were near, the doves would not have gathered there. The dove is an index in Africa to the existence of water in the vicinity of the spot where she is found at morning and evening, for that bird invariably drinks twice a day.

I therefore sent Verissimo and Augusto to explore the neighborhood, and an hour later the former returned, having discovered a little spring about half a mile or so to the northwest. To this we at once proceeded, and it was quite dark ere we could settle ourselves to rest.

Next morning, November 26th, after quitting the spot where we had camped, we found ourselves in a dense jungle, which cost us twenty minutes to get through. On clearing it, we came upon a rivulet of some volume, brawling over its stony bed, and beside it stood a kraal of admirable construction, above whose strong stockade appeared the gable roofs of several houses.

It was Patamatenga! close to which I had halted, without knowing it, and passed a miserable night in the open air, when I might have slept comfortably in a bed within the shelter of a well-built house!

An Englishman, whose name I did not even know, came forth to meet me at the river, and conduct me into the kraal, and when there, without more ado, he placed food before me. By eleven o'clock I had been made to devour I do not know how many things, and my host informed me that another dish was being got ready. He had, it appears, a capital European cook with him. He would not hear of my going on to Dacca that day, as I must, he said, spend the rest of it with him.

When my host found I intended to stop, he ordered his best sheep to be killed, and invited me to have a look round his farm. We went, and to my horror I saw him destroy an entire plot sown with potatoes, in order that he might obtain a few for the table. Nor was that all; he plucked all the tomatoes, onions, and pimentos that came within his reach!

I essayed in vain to stay his hand. He was determined to supply me with the best he had, and I fear if I had stopped a week with him he would have stripped his grounds to feed me. The farm itself was delightful, and in splendid condition, but it was the season of the year when there was least produce. Still, my hospitable Englishman had managed to secure half-a-dozen potatoes, sixteen tomatoes, a handful of pimentos, and some delicious little onions, which he delivered in triumph to the cook to prepare for dinner. Dinner! He called it so, but it really would be difficult to know what name should be assigned to the meal; numerically speaking, we had got far beyond *supper*, and yet by the hour of the day it was nearer to *lunch*.

The repast — to which I fear I could not do all the justice my host desired — being at an end, I took a stroll with him in the neighborhood of the kraal.

In the course of our walk we came upon five heaps of stones which mark the graves of five Europeans, who are there taking their last sleep, lying side by side beneath the shadow of some trees, in the same soil which insinuated into their system, through the miasma it exhaled, the poison that was to cut short their existence at so premature an age.

Alas! how many similar graves, dug in remote corners, exist upon this enormous continent, which give no sign of the secrets they hide so securely! Happier in this respect, the five graves at Patamatenga enclose the bodies of men who are known, and whose names I here record;

and if friends are still left to cherish their memory, it will be a sad satisfaction to them to learn in what corner of the earth they have decent rest.

The first grave bears the name of Jolly, who died in 1875; the second of Frank Cowley; the third of Robert Bairn, who also succumbed in 1875; the fourth of Baldwin, and the fifth of Walter Cary Lowe, who died in 1876.

Next day, having already been compelled to devour two meals, I once more resumed my march at 7 o'clock, well supplied with provisions for the road, as Gabriel Mayer, my lavish host, would not allow me to take leave of him until he saw that my wallets were well filled. Five hours' march to the eastward brought me in safety to Daca, where the Coillard family were eagerly awaiting me, and where I was received with the utmost demonstration of sympathy and friendship.

Unlike the weather I had experienced at Mozi-oa-tunia, no rain had fallen near Daca, and we hesitated about our departure, for it would have been highly hazardous to cross the desert before sufficient rain had fallen to fill the pools at which water could be obtained for the cattle. We determined, however, not to defer our start longer than the 2nd of December, although we might run some risk of not finding water during the early days of our march.

We numbered fifteen persons, all told, and our stock of provisions was anything but large. We had therefore to make for Shoshong with the utmost possible despatch, and were bound to reach the city of King Khama ere our stores were exhausted. Abandoning the caravan road, we proposed to trace out a new one for ourselves.

Rain fell on the 30th of November, and again the next morning, December 1st, which strengthened us in our resolve to start on the following day.

CHAPTER III.

THE COILLARD FAMILY.

BEFORE entering upon my narration of this adventurous journey across the desert, I deem it proper to say a few words respecting my travelling companions. May they pardon what I write concerning them, if their modesty should feel wounded by my remarks, but it is right that the outer world should know the name and the acts of some of these obscure African laborers, who quit Europe and all the delights of civilized life to wander into inhospitable climes, bent only on the great work of civilizing the Dark Continent.

In Basuto Land, whose southern and eastern limits touch the confines of the colonies of the Cape and Natal, while its northern and western boundaries meet those of the Orange Free State, some fifty years since a few French Protestant missionaries took up their abode. Those men, whose numbers increased from year to year, managed to tame, so to speak, this barbarous people, these hordes of cannibals, and raise them to a state of civilization and knowledge hitherto unattained by any tribes of South Africa.

At the present day the Christian schools of Basuto count their pupils by thousands, and a great part of the population, being Christian, have abandoned polygamy and the barbarous customs of their forefathers.

The missionaries, after a time, finding the field too small for their numbers, felt the necessity of expansion,



MR. AND MRS. COLLARD.

and proceeded to establish their missions to the north of the Transvaal near the Limpopo. They even desired to go further, and an expedition for that purpose was duly organized, with a young missionary at its head.

This expedition, which was bound for the country of the Banyais or Mashonas, situated between the Matebeli and the Natuas Lands, was not, however, fortunate. On entering the Transvaal, it met with such opposition from the Boers as to be unable to go forward, so that, after suffering the grossest insults and even imprisonment at their hands, the missionary and his followers at length arrived at Pretoria.

It was then that Mr. François Coillard, Director of the Leribé mission, was instructed to take the place of the expedition that had failed. He at once started from Leribé, a station situated near the river Caledon, an affluent of the Orange, and with his wife and niece and his followers travelled northwards, and after meeting with numerous difficulties, which only the most tenacious will could have overcome, succeeded in reaching the country for which he was bound.

Being well received by the Mashonas, he lost no time in commencing his labors, when he was attacked by a band of Matebelis, who made him prisoner, and dragged him with all his people before their chief, Lo-Bengula.

What the missionary and those poor ladies suffered during the time they remained in the power of the terrible chief of the Matebelis is a sad and painful story. The chief, who claimed sovereign rights over the country of the Mashonas, had taken umbrage at the strangers having proceeded thither without first obtaining his royal license, and strictly forbade his return to that territory.

On escaping from the clutches of the inhospitable chief, he made his way back to Shoshong, the capital of Bamanaguato, when, anxious not to allow so costly and fatiguing a journey to turn out fruitless, he determined to make an

attempt to penetrate into the Barôte. We have seen that his endeavors to get into that country were unsuccessful.

These were the motives which brought the Coillard family into the Upper Zambesi, and led to our meeting in those remote districts. Mr. Coillard and his wife, when I met them, had resided in Africa for twenty years.

Mr. Coillard was a man scarcely past forty; his wife, as may be said of all married ladies who have passed their twenty-fifth year, was of no age at all.

The missionary was warmly attached to the aborigines, to whose civilization he had devoted his life. Ever calm in gesture and in speech, he never to my knowledge lost his temper, and never did I hear issue from his mouth other words than those of pardon for the faults he saw committed around him.

François Coillard was and is the best, the kindest man I ever came across. To a superior intelligence he unites an indomitable will and the necessary firmness to carry out any enterprise, however difficult.

Possessed of great learning, the French missionary has a soul moulded to take in the sublimest sentiments, and if ever there existed a true poet, he lives in Mr. Coillard.

Mr. Coillard at times produced on me the strangest effect. There was something about him altogether beyond my comprehension. One day, I remember, he was relating to me, with all the warmth of description which his poetical spirit supplied him, one of the most thrilling episodes of his journey, which he concluded with,—

“We were all but lost!”

“But,” I answered, “you had arms, and ten armed and devoted followers to back you; so that, under the circumstances you have described, there was an easy way out of the difficulty.” He shook his head and replied,—

“It could not have been done without shedding blood, and I could not kill a man to save either my own life or the lives of my people.”

I was astonished as I listened, for this was a type of manhood perfectly new to me. I could not understand how in that southern and ardent organization could exist an icy courage, a courage that I tried to grasp in vain. I could not understand the man who traversed the African wilds with a switch in his hand that was scarce strong enough to cut down the blades of grass he met upon his path. It must have been a sublime kind of courage which I grieve not to call my own.

It was in fact a courage springing from those *flôres d' alma* (blossoms of the soul), which one of our best Portuguese poets succeeded in defining by that beautiful and expressive phrase. It was the courage of the early martyrs, which it is given to few to fathom and experience.

Madame Coillard, like her husband, is overflowing with human kindness. The needy never sought her and went empty away, nor did the sorrow-laden without being consoled. In their eyes all men are indeed brethren; their hand is open to the native as to the European, to the poor as to the rich, when the native, the European, the poor or the rich, want their aid. As regards myself, I can never sufficiently thank them for the services they rendered me, — services which made me more their debtor on account of the delicacy with which they were bestowed.



EUROPEAN GRAVES AT PATAMATENGA.

CHAPTER IV.

THIRTY DAYS IN THE DESERT.

ALL precautions having been taken, dictated by Mr. Coillard's long experience in journeys of this nature, we managed to leave Daca by two o'clock in the afternoon of December 2d, and directed our course southward. Our caravan was composed of four wagons, whereof two belonged to Mr. Coillard and two to Mr. Frederick Phillips, an English trader.

After a march of three hours we fell in with water in a small lake filled by the rain of the previous days, and took up our quarters for the night in its vicinity.

Next day we travelled south-southeast, and after camping for the night found water three-quarters of a mile distant. On the 4th we set out at 4.30 in the afternoon, and in two hours and a half came to a lake of excellent water, which induced us to pitch our tent there.

We started next day with the early morning and travelled on for seven hours and a half in three marches, the last of which terminated at nine at night. There was no appearance of water where we halted. The journey of that day had been an arduous one through a tangled forest, where the wagons ran great risk of parting company with their wheels, owing to their coming into collision with the trunks of colossal trees.

At six next morning we started again, marching two hours, at the end of which time we came across a lake of permanent water. We rested for seven hours, and were

off once more at three in the afternoon, camping for the night in the vicinity of another lake.

Our journey of that day had been through most beautiful forests, abounding in the white thorn. The soil was covered with a thick layer of sand. A beautiful carpet of soft grass covered the ground about the lake, and looked all the more charming from being broken into little mounds and dells. But amid that delicious grass is found an herbaceous plant of which the oxen are immoderately fond, and from which, nevertheless, they must be kept with the utmost care, as it is deadly poison to them.

I sat up late that night to make some astronomical observations, and perhaps I owed to my doing so a violent attack of fever which completely knocked me over next day. For some hours I lost consciousness, and delirium supervened, and it was only on recovering my reason that I knew of the tender nursing I had had at the hands of my excellent friends.

The next day also was one of acute suffering, and it was not until the third that our journey could be resumed, I being still in a most deplorable state. A bed was improvised for me in Mr. Coillard's wagon, and surrounded by the family, who were indefatigable in their care and watchfulness and in their efforts to procure me every possible comfort, I spent a day of which but scanty memory is left me. I recovered sufficient consciousness to know that on the 10th of December we were encamped in a place which some called Muacha and others Uguja. At this point, where branches off the track followed by the English traders, we took leave of Mr. Phillips, who had been our travelling companion from Daca.

Next day we crossed one of the most superb and lovely primitive forests I had yet beheld upon the continent. At nightfall we were compelled to halt, as it was simply impossible to continue through the jungle without running the utmost risk of coming to grief with the wagons.

We had not travelled next day for more than half an hour when we reached the edge of the forest, and came upon a little muddy pool of water. Before us stretched the bare, arid, and cheerless plain; that plain which was crossed for the first time, but two degrees more to the west of my track, by Livingstone; one degree more to the west by Baines; and a degree more to the east by Baldwin, Chapman, Ed. Mohr, and others, — that sandy and inhospitable plain, the Sahara of the South, in a word, the terrible Kalahari.

We journeyed along it for the space of a couple of hours, and halted to rest the oxen near some miserable stunted thorn-trees, which, with their parched leafage, only made the barrenness of the desert more perceptible. We resumed our march at four o'clock in the afternoon, and continued on till eight at night, when we stopped at a thicket of stunted thorns, camping with considerable discomfort amid the prickly and sharp-pointed briers. During the night jackalls and hyænas kept up an infernal concert all round us, and at times the contour of their forms would be visible, as the light from the camp-fires overcame the darkness.

Rain was falling as we started next morning. We trudged on for five hours, with only one short rest, meeting by the way several pools of water produced by the rain. Unluckily they were of no use to us, as the water was quite brackish. The thirsty oxen, however, were not so particular, and they very soon sucked them all dry. Water, however, fit for our own use, we wanted badly, so on we went for four more hours, and were obliged to halt at last without finding what we sought.

At daybreak we started and took our way for an hour and a half through the arid and sandy desert, where the wagon-wheels got deeply buried. At the lapse of that time we fell in with the dry bed of a river, along whose right bank we trudged for a good hour, crossing it at a

spot where it bore off to the southwest. The scarps of the sandy banks were nearly ten feet in depth, and sloped rapidly. It was simply frightful, after the wagons had plunged down on one side and threatened to come to pieces, to see how the poor oxen labored and strained to pull the huge vehicles up on the other bank. When they had succeeded in doing so, we pitched our camp forthwith.

In the sandy bed of the river many deep pools were left, containing a limpid crystalline water which delighted the eyes that had become weary with the aridity and sameness of the desert. We hastened towards them, eager to secure a hearty draught, but at the first drops which touched the lips our joy was turned to sorrow and dismay. The sparkling liquid was more than brackish: it was salt as the waters of the sea. Happily, we succeeded in finding at a distance from these deceptive pools several wells of considerable depth which yielded a tolerably drinkable water.

It was resolved to make a halt there for forty-eight hours, as the day following that of our arrival was Sunday — a day on which the Coillards did not care to travel. A better encampment was prepared in consequence, for which we were enabled to procure boughs of trees from the banks of the river, where the vegetation — absent further north — began once more to show itself. By midday a kiosk or wigwam was run up and the camp was ready. The two ladies set heartily to work. They made some bread and prepared such other dishes for the Sunday festival as the scanty means at their command enabled them to do.

Since my last attack of fever, and the infinite care and kindness that had been bestowed upon me, close contact with those ladies, to whom illness had rendered me so deeply indebted, had sunk deeply into my mind, and produced there a singular revulsion of feeling. Until the moment I fell in with them I had forgotten, amid the

savages with whom I was compelled to live, all the amenities and softness of civilized life.

Their society brought back to my memory the fact that there were angels upon earth, beings which, like roses, sweeten the thorny paths of life, or like fresh oases, afford the weary traveller rest and refreshment upon the thorny desert of his mundane journey.

The remembrance of a beloved wife and daughter became thus ever-present to my thought, kept alive by the constant sight of those two ladies, who thus became the innocent and unconscious instruments of moral torture. This constant suffering, ever fed by the sight of my fair companions, and irritated by their every act of kindness, became converted into an atrociously bad humor, which threatened to become permanent.

During those outbursts of ill-temper I lost all the social forms of conventional good-breeding, and became transformed into an ill-mannered boor. My ill-temper was directed more particularly against Madame Coillard, and it was only necessary for her to say a word, to insure a flat contradiction from myself. I am at a loss now to understand how so great a revolution could have been wrought in my mind, or how I could possibly have been guilty of such barbarity.

We started on the 16th of December, travelling on the left bank of the river, and halted quite close to it, after five hours' march. The Massaruas, who bestow upon the river the name of Nata at the point where we spent the Sunday, distinguish it by that of Chua at the place where we pitched our camp. This part of the desert was covered with a short and wiry grass, and it was only on rare occasions that we observed a solitary tree. Nevertheless, the river-sides were not wanting in vegetation, so that from time to time pretty bits of landscape met the eye.

Mr. Coillard deemed it prudent not to set out until the afternoon of the following day, so that the oxen might be

thoroughly satisfied before going further in the hope of discovering other problematical watering-places; but I decided upon pushing forward ahead, accompanied only by young Pepeca, so that we arranged to meet on the banks of the Simoane. My main object was to visit the lakes on which the Massaruas bestow the name of *Macaricaris*, or salt-pans.

After traversing seven miles of them, I plunged into a forest, through which I pursued my way for some three miles more, until I came upon the bed of a river, in which there was some stagnant water, and which I conjectured to be the Simoane. I descended by its bed till I arrived at the Grand Macaricari or Great Salt Pan. After tramping about the neighborhood till I was tired, I sought for a place which, by my reckoning, the caravan would have to pass, and there lay myself down to wait.

It was not till nine at night, and a pitch-dark night too, that my well-tutored ear caught at a distance the sound of the rattling wagons, when, getting up, I walked in that direction to meet them. Madame Coillard had become very anxious at my absence for the entire day with only a lad for company, and the first thing she did when the caravan halted was to make me some tea, a beverage of which she knew me to be inordinately fond. Truly, the havoc that I made in Madame Coillard's stock of tea was something enormous!

On the 19th we arrived at the dry bed of a river whose banks produced a luxuriant vegetation. The Massaruas who, as usual, were soon round us, called it the Lilutela, and said it was the same that others designated Chuani, that is to say, the *little Chua*. The Lilutela, the name which I have retained as being that used by the nomad tribes of the desert, has dug for itself a bed through a forest formed of gigantic trees but bare of shrubs.

One of the Massaruas who paid us a visit guided us to a pool, about three-quarters of a mile to the westward,

where the oxen were enabled to slake their thirst and we to lay in a good stock of water.

We started again the same day at five in the afternoon, and trudged on till half-past eleven at night, constantly through the splendid forest glades. On the 20th we fell in with the dry bed of the river Cualiba, which runs—when it runs at all—due west, into the Great Macaricari. We camped on the opposite bank of the Cualiba, in order to seek for water.

The Massaruas, who came about us, did not choose to reveal where any was to be found, their not unusual mode of treating strangers, but after hunting about for ourselves and making many trials in the bed of the river, we managed to procure some from a well, which we dug at somewhat less than a mile below our camp. At 4.25 P.M. we were again upon the march, and halted at 5.10 to water the cattle at a pond which we discovered to have been filled by a recent torrential rain. We then pushed on for two hours longer, and camped at length, at eight o'clock, having crossed on our way a portion of the Great Macaricari.

In the vast and remarkable desert of the Kalahari, where Nature seems to have been pleased to bring into juxtaposition the most discordant elements; where the luxuriant forest borders the dry and sterile plain; where the loose and shifting sand is a continuation of the stiff clay, upon the same level; where drought is frequently the next door neighbor to water; in that desert, which at one time assumes the appearance of the Sahara, at another the American Pampas, and at another again the steppes of Russia; in that desert raised 3,000 feet above the sea-level, — one of the most remarkable phenomena is the Grand Macaricari, or Great Salt Pan.

It is an enormous basin, a basin where the ground has sunk from nine to sixteen feet, and which at its longer axis must be from 120 to 150 miles, and at the shorter

from eighty to one hundred in extent. Similar to all Macaricaris, it affects a nearly elliptical shape, and, like the others, has its greater axis due east and west.

In the Massarua language, macaricaris signify basins covered with salts, or salt-pans, where the rain-water is held for a certain time, disappearing in the summer season through evaporation, and once again leaving behind it the salts which it had dissolved. The linings of these pans are of coarse sand covered with a crystalline layer of salt, which attains to a thickness varying from half an inch to an inch.

The great lake receives during the rainy season an immense volume of water through its tributaries the Nata, Simoane, Cualiba and others. These waters, which form enormous torrents, must fill the Great Macaricaris very speedily.

This vast basin communicates with Lake Ngami, by the Botletle or Zonga, and its level is the same as that of the latter lake, a circumstance which gives rise to a very remarkable phenomenon. As the two lakes are some degrees distant from each other, the great rains will frequently fall in the east, and cause the Macaricari to overflow, whilst the springs which feed the Ngami have not increased in volume. The Botletle then runs westward from the Macaricari to the Ngami. At other times, the reverse of this takes place, and the Ngami uses the same conduit to drain its surplus waters into the Macaricari. This is its natural course, as the Ngami is supplied by a permanent and voluminous river.

On the 21st of December we continued our way southward, leaving the Great Macaricari at five o'clock in the morning, and came to a halt, four hours afterwards, near a small lake of good water furnished by the rain, which fell abundantly the evening before. We started again at midday, and pushed on until nine at night, when we fell in with a small lake of permanent water.

Between six and eight o'clock that same evening a terrific tempest swept down upon us, accompanied by abundant rain, which converted the ground into a marsh, and made it difficult to move the wagons. Some of Mr. Coillard's goats, and my Cora among them, in their desire to take refuge from the storm, crept under the moving wagons, and one was almost immediately crushed beneath the wheels.

Poor Cora was the second victim. A wheel passed over her haunches, and although I managed to convey her alive to Linocanim, I saw at once that her fate was hopeless. Poor dear beast! I lost in thee the only truly loved object I met with on African soil, before I came to know the European family who admitted me into their inner circle. With thee disappeared the constant companion of my days of sadness, the valued friend of my brief periods of joy.

The memory of Cora yet lives, for in dying she left behind her a little one, on which Mr. Coillard's Basutos bestowed the name of Coranhano.

We left at six next morning, and halted at nine at a spot where the Massaruas had dug a deep well. We were disappointed, however, at finding no water in it, as there was nothing but a fetid mud at the bottom. We toiled on for five and a half more hours that day, the rain pouring down upon us the whole time.

On the 24th we came to a station of the Massaruas, subject to King Khama of the Manguato. After resting awhile we went on, and at four o'clock halted beside a lake of delicious water.

The 25th of December, Christmas Day, broke upon us, and as being the day of all others set apart throughout the Christian world for festivity and rest, was destined to be to us one of rude labor, in which we had to travel for thirteen hours, in three long spells, and only procure rest at an hour after midnight. It was the old story, the want of water, which compelled us to make such fatiguing jour-

neys, and as it was, we got none really fit to drink till three days later.

Shortly after starting we were met by a gang of Bamanguatos whom King Khama had sent to Mr. Coillard with fresh oxen for his wagons. We learned from these men the news of the deaths of Captain Paterson, Mr. Sargeant, and Mr. Thomas, with a few attendants, who, having proceeded to the Matebeli in the service of the English Government, had been, as it was reported, assassinated by Lo-Bengula.

On the 26th we made two journeys, one of five, the other of four hours, without coming upon the slightest indication of water. We camped at half-past eleven at night at the entrance to a valley, where the ground appeared too difficult and hazardous to venture in the darkness. On waking, a lovely landscape, lovely at least to eyes fatigued with the monotony and sterility of the desert, was spread out before us.

The valley, or rather dell, for it was very small, before whose entrance we had drawn up the night before, was formed by hills of no greater elevation than sixty or seventy feet, but rugged and picturesque. Notwithstanding the green grass that covered the bottom of the valley, we found no water, although, during the periods of the great rains, it must flow there abundantly. The Bamanguatos told us that this charming site was called Setlequan.

The oxen broke away and fled during the night, doubtless in search of water, which they could not find, and they were brought back to camp by the natives we despatched in search of them, but not till eleven o'clock. We started directly they were put to, and three hours later we arrived at the partially dry bed of the river Luale. Both man and beast having slaked their thirst, we decided upon pushing forward.

When on the point of starting we discovered that five

of Mr. Coillard's goats were missing. We let the wagons with the ladies go on ahead, whilst Mr. Coillard and myself with a few of the natives searched about for the missing animals.

We were enabled for a long time to follow their track, but lost it at last, so that at 6.30 P. M., with the shades of evening already upon us, we set out in pursuit of the wagons, leaving some of the negroes behind to continue the search next day. We picked our road with what care we could, it being now quite dark. Mr. Coillard, with his firm belief in the protection of God, was completely unarmed, merely carrying in his hand a slight switch. My belief was great as his, but I believed also in wild beasts on the African continent, and therefore was armed with my trusty rifle. An hour after leaving the Luale, we heard, quite close to us upon our left, a most unholy chorus of hyenas and jackals, but could see nothing.

Madame Coillard, uneasy at our absence, had caused the wagons to halt, so that we came up with them after three hours' walking. We then all went on together, and camped at 1 A. M. beside the Cane rivulet.

At daybreak Augusto made his appearance with the missing goats, which he had found during the night. At seven we were again astir, crossing a mountainous country clothed in luxuriant vegetation, which presented at every turn some beautiful panorama.

After two long marches we camped by the dry bed of a rivulet called Letlotze, where we fortunately found water in a small pool. It was resolved to stop there the whole of the next day, for being Sunday, my friends preferred not to travel.

We were aroused early next morning with the alarming news that the cattle had made their way to the pool discovered over night, and drunk up every drop of its contents. A search for another supply was therefore at once

set on foot, and it was Catraio, who, after long and careful hunting, found out a fresh store, but at a considerable distance from the encampment.

On the 30th of December we were off again with the dawn. I woke up in one of my bad fits of spleen, when I seemed to hate everybody and everything; the ladies, the missionary, myself, and all about me being equally objects of my detestation. This wretched state of mind was not improved on learning that Mr. Coillard intended making a long journey that day. In fact, there was no help for it, as we plunged into the defiles of the Letlotze and had to cover nearly sixteen miles without halting.

We stopped at length, and I seized the opportunity to get away from the encampment ere I committed myself by some ill-advised and ill-tempered speech. I returned after a tramp about the neighborhood, and, as I drew near the temporary habitations, I perceived through the trees Madame Coillard talking with her niece in a way which indicated some trouble or anxiety. I could not hear what was said, but what I saw gave me a clew to the story.

Miss Elise held in her hand the tea-canister, Madame Coillard a cup. Into this cup were poured the entire contents of the canister, which, being divided into two, were, as regards half of them, returned to the latter.

It was the last of Madame Coillard's tea! I was so struck and touched at the expression on the face of this good Scotch lady as she surveyed the few remaining leaves, that my ill-humor fled as if by magic, and, strange to relate, it seemed like some foul spirit to be exorcised for good and all.

Our course still lay through the defiles of Letlotze, a deep furrow, as it were, which wound its serpentine course beside and above the dry bed of the river of the same name. Seven times did we cross that stony bed to the great risk of the wagons, which alternately thundered down

and then had to be dragged up the steep and shelving banks.

On the 31st of December, after a two hours' march, we made our entry into Shoshong, the great capital of the Manguato.

By eight o'clock that morning I had purchased a sack of potatoes and another of onions ; I had fallen in with a Mr. Stanley (not the renowned H. M.), of whom I shall have more to say later on ; and by 11 A. M., having shaken hands with King Khama, the most notable native of South Africa, I was seated at breakfast with a fine dish of potatoes and ham, and a magnificent beef-steak steaming on the board.

Madame Coillard too had laid in a fresh supply of tea.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE MANGUATO.

WITH daybreak of the 1st of January, 1879, I saw a new year open in Africa. I passed the festival with the Coillard family, in the half-ruined house belonging to the missionary, Mr. Mackenzie, which had been assigned us for our residence.

On the 2nd I went to the city, to the English quarter, and in one of the houses there I was presented with a magnificent cigar, a pure *Londres*. It seemed an age since I had seen such a thing, and I thought the flavor of that Havana simply delicious.

It was on that day I felt the symptoms of an approaching fever of a serious kind. It rapidly assumed an alarming character, and until the 7th I hovered between life and death. The care and kindness bestowed upon me by Madame Coillard are indescribable, and I certainly owe it to her nursing that I did not take my last sleep in those distant regions.

By the 7th I was sufficiently recovered to receive a visit from Stanley, the person referred to at close of last chapter.

This Stanley was a Transvaal colonist, — an Englishman, but married in Marico to a Boer. He had come to Shoshong to sell potatoes and onions. I had a long talk with him, and succeeded in making a contract. In virtue of the arrangement his wagon was to be at my service, and himself into the bargain, since he was to be my driver and obey me in every particular.

The fellow imposed another condition, which I accepted, namely, that of calling at his house, to assure his wife that he had not been devoured by the lions. He told me that he would go no further than Pretoria, as he had a little boy from whom he could not part for any length of time. I had therefore in drawing up my contract to take into consideration the paternal feelings of my Transvaal driver. It was decided that he should be ready to start on the 13th, and we parted mutually satisfied with each other.

The Manguato, or country of the Bamanguatos, occupies in South Africa an area that cannot be very clearly defined, so vast is its extent. A few years ago it was governed by an old and barbarous imbecile. This was King Khama's father.

Khama, a Christian convert, educated by the English, a civilized man of lofty intelligence and superior good sense, not unnaturally failed to secure the good graces of his father; and although the eldest son, and therefore the legal heir to the kingdom, he was persecuted incessantly by the old man, whose sole object was to make his second son, Camanhane, his successor.

Khama, in his desire to keep clear of the intrigues which his enemies at Shoshong were constantly planning, very prudently got out of the way, and retired to the Botletle; but on the road all his cattle were dispersed for want of water, and being caught and collected by the Massaruas, were taken back to his father. These were reclaimed by Khama, but the only answer his messengers obtained was that he must come and seek them at Shoshong; but if he did, it would be at the peril of his head. Khama replied that he would not fail to put in an appearance, and appointed the spring of the following year as the time of his intended visit, when he hoped that they would be prepared to do him justice.

Khama kept his word, and marched into the Manguato at the head of a very respectable force, recruited from the

borders of the Botletle and Nagami. Opposition being offered to his advance, he routed the natives in various encounters, and shortly after took possession of Shoshong. He was proclaimed king, and his father deposed. He delivered up to the old man all his herds and wealth, made a good provision for his brother Camanhane, and, having banished them to the south, on the borders of the Corumane, he quietly settled himself down into his new position.

A twelvemonth having elapsed, Khama recalled his father and brother to the capital and loaded them with favors. The act may have been a kind, but it was not a politic one. No sooner did the father and younger son find themselves comfortably settled than they conspired against the generous king, who, disgusted at finding himself thus involved in fresh intrigues, gave up the reins of power to his father and retired to the north.

But the Bamanguatos, who had estimated the wise government of Khama at its true value, chafed at this arrangement, and very shortly afterwards they rose in mass against the restored king and brought back the eldest son once more to reign over them. The former, exiles for the second time, found their way to the Corumane, and were again the recipients of the king's bounty.

This last episode in the history of the Manguato took place seven years before my arrival in the country, and from that time Khama's power had gone on uninterruptedly to complete consolidation. In the wars which he carried on with his family and with strangers, he acquired the reputation of a great captain.

During the time that I remained in Shoshong, Camanhane was still living there, although he had no part in public affairs. Khama had long since pardoned him, kept him about his person, and endowed him with considerable wealth.

In contrast to all the native governments of Africa, that

of Khama was anything but selfish. The king gave his thoughts to his people in preference to himself. A great portion of the population was Christian, and all clothed themselves in European fashion. Perhaps there was not a single Bamanguato that did not possess a gun, but out of the forest districts one rarely saw an armed man.

Khama himself never carried arms. He was a frequent visitor to the missionary quarter, situated at a mile and a half from the city, and returned thence late at night, alone and unarmed. What other African chief would do the same?

Khama's age was about forty, although he appeared considerably younger. In person he was tall and robust, but he had one of those faces which it is difficult to read.

His manners were "distinguished," and his European costume was simple and in the most exquisite taste. Like all the Bamanguatos, he was a capital horseman, a good marksman, and an eager hunter. He breakfasted almost daily with the Coillards, and his demeanor at table was that of a refined European gentleman. His wealth was great, but it was freely spent on behalf of his people.

It was a beautiful sight to behold the respectful way in which all saluted him as he went by. It was not the homage paid to the sovereign, but rather the affection displayed towards a father. He visited the houses of the poor as well as of the rich, and encouraged all alike to labor; and the Bamanguatos do labor, heartily. Women as well as men take part in field work, and the ploughs imported from England are used in tilling the ground. Besides being great agriculturists, the Bamanguatos are cattle-graziers, and many of them possess large herds.

Within doors they employ themselves in dressing skins, and sewing them with the nerves of antelopes; and they turn out most valuable coverlets and other articles for winter use. During the hunting season they are keen sportsmen, and they hunt both ostriches and elephants.

The people take kindly to the Europeans, and the lives of the latter are as secure in the Manguato as they would be in their own country.

How comes it that, in the midst of so many barbarous peoples, there should be one so different from the others? It is due, I firmly believe, to the English missionaries; and I cannot refrain from mentioning their names; they are those of three men who have more especially brought about this great work. If I do not hesitate to aver that the labors of many missionaries and of many African missions are sterile, or even worse, I am just as ready to admit, from the evidence of my own senses, that others yield favorable, or apparently favorable, results.

The passions to which man is subject will often lead the missionary — but a man and with all a man's weaknesses — to pursue a wrong course. The strife between Catholics and Protestants in the African missions is an example of this, — an incontestable proof that evil passions may instigate the missionary as they do any ordinary mortal.

The Protestant missionaries (of course I mean the bad ones) say to the negro, that “the Catholic missionary is so poor that he cannot even afford to buy a wife!” and thus seek to cast opprobrium upon him; for it is as great a crime to be poor in Africa as it is in Europe.

On the other hand, the Catholics leave no stone unturned to throw discredit upon the Protestants.

From this strife springs revolt, which is the cause of the barrenness of many missions where various beliefs are struggling for mastery. I have spoken of this incidentally, in order to show that missionaries have evil passions and err. It is even the general rule in such cases.

To the south of the tropics the country swarms with missionaries, and to the south of the tropics England is engaged in perpetual war with the native populations. It is because the evil labors of many undo the good labors of some. Let us, however, speak only of the good.

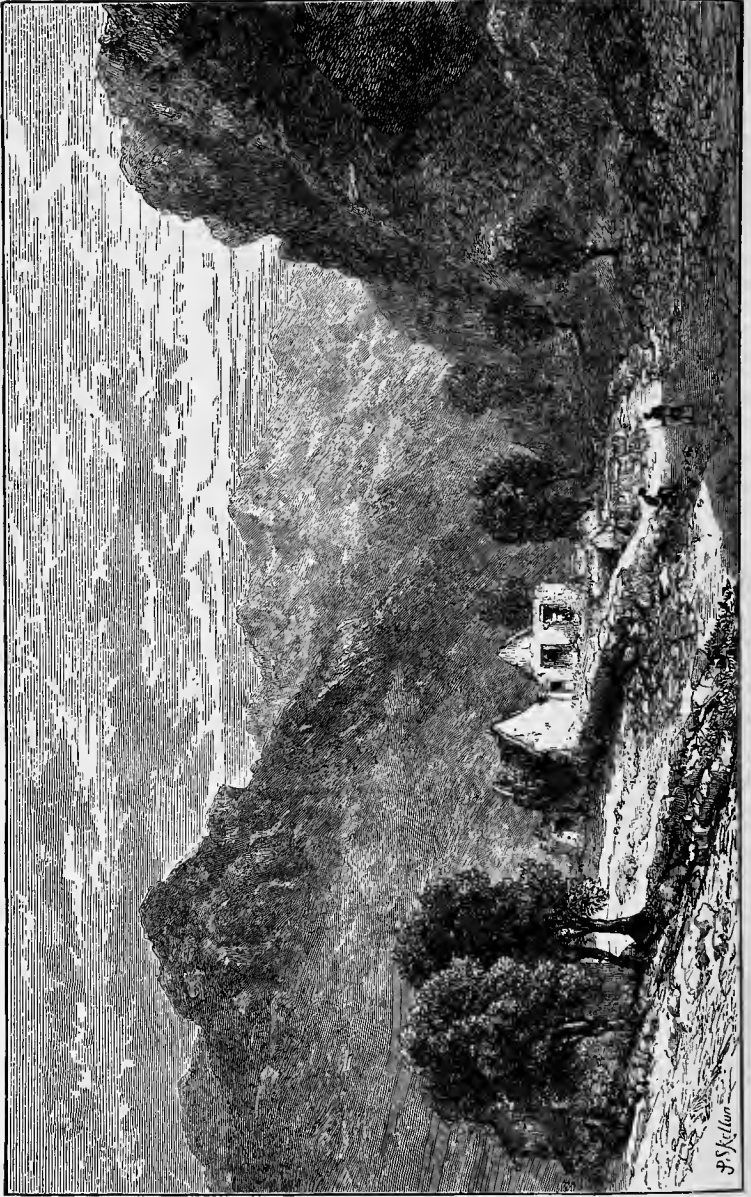
I said that there were three men who had done more than all others in securing the relative (and to me apparent) civilization of the Manguato. I use the word *apparent* advisedly, because I am convinced that if the monarch who is destined to succeed King Khama should not choose to admit the missionary, he will carry with him the entire population, who will have no hesitation in throwing over the doctrine of Christianity, which they do not thoroughly grasp, and returning to polygamy, which appeals to their sensual appetites, if the change be sanctioned by their king and father.

But as matters stand, the civilization of the Manguato is now matter of notoriety, and the first man who labored to bring it about was the Rev. Mr. Price; the same, if I mistake not, who was recently charged with the Ujiji mission in the Tanganika, and who was so unfortunate in his first journey. The second was the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, the present Corumane missionary; and the third was he who even now preaches the gospel to the Bamanguatos, the Rev. Mr. Eburn, whom I had not the honor to meet, as he was absent on his duties.

It is with the utmost pleasure that I cite those worthy names, and put them forward as noble examples to all workers in the field of African civilization; and my satisfaction in doing so is all the greater as those distinguished gentlemen are personally unknown to me.

Returning to the physical aspect of the country I would observe that the valley of the Letlotze widens towards the south, assumes a width of three miles, and continues to be shut in by high mountains. In this valley, leaning, as it were, against the mountains on the north, Shoshong, the chief town of the Bamanguatos, is situated,—a town with a population of 15,000 souls; in the time of Khama's father it contained as many as 30,000.

The mountains separate at that spot to allow the passage of a torrent which springs into life in the rainy season



J. S. Kilian

RUINS OF REV. MR. PRICE'S HOUSE AT SHOSHONG.

and cuts off one section of the city. It is at the bottom of this narrow neck, formed by lofty mountains of bare, precipitous rock, that the missionaries have established their quarters. The site could scarcely have been worse chosen, as it is damp and unhealthy.

Not improbably the dearth of water, which is cruelly felt at times at Shoshong, determined such a choice, by inducing the missionaries to draw near the bed of the river, where, in the summer season, a few wells are the only means of supplying water to the dense population of King Khama's chief city.

The houses at Shoshong are built of reeds and covered with thatch, are cylindrical in shape and have conical roofs. They are divided into wards to which access is gained through a labyrinth of narrow and tortuous streets.

In the missionary ward stand the ruins of the Rev. Mr. Price's house; the dwelling of the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, the one we inhabited, also in a dilapidated state; and a church, abandoned on account of its being too small to contain the multitude who flocked thither for divine service. These structures are situated on the right bank of the river; on the left bank, a new building has been erected in a far better position than the former one, and it is the residence of the present missionary. All of these buildings are constructed of brick, and have galvanized iron roofs.

On the opposite side of the city, in the open plain, stands the European ward, where the brick houses show the dwellings of the English merchants.

The English in Africa are unlike the inhabitants of other countries, and therefore go much farther afield than the latter, although their temperament and constitution are not so well adapted as those of the Latin race to resist the climate and associate with the natives.

When an Englishman makes up his mind to penetrate into the interior for the purposes of trade, he packs into

wagons his family and goods, and sets out. On arrival at the destined spot, he builds his house, surrounds himself with every possible comfort, and says to himself, "I came here to make my fortune, and if it takes a lifetime to do so, I must spend that life here. Let us try therefore to make it as pleasant as we can." He ceases to think of the old country, passes a sponge over the past, and looks only to the present and the future. Homesickness is not a malady which troubles him.

There are others, and many of a lower class, who do not even care to return to their own country, and who at once take up their residence in this distant land for good and all. Herein consists their colonizing strength.

Another thing which the English have succeeded in doing has been to introduce the *pound sterling* everywhere.

If a native arrives with ivory, skins, feathers, or other articles of trade, and requires powder, fire-arms, &c., in exchange, he will not get them from the Englishman, for the Englishman will not deal with him in the way of barter. He will pay the value in current coin, and perhaps, on an opposite counter, will sell the native — also for coin — the goods the latter needs. It was troublesome at first, but the native soon got used to it, and learned to know the value of money; so that now it is difficult to induce him to accept anything else.

At Manguato there resides an English merchant, a Mr. Taylor, of whom I shall have more to say presently, who has even succeeded in introducing paper-values into Shoshong, and bills given by him are readily received by King Khama and by many of the more opulent natives.

CHAPTER VI.

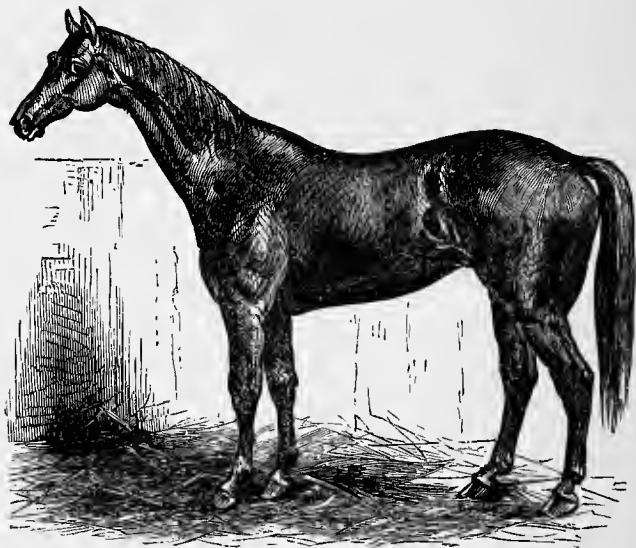
IN THE MANGUATO.—(CONTINUED).

I HAD a long journey before me to reach Pretoria, the nearest point where I could hope to procure means from some European authority. I had to pay debts already contracted for the maintenance of my people, and they were still without clothes; my negroes, covered with rags, asked me for some cloth wherewith to make themselves decent, and I had no money whatsoever to give them.

Mr. Coillard offered me his purse, but he needed it too badly himself for me to dare to make inroads on it. I wanted beside to settle scores already contracted with him, and I knew that the means at his disposal were very small. I was in an unpleasant fix, and could not see my way out of it.

Things were in this state when, on the 8th of the month, I went with Madame Coillard to pay a visit to Mr. Taylor, the Englishman spoken of in the last chapter. He was a man of somewhat grave aspect, a great traveller, and had been married for about three years to a young and beautiful English lady with black hair and eyes. Well-educated and of refined manners, Mrs. Taylor made you feel, when in her presence, the power which belongs to the lady who has moved in good society. In fact, during the time I passed in her company, I completely forgot that I was in a remote district in the interior of Africa, and was transported to a drawing-room at the West-End of London.

In the course of conversation between the ladies and myself, the subject of my coming journey was not unnaturally alluded to. It was impossible, they said, to travel in that part of the country without a horse, and Mr. Taylor thereupon invited me to go and see his. After a turn through the stables he pointed out to me a splendid hunter, a light chestnut with black extremities, and observed : —



FLY, MY HORSE OF THE DESERT. (From a Photograph.)

“There’s the beast to suit you ; fit either for the road or the chase.”

I looked with longing eyes on the beautiful creature, and remarked, “I only wish I had the money to buy him.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Taylor, abstractedly, in answer, “Fly is a valuable horse.” We returned to the house, where I spoke in glowing terms of the splendid animal I had just seen, and shortly after we took our leave.

The nights which we passed in the ramshackle house of

the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie were simply horrible. The place, having been for a long time unoccupied, was full of the most loathsome insects, which sucked our blood, robbed us of sleep, deformed our features, and tried our patience to the very utmost. The mosquitoes were in legions, and the bugs in swarms. Ticks, similar to those in dogs in the south of Europe, brown in color and flat in shape, but which, after their fill of blood, assumed the form of a round, compact ball, produced terrible inflammation of the parts they attacked. It was a perfect martyrdom, from which there was no escape.

After one of these wretched nights of torture, the very night following upon the visit above recorded, I had just been summoned to breakfast, when Mr. Taylor was announced.

He addressed himself to me, and, with that calm and serious manner which belongs to every legitimate Englishman, he said that he had brought me Fly, the chestnut horse I had admired the day before, and a couple of hundred sovereigns, all the gold he had at that moment in the house; and he furthermore offered me his credit among the merchants both in Manguato and at Pretoria, if I should require to make use of it.

Such a munificent offer, as unexpected as it was unsolicited, quite took my breath away, and left me barely a few words of ordinary thanks, which I blurted out by way of acknowledgment.

Mr. Taylor seemed perfectly satisfied. He stayed to breakfast with us, and he and I afterwards repaired to his house together. When there, I mounted the splendid beast that had just been presented to me, and experienced that sensation of delight which every rider feels on crossing the back of a beautiful horse, more especially when he has been a long time deprived of such a pleasure.

Mr. Taylor and I talked at considerable length about my affairs. I would not accept the money so generously

offered me, but contented myself with the horse, which was indeed a boon; begging him to pay the debts I had already contracted, in the shape of travelling expenses, amounting to a hundred and odd pounds, and drawing upon me for the sum at Pretoria, where I reckoned upon obtaining money from the English Government. Even in complying with my request, Mr. Taylor was determined to be generous, for he would not take my acceptance at a shorter date than two months, payable at Pretoria.

During my stay in Shoshong, the chief subject of conversation was the death of Captain Paterson and of his companions in the country of the Matebeli. Different versions were afloat of this calamity, but all concurred in affirming that they were assassinated by the order of Lo Bengula.

Captain Paterson left Pretoria charged with an official mission to various African chiefs. He was accompanied by Mr. Sergeant and a few followers, and in the Matebeli he was joined by Mr. Thomas, a young Englishman, the son of a missionary long resident in the Matebeli, and who was himself born in that country. After Captain Paterson had done what he had to do with Lo Bengula, he started with his companions to visit that wonder of the Zambesi, the cataract of Mozi-oa-Tunia, and none came back.

What took place? And who knows the true story of the tragedy that was enacted? None but the terrible Lo Bengula.

Some said that the whole party were poisoned, others that they were shot down; but I, who know something of the system by which the great African potentates work, doubt whether any reliable facts will ever come to light, as they are accustomed to destroy the executors of their sinister orders.

That a crime was committed seems to be beyond a doubt, because it is not possible for fever to carry off in a

day so many people, and among them many who were acclimatized, such as young Thomas and the natives. Mr. Coillard, who remained in Shoshong a considerable time after I left, assured me at a later period in Europe that King Khama knew the mystery of the death of those unfortunates, and led me to believe that a horrible crime was perpetrated by order of the malignant Zulu.*

To resume my narrative: on the 11th of January our wretched old house was alive with unwonted labor; Madame Coillard and her niece were here, there, and everywhere, getting ready provisions for my journey. Biscuits were being made and baked with a lavishness that made me quite ashamed of the appetite I was supposed to possess. How could I ever return the favors that were showered upon me? Presents came pouring in from Mrs. Taylor, among others a large basket of cakes and a lot of eggs — somewhat of a rarity in Shoshong.

On the 13th of January I took leave of the English merchants, with the exception of Mr. Taylor, who had gone to the place where he kept his cattle, some six miles' distance from the town. Although my road lay southward, and Mr. Taylor's farm was in the opposite direction, I resolved to ride over on the morning of the 14th and bid farewell to one to whom I felt so deeply indebted. I was not alone, for King Khama and Mr. Coillard honored me with their company.

We started with a train of a dozen Bamanguato horse-men, and no sooner were we clear of the streets of the city than King Khama gave spurs to his horse and left us at a hand gallop. Half an hour afterwards he rejoined us at the same speed, and I could not forbear asking him the cause of the spurt. He said it was the custom in the Manguato, and that horses that would gallop freely could assume any other pace readily enough.

Khama and I had a neck and neck race to Mr. Taylor's

* Matebelis are Zulus.

station. A first-rate lunch was put before us, at which Mrs. Taylor presided, and after most cordial leave-takings we took our way back to Shoshong.

The Bamanguatos use no bits to their horses, and the English bridle is of the simplest. They say that bits and curbs are of no use to make horses run, but may very possibly retard their pace.

I found my man Stanley ready to start, and only awaiting my signal. This was not long withheld; he cracked his huge whip over the heads of the oxen, and the beasts in their slow, deliberate way began to move and draw the heavy wagon after them. My negroes went with it, excepting Augusto and Pepeca, who kept me company. I stopped another hour or two with my good friends, from whom, however, I was at length compelled to separate, and, making tremendous efforts to conceal my emotion, I bade them farewell, mounted my horse, and departed.

The sun was already sinking on the horizon when I left Shoshong. I followed the road that was pointed out to me, and three hours afterwards I believed I had reached the spot where we were to pass the night, but there were no signs of the wagon. It was now night, and a night, too, of profound darkness.

I called and hallooed, but obtained no response, — at least from my own people, — but I conjured up a couple of aborigines, who came to learn the cause of the cries. They were vedettes of King Khama, posted by way of precaution for some miles round the city, to give notice of any possible attack from the Matebelis. These sentinels are so well placed that they would be able to unite and keep an enemy for some time at bay, whilst others on fleet horses are ready to gallop off to the city and give the alarm.

The two who came up to me, and who had been scouring the roads still further to the south, assured me that for several days no wagon had been seen in that direction, and that I

must have therefore passed mine on my way thither. I was too used to forest life to have done that, even in the darkness, without seeing it, and if it had escaped *me*, it could scarcely have hid itself from the lynx-eyes of Pepeca.

The two Bamanguatos offered to accompany me in search of the wagon, and we retraced our steps under their guidance. After exploring a great part of the valley without discovering any vestige of the missing vehicle, we made our way back to Shoshong wondering, annoyed, and fagged out with the fatigues of the day. We had now reached the small hours, so what was to be done? The best course, I thought, was to return to my late quarters and wait till morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Coillard rose at once in obedience to my knock, and whilst I was relating my misadventure to the missionary, his wife was busily engaged in getting me something to eat and preparing a good bed. I had been accustomed whilst there to lie upon the floor with my skins under me, notwithstanding Madame Coillard's persuasions to take my rest upon a bed; she now, however, had her revenge, for, all my skins having been carried off in the wagon, I was compelled to take my rest on the European bed she had got ready for me.

I bade my friends "good-night" and turned in. But not to sleep, unfortunately, for my anxiety was so great that I did nothing but toss and turn upon my couch. One of the main causes of my trouble was that my chronometers were carried off, Heaven knows where, in the mysterious wagon, and would undoubtedly stop in the course of next day if I could not get hold of them to wind them up.

It is not to be wondered at, if, with these subjects of worry, I should scarcely close my eyelids.

CHAPTER VII.

A JOURNEY WITH STANLEY.

DAY had scarcely broken when I was astir and dressed. The chronometers had been in my head all night, and they were the first things in my thought in the morning. Mr. Coillard participated in my anxiety, and would not allow me to depart alone. He sent to borrow a horse of King Khama, and determined not to leave me till we found the wagon. There were fresh adieus to be made to the ladies, and a fresh pull at one's heart-strings on turning away.

We were soon clear of the town, and riding through the cistus which covered the fields to the south of Shoshong, we had no difficulty, in the broad daylight, in following the track of the heavy wagon, and, after we had done so for some little time, we observed a negro seated by the roadside ahead of us. As we drew nearer, my astonishment was great at recognizing my attendant Catraio. He started up at our approach, and came towards us, carrying in his arms a heavy object which he carefully set down before me, and exclaimed:—

“Here, Sinho, give me the keys to open the trunk; it's time to wind up the clocks.”

My joy was great at seeing the trunk which contained the chronometers; I slipped out of the saddle and was soon deeply engaged in making my usual morning observations. It was decreed that during my protracted journey the chronometers should not be allowed to run down!

Catraio, whose special duty it was to watch over them, had been, as usual, faithful to his trust.

Catraio had been brought up by a Portuguese, who, observing in him when a mere child a proneness to knavery, conceived that the only mode of curing it was by the administration of unlimited stick. The young nigger by this process lost all sense of shame, if he ever had any, and got so used to the stick that it ceased to have any terrors for him; so that in the end he became both a drunkard and a thief. His master, whom the lad, then only twelve years of age, had robbed of some valuables, determined to get rid of him altogether, and ordered him to be cast adrift in Novo Redondo.

When, at Benguella, I was looking out for a sharp, intelligent young fellow for my own private service, more than one person spoke to me of Catraio, the fame of whose exploits had given him an unenviable notoriety. I determined to see what kind words and treatment would do; and, the better to encourage him, I never let fall a syllable about his past life.

Finding him to be by far the most intelligent of those who were about me, I made him assist me in my scientific labors. Although he could neither read nor write, he very shortly became familiar with my instruments and all my books. When, having separated from my early travelling companions, I found myself alone in Africa, I became alarmed at the thought that during some severe attack of illness my chronometers might stop for want of being wound up. I therefore called Catraio, and in a very serious voice, made him the following edifying speech:—

“Bear in mind, that from this time forth you must come to me every day, directly it is light, and bring the chronometers, thermometers, barometer and diary, — whether I am well or ill, far off or near, — never allowing any circumstances to interfere with your doing so. And remem-

ber this : I have never beaten you, and never scolded you, but if the chronometers stop through their not being wound up, I will have you spitted like a partridge and roasted alive before a monstrous fire !”

Catraio who was ready to believe that a white could be capable of any atrocity, and who stood, I believe, in more fear of my mild treatment than ever he had been of the stick of his former master, trembled as he listened. The spitting and roasting which he perhaps imagined were my mode of punishing offenders, were too much for him.

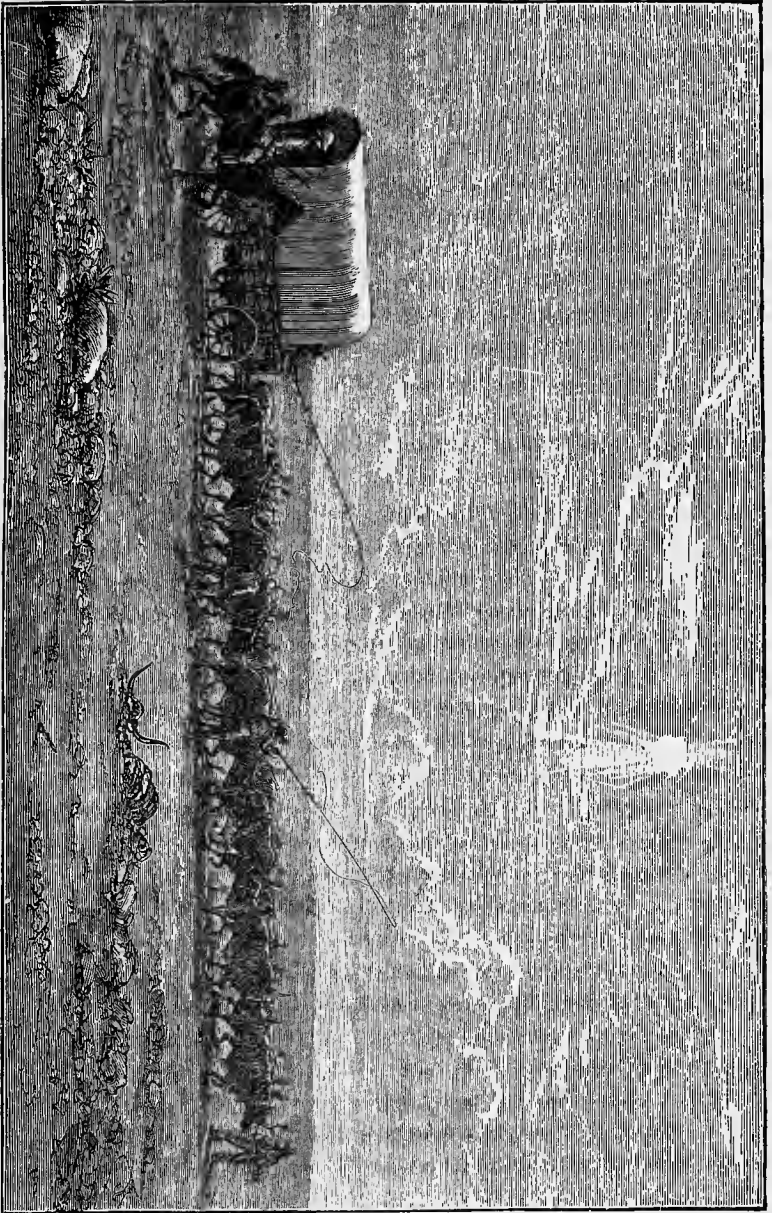
He never once failed to pay me an early morning visit with the instruments, till the thing grew into a habit. Hence it was that in my worst attacks of fever the chronometers were wound up and compared, and at Embarira, Catraio at the risk of his life got them out of the hands of the Macalacas. Hence, too, it was that we discovered him that day with his burden by the roadside ; for, not seeing me appear the evening before, he had set out in the middle of the night in the hope of meeting me.

I learned from Catraio that my English driver had mistaken his road and struck into a side track instead of pursuing the proper course, but that he intended at day-break to repair the error, and would doubtless be found waiting for me at the place originally agreed upon.

Mr. Coillard and myself, followed by our men, then resumed our way, and about nine o'clock we came up with the missing wagon. We at once breakfasted, and at noon I for the second time took leave of the friend to whom I owed so much.

Our little caravan was now again upon the road, and we pursued our route until four o'clock, when we camped in a spot where there was no water.

The following morning, January 16th, we started an hour after daylight, and after a three hours' march reached a lake, the only permanent water existing between the Limpopo and Shoshong.



We made two journeys that day, one of three and another of four hours, camping at five in the afternoon. From four till ten at night the rain fell in torrents, wetted the wagon through and through, as its wretched old covering afforded no effectual shelter whatsoever, and caused me serious losses, not the least being the whole of the bread and biscuits prepared with such care by Madame Coillard. They were converted into one huge mass of pap and were irretrievably ruined.

I resumed my journey next morning. The ground was very rough, and my apprehensions for the safety of the vehicle were not misplaced. On descending a hill, the wheels on one side got into a deep rut and over went the wagon. Fortunately we were not in the open, and a couple of trees that stood on that side received the ponderous conveyance as it capsized and prevented it going completely over.

I had had grave doubts about the efficiency and resources of my Stanley from the first, but this accident set the question permanently at rest. No sooner did he behold the wagon in the position I have described than he sat himself down, clutched his head in his hands, and looked the picture of despair.

I ordered the men to unyoke the oxen and set about examining the best way of righting the vehicle without doing it permanent damage. I then gave directions to Augusto, Verissimo and Camutombo to cut down three stiff and long poles which I lashed to the vehicle, and by means of ropes fastened to the trees on the other side succeeded in raising it into its natural position — a yoke of oxen being quite sufficient for that purpose.

It was not until half-past three that we succeeded in getting again under way, and we had not proceeded far when the tempest so increased in violence that we were compelled to halt, for the clayey soil was rendered so pappy that the wheels sunk deeply into it and stuck there.

The storm was a frightful one, and lasted till ten at night; for two hours the lightning played around us, striking at intervals the forest trees, which fell with a great crash.



FLY CHASING THE ONGIRIS.

Things were not much better on the 18th, for soon after starting we reached an open plain, in so boggy a state that the wheels sank into it up to the axle-boxes, and we barely made a mile an hour. By ten o'clock we had gained a slight eminence where the ground was drier, and on reaching the top found ourselves on the left bank of the Limpopo, known in that place by the name of Crocodile River, where I called a halt.

The weather had by that time improved, and I walked Fly quietly along the river bank, the rein held loosely in my hand. Suddenly he pricked his ears, neighed, bounded with one leap into the grass, and darted off with the utmost rapidity. Unable to explain the cause, I seated

myself firmly in the saddle and tried to rein him in, but without success.

Uneasy in my mind, and under the impression that the creature was fleeing from some danger of which I was ignorant, I did not well know what to do, but soon became aware of a great commotion in the grass ahead of me, and saw peeping above it the horns of several *ongiris*. The mystery was solved; I was not flying away from, but pursuing an object. From that moment I gave the horse the rein, and perceived that we were gaining ground upon the light-footed antelopes.

How long the giddy race lasted I could not tell. I dashed through underwood; I crossed open spaces and tracts of the plain, where antelopes and horse made the mud fly up in showers; still we gained upon the flying beasts, but only by slow degrees, so that some time yet elapsed before I could get a shot. One of them fell, and the others, as if the sound of the rifle lent them wings, bounded off afresh and were lost in the distance.

Fly stopped, of his own accord, beside the stricken beast, and went up to and smelt it with the same sense of satisfaction as is experienced by a sporting dog at having run down its prey.

Where was I? In what quarter had I left the wagon? I had not the slightest notion, for I had taken no account of the direction in which we had run. The thought somewhat disconcerted me, but I judged that if I worked my way eastward I should come again upon the river.

Another storm of rain swooped down upon me. I would fain have hoisted the antelope on to the back of the horse, but my strength failed me. I then decided upon disembowelling the creature and trying again. I was slaughterman enough to perform that operation within a tolerably brief space of time, and I was rejoiced to find that when done, I was strong enough to get the beast over the bow of the saddle, where I lashed it.

I then put my horse's head eastward, but Fly determined to travel north; so failing to persuade him that he was wrong, I let him have his own way. But he was perfectly right. An hour later we sighted the wagon where my people were getting alarmed at my lengthened absence.

Evening had now fallen, and I was worn out with fatigue; so I resolved to camp where we were.

During the night a fresh storm burst over us, wetting us again to the skin. In spite of it, however, the fatigues of the day brought on sleep, and I slept profoundly; but I soon woke up again with an acute pain in the fleshy part of my right arm. On turning up the sleeve of my shirt I was horrified to see a huge black scorpion in the act of stinging me just over the brachial artery. In a few minutes the swelling was enormous and the pain most violent. In the utmost desperation, I took three grammes of hydrate of chloral and fell into a lethargy.

It was broad daylight ere I awoke from the deep sleep caused by the powerful anæsthetic. The pains had somewhat subsided, leaving only a local inflammation, with a large tumor in the place of the wound, — a tumor which remained for months afterward.

The night was again tempestuous, and the insects tortured me. We had a visit, too, from some lions, which made the circuit of the camp, and kept us in a state of nervousness with their frightful roaring.

On the 20th, at eight in the morning, we broke up our camp and started, but the clayey soil, made soft by the heavy rains, so impeded the wheels of the wagon that we were compelled at every few steps to use the hatchet to cut away the blocks that clogged the passage of the vehicle. At 4.30 P. M. we reached the brink of the river Ntuani.

A cruel disappointment here awaited us. The Ntuani, which is ordinarily a mere brook of trifling importance, and almost always dry, presented itself in the shape of a

torrent sixty-five yards wide, and yielded, on sounding near the bank, a depth of twenty-two feet. There would be no crossing it with a wagon for an indefinite period. I determined therefore to take up my quarters where I was, and had a good encampment built with huts covered with grass.

On the next morning I observed with satisfaction that the river had gone down twelve inches during the night. Having breakfasted off the leg of a puti, I mounted Fly and set out in search for game. We had no sooner reached the edge of a wood which lined part of the bank of the Ntuani than my horse started off at a gallop in the same style he did before. After half an hour's hard run, I could make out just above the tops of the shrubs forming the underwood certain small black spots moving with prodigious rapidity.

The creature I was pursuing was quite new to me, and it was not until we reached the open that I divined the truth. Four ostriches were speeding along like the wind, with Fly upon their track, and though they dodged and availed themselves of every bush and hollow, my trained horse never lost them for a moment.

It could not be said that I had much to do with the matter. Fly was perfectly master of the position, and I left him to his own resources, which were certainly of no mean order. The animal, as if grateful for the loosened rein, bounded on with fresh spirit, and I eagerly watched the result.

The ostrich, although fleetier than the horse for a certain distance, does not possess the same staying power as the latter, so that the longer we ran the nearer we approached the gigantic birds. Their strength was evidently failing them, and though Fly's own pace had diminished, it more than sufficed to bring us every moment nearer. At sixty paces they all but stopped, quite blown, and shortly after I let fly both barrels of the King's rifle with telling effect.

On dismounting at the spot where the two enormous birds were lying, I was at a loss how to act, when, to my agreeable surprise, Augusto, Verissimo, and Canutombo, who had been shooting in the neighborhood, made their appearance, attracted by the report of my gun. Notwithstanding the many miles gone over, we had travelled almost in a circle; for my men informed me that we were close to the encampment. I ordered them carefully to pluck the ostriches; and when the labor was finished we all returned, laden with the spoils, to the wagon.*

As the day went on the water continued to decrease, so that by nightfall the level had been lowered four and a half feet. I drove in my marks where the perpendicular scarp allowed me accurately to measure the differences of level. Stanley, however, had a method of his own, which was to drive stakes into a place where the bank gently shelved, the result of which was that he counted yards where I could only reckon inches. Half a dozen times in the course of the day he came up rubbing his hands, with the remark that the river had gone down so many feet.

The morning of the 23d broke with a bright blue sky, full of promise, as the level of the water was lower by five feet than it was the evening before. I was scarcely astir when I heard a great outcry, and upon inquiring the cause, I found that the Englishman's boots had disappeared, and no one knew what had become of them. After exhausting all possible conjectures upon so important a subject, he himself came to the conclusion that they had been stolen and eaten by the jackals!

The water still further descended, and by evening it was upwards of five feet lower; but during the night it was stationary, and as it rained in the early morning of the 24th, it began to swell once more. I resolved to survey

* Several of the feathers were presented by the author to his Majesty the King, Dom Luiz.

the river closely, and see whether I could not find a possible passage for the wagon. After a good deal of time I discovered one point where the water was not more than breast-high right across, and I determined to try the passage there.

We breakfasted as usual off roast meat, and the meal was just over, when we heard loud cries and uproar from the opposite side of the river, and saw several wagons and a couple of white men who had just arrived there.

I watched their proceedings with interest. A negro waded into the river, and waded back again when he found the water was up to his waist. Stakes to mark the level were then driven in, the oxen were unyoked and a camp was set up. I then examined my own marks, and found them covered with another half inch of water. The Ntuani was swelling again!

I at once gave orders to unload the wagon, and instructed Augusto and Camutombo to carry the goods across upon their heads at the spot which I had discovered to be fordable. This was done in sight of the two white men and their attendants, who looked on admiringly as my two fellows performed their work, which their great strength and the dexterity they had acquired through the necessity of overcoming difficulties enabled them to do with comparative ease.

In the course of an hour the whole contents of the wagon had been carried to the right bank. I then gave orders to Stanley, who was standing helplessly by, to yoke the oxen and put them to.

When everything was ready, I got Augusto to cross the river and lead the front oxen, which swam over without difficulty, followed by the others, so that there were three yokes on the further bank before the wagon had even entered the water. I then called out to Augusto and Camutombo to go on. They urged the oxen into motion, and in a moment the huge wagon ran down the shelving

bank into the water. Stanley, who seemed at last to take in the object of the manœuvre, roused himself with a will and assisted in the operation.

No sooner did I see the wagon safely on the other side than I plunged in and swam across. On reaching the opposite bank I told Catraio to give me some dry clothes, which meant the only shirt and stockings I possessed beyond those I had on, and I made the change. The two Europeans, who were coming toward me, stopped when they saw me thus engaged, and waited till I had cleansed my long hair and beard from the muddy water. My toilet being over, they came up and saluted me in English with a hearty "Good morning, sir."

I answered them in kind, and inquired whence they came. They informed me that they were English traders, a Mr. Watley and a Mr. Davis, on their way to Shoshong from Marico, which they had left a month before. I told them, in return, who I was and whence I hailed from; and when they learned that I had made my way across the continent from Benguella, they could not restrain their admiration, and told me they were no longer surprised at what they had seen me do that morning. I gave them some of my game, and was made happy in return by a present of biscuit, tea, sugar, and salt.

We passed the day together in the most convivial manner, and next morning, after intrusting them with a letter to Mr. Coillard, I bade them farewell and resumed my journey.

I halted at mid-day on the bank of the Limpopo, after a three-hours' march. Somewhat later, as I was sitting close to the edge of the water sketching the landscape, I heard a shot fired, and a steinbok, passing rapidly by me, sprang into the river and began swimming to the opposite bank.

I saw that the creature was badly wounded, for the water all round it was tinged with blood, and it swam with

more and more difficulty. Augusto shortly after ran up, and was just in time to see the result of his shot. The antelope had nearly reached the other side, when the water seemed suddenly to swell in great commotion, a greenish-black tail of saw-like appearance emerged from the foaming billows, and steinbok and crocodile disappeared together beneath the surface. It was destined that the tender, herbivorous creature should satisfy other appetites than ours. Augusto, as valiant as he was stupid, was with difficulty restrained from going to kill the crocodile, who had robbed him, he said, of his game.

On the 25th, starting early, we had a five-hours' march, skirting the left bank of the Limpopo, and had scarcely halted, when Augusto came rushing to tell me that close by there was a monster of a chucurro (rhinoceros) feeding. Not having unsaddled my horse, I remounted at once, and set off with Augusto in chase.

The enormous pachyderm had caught the sound of the horse's hoofs, and was just moving off when I got sight of him at five hundred paces' distance. Fly followed him in his usual plucky way, but I was soon forced to give up the pursuit, as the beast plunged into a thick jungle, where it was simply impossible to follow.

Another creature which abounds in the Kalahari, and herds of which I occasionally saw, but never once succeeded in killing, was the giraffe.

After giving up the pursuit of the rhinoceros, I returned towards the camp, meeting Augusto by the way. He was walking by my side quietly conversing, when of a sudden I saw him level his gun at some shrubs and fire. Being so much higher than himself I did not even see what he aimed at, and his only answer to my inquiry was to rush into the jungle and bring forth a leopard, which had been crouching within half a dozen paces of us. I left him busily engaged skinning his prize, and rejoined the wagon.

The site where I encamped to pass the night is known

to the Boers under the name of Adicul. There was no moon, but the sky was clear, and I took advantage of the opportunity to make some observations, in order to determine the position of the place. My doing so, in all probability, saved us from a serious calamity.

While staying in the Manguato I obtained a magnesium lamp, which had been left there by Mohr or some other explorer, and was useless to its owner through want of aliment. To me, however, it was most serviceable, as I had a good store of magnesium-wire. I was using it on that occasion to read the nonius of the instruments. I had just read in the nonius of my Casella sextant the height of *Canopus* (α of Argus) at the moment of its passing the meridian, and was making horary angles by *Aldebaran* (α of Taurus), when at some ten paces from me I was startled by a frightful roar.

Fly, who was tied to one of the wheels of the wagon, gave such a tremendous tug at his rope that he actually moved the heavy vehicle, and the oxen in a paroxysm of fear broke into the enclosure where we were sitting. I put down the sextant and seized my rifle, which was always at my side. Augusto turned the focus of the light in the direction whence the horrid sound had proceeded, and the bright glare flashed full into the faces of two enormous lions.

The beasts, fascinated by the brilliant light proceeding from the combustion of the magnesium, stood for the instant like statues, and gave me time to take deliberate aim. The two barrels belched forth their contents at an interval of a few seconds, and both lions fell mortally wounded.

I turned to the wagon, where I heard the most infernal hubbub, and found Camutombo using the extremest efforts to secure Fly, who, upon his hind legs, was tugging at his lashings and making frantic efforts to break away. My driver, Stanley, was ensconced at the further end of the

wagon, with gun in hand, and screaming at the top of his voice that he would kill all the wild beasts in Africa that dared to touch his oxen.

I had much ado to restore order ; meanwhile the negroes busied themselves with stripping the skins from our unexpected visitors. It was amusing to hear what each had to say of the prowess he had displayed on the occasion. There was not one who had felt the slightest apprehension ; oh, dear no ! and each boasted to his fellow of the hand he had had in stripping the lions of their skins.

In point of fact, I believe there were only two who did not lose their heads, and they were Augusto and Verissimo. Augusto had kept the light firmly in the position he first turned it, and Verissimo remarked, only a minute or two afterwards, —

“I did not even attempt to fire, for I saw the Senhor was going to do so, and I knew it was all right.”

I put down my gun and resumed my sextant, in order to finish my altitudes of *Aldebaran*, which had been so disagreeably interrupted.

I was about to seek rest, but was roused up again by renewed roaring. As our camp was not thoroughly enclosed, I apprehended some disaster, and therefore passed the night with my men watching beside the camp-fires. The roars of the ferocious beasts were heard all the night through ; and from the interior of the wagon my driver, Stanley, kept up a snoring accompaniment, dreaming probably of that little boy from whom he found it so hard to separate, or of those mysterious boots from which he had undoubtedly separated forever.

We were on the road at six, and marched constantly beside the river until nine, when we halted. No sooner had we encamped than every one thought more of sleeping than of eating, and as Stanley was now refreshed, and but little inclined to further slumbers, he kindly offered to keep watch over his oxen. At four in the afternoon,

after a good feed of roast meat, we set out again, camping at 8.30 P. M. close to the river Marico.

I had scarcely finished my simple toilet next morning, when my man Stanley presented himself, and modestly said that his anxiety about that famous little boy, and his want of boots, prevented his continuing in my service; that from that point there ran a cross-road which would bring him in eight days to his own house, and that consequently he, his oxen, and his wagon would cease to be at my orders from that day.

I quietly informed him that he was laboring under a mistake; that he had made a contract with me, in presence of Mr. Coillard, and that under that contract he was bound to accompany me to Pretoria. Deceived, probably, by the mildness of my tone, he persisted in his expressed determination, and vowed he would go no further.

I then gently insinuated that both right and reason were on my side, and that he had no choice but to yield, more especially as the justice of my views was backed by physical force, which I should undoubtedly use. This last argument was a clincher; and when the fellow saw that I was quite in earnest, he gave in, with a grumbling protest about the oxen and the wagon being his property.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMONG THE NOMAD BOERS.

AUGUSTO, who had been out since daylight shooting, now appeared, saying that he had found an encampment of Boers at no great distance from us, and could easily guide me thither. I at once mounted my horse and set out, and a quarter of an hour's ride brought me to the station.

There were a good many wagons, placed parallel to each other, or laagered, and between them several cane huts covered with straw, heaps of spoils of the chase, and a kind of porch under which stood a lathe for turning wood. An enclosed paddock, containing oxen and horses, completed the picture of this encampment of nomad Boers.

Several women with printed cotton gowns and white caps were drawing water from a well. At a door of one of the huts a couple more, who were by no means ill-favored, were peeling huge onions. A group of children, extremely dirty and clothed in rags, were rolling about the muddy ground.

My entry produced quite a sensation, and an old hag, whose ugliness was even greater than her age, came forward to speak to me. I did not understand a single word she said. To have answered her intelligibly I ought to have employed the corrupt Dutch spoken by the Boers; but, not possessing that accomplishment, I talked Ham-bundo, by which I was at least even with her, for if I

could not make out what she meant, she was just as much at fault with the language of the Bihé.

Attended by my first interlocutrix I now approached the girls with the onions, who were at least many shades cleaner and better-looking, and I tried them with English, French, Portuguese, and Hambundo, but with no better success. They only laughed and shook their heads.

I then called Augusto, who had picked up a little Sesuto in the Barôze, and from being thrown so long among Mr. Coillard's people, and told him to inquire of the girls where all the men were gone. His address was broken in upon, however, by the old hag, and with no little trouble, through the aid of such interpreters, I learned that the men were absent hunting.

When the old woman discovered from Augusto that I was not English she speedily altered her tone, and I thought — perhaps it was fancy on my part — she looked upon me more kindly. The girls had by this time peeled their onions, which they put into an enormous pot half full of water and placed it over the fire.

Almost immediately afterwards seven men on horseback rode into the encampment. Among them was one of considerable age, with a long white beard; the others, with the exception of a youth of eighteen or nineteen, were men in the prime of life. Perceiving me, they at once came up.

The old man spoke English fluently, and one of the others also knew something of that language. This was a blessing. I explained to them who I was and whence I came, two things which they did not readily comprehend. I took care to inform them that I was Portuguese, not English, for I saw that the English were not in great favor with them. I related to them how I was placed with my driver Stanley, when the old man advised me to let him and his wagon go, and that he would supply me with means to continue my journey.

This arrangement so jumped with my inclination that I would not wait to have it repeated, but sent off Augusto at once to bring the wagon on to the encampment.

Meanwhile the Boers made me heartily welcome, and even the old hag's features softened to an approving grin. And what a grin it was! I was soon seated at a table eating roast meat and onions; the latter constituted their only vegetable, but I enjoyed them thoroughly.

On the arrival of the wagon I had it promptly unloaded, and settled my score with its owner; and certainly, if he were glad to get away, I was no less satisfied to see the last of him.

As we sat talking in the evening, my new friends related that they had formed part of that immense body of emigrants, who, immediately after the annexation of the Transvaal, had fled from a foreign yoke and travelled northward in perfect ignorance of where they were going, or of the perils of the Kalahari. Six hundred families that had penetrated into the inhospitable desert had seen their herds die or get dispersed for want of water, and many of the people themselves had fallen victims to the precipitate and ill-advised step they had taken. The vanguard, to the number of twenty-three persons, had been able to reach the Ngami, but as their cattle sucked dry the small pools of water by the way, those that came after them died a miserable death alongside the dried-up ponds. The Boers there encamped, and who had received me so hospitably, formed part of those who had managed to return. They had found by the banks of the Limpopo so much game that they decided upon stopping there; and there they lived a nomad life, subsisting upon the fruits of the chase.

Next morning, whilst the girls before alluded to were serving me with a breakfast composed of meat and onions and some delicious milk, the men got ready a wagon to which were harnessed four yoke of oxen.

The old man informed me that his grandson, a lad of some sixteen years, named Low, would have charge of the vehicle, and would be assisted by his brother Christopher, whose age might have been about twelve.

The wagon was got across the river Marico by the aid of all the male population (and it was no easy task, owing to the depth of water), and after a cordial leave-taking I started upon my first day's journey towards Pretoria.

The Boers knew that there was such a place as Pretoria, but they had never been there, so that my young driver was totally ignorant of the road. I undertook to teach him the way, and therefore, paying little regard to the only track usually followed, namely by the Marico and Rustenberg, I took Marenski's map and drew a perfectly straight line down it, across the plain—a route which I intended as far as possible to adhere to.

From the moment we crossed the river Ntuani we were much annoyed with ticks, and it was quite enough to rest for a few moments on the grass to become covered with those disgusting insects.

Four of my people, Moero, Pepeca, and both the women, showed symptoms of a bad fever. I had to arrange the wagon so that they could lie down, for they were quite incapable of walking.

As my young driver and his brother only spoke and understood Dutch, we could keep up no conversation with each other; still I managed to make them understand what I wanted, and to do with the wagon just as I thought proper.

On the 1st of February all my people were more or less indisposed, and the state of the two women and young negroes made me very anxious. We kept on our way till 5.30 P. M., when we halted till nine, to rest the oxen and enable me to attend to my patients, take observations, and determine my position. I pushed forward again, however, the same night, and finally camped shortly after

ten. The condition of Pepeca and Mariana was very grave. They were quite delirious, with every appearance of typhus.

Next day, when we were ready to start, my young Boers were nowhere to be found. I had therefore to hunt them up, and at length, near an extensive marsh, which it appears was called Cornucopia, I discovered them apparently *grazing*; at least they were plucking grass and eating it with avidity.

I drew near to see what they were about, and satisfied myself that I was not mistaken. The lads were really devouring grass. On coming up to them, they held out to me a handful of a fine kind of reed or cane of a very bright-green color. Out of curiosity I took a piece and tried it. My surprise was great to find it quite sweet, with much the same flavor as the sugar-cane.

We travelled five good hours that day before stopping; and after I had doctored my patients, who continued very ill, I set out to seek for food for the caravan. I did not get back till 6 P. M., but I had a superb antelope across the saddle-bow. In my anxiety to push forward I travelled a couple more hours that evening, just allowing sufficient time before starting to doctor my patients and have something to eat.

On the 3d February I left at 4 A. M., and halted at nine. I had no sooner camped than I sighted two wagons, with a party of Boers coming towards me. I had some hopes of getting food out of them, as our larder contained nothing but the remains of the antelope of the day before. They were two emigrant families, supported like ourselves solely by the results of the chase, and as it happened, I was obliged to divide with them the little meat I possessed, as their store was gone.

One of the men, who spoke English, told me that I was about to enter a country without game, but that if I forced my marches, following in the tracks of their wagons, I

might succeed in reaching Piland's Berg Mission that night. The country we were traversing was an enormous plain, from which here and there arose abruptly a few mountains. I marked Piland's Berg to the south of us on rising ground.

Desirous of acting on the suggestion of my informant I determined to push on as hard as I could to the Mission he spoke of; but when I gave orders to start, my driver, Low, came forward in a state of great distress and told me a long story, not a word of which I could make out beyond the fact that Christopher was missing. I mounted my horse and scoured wood and plain in search of the truant. I shouted, I fired off my gun, I galloped hither and thither and made regular circles round the wagon, with no other effect than to nearly knock up my horse and fag myself out with fatigue and vexation; and, what was worse, when I returned after my bootless search there was nothing whatsoever to eat.

My driver, Low, did nothing but snivel and pull his hair, talking all the while in Dutch, and if he fancied he saw any inclination on my part to move on, he came to me and on his knees sobbed out his brother's name. I was at my wits' end, and at one time used rather strong language against the Boers and all their belongings, and at others was melted by compassion for the poor distressed lad.

There was no help for it but to pass the night where we stood, though I was annoyed beyond measure at the thought of the precious time I was losing under the grave circumstances in which I was placed.

At nine that night there was a great hubbub among my people, caused by Christopher's unexpected return; but, although he had come back, it was not until some days after that I procured through an interpreter an explanation of the mystery.

It turned out in truth to be no mystery at all, but the

act of a thoughtless boy. It appears that the wagon had no sooner stopped than Master Christopher slipped into the wood to try and snare birds with some bird-lime. And there he was quietly ensconced while I was racing about in search of him. Hearing me call out his name and then fire off my gun, he got afraid of being either thrashed or killed, so he hid himself in a hollow and remained lost all day. When night came on the fear of the wild beasts was greater even than of the stick, so he slunk back to the wagon.

Determined to make up for lost time, I started at four in the morning, and reached Soul's Port, the Mission of the Piland's Berg, at four in the afternoon. We took up our quarters in some ruins at a couple of hundred paces or so from the dwelling of the missionary, to whom I sent a visiting-card.

A very short time had elapsed when a lady appeared accompanied by a servant, who carried a large tray of peaches and figs. My fair visitor was Madame Gonin, the missionary's wife. Her husband, she explained, was absent, and would not return till the following day.

Whilst listening to Madame Gonin, I went on eating peaches and figs, with the appetite afforded by a thirty-two hours' fast, and abstention from such dainties as were put before me of several months! I excused myself for my apparent gluttony on the unanswerable plea that I was half famished. She retired after a short visit, but not long afterwards sent me an excellent supper, while a couple of negroes appeared laden with food for my people.

Next day I considered my two worst patients, Mariana and Pepeca, to be out of danger. It was still early when, attended by Verissimo, I strolled over to a Boer encampment to endeavor to obtain stores.

The country round Piland's Berg was well cultivated, and the white houses of the settlers were visible as they dotted the mountain-side. I directed my steps to one of

them, and was invited to enter. I was shown into a parlor, which answered the double purpose of dining and sitting-room.

It was a good-sized apartment, both lofty and cheerful. The walls, painted in fresco, represented Cupids with bandaged eyes aiming treacherous arrows at enormous hearts garlanded with roses, the whole upon a sky-blue ground, which had suffered somewhat from hard usage.

The painter was neither a Rubens nor a Van Dyck; but still I must confess that I was surprised at the artistic labor of that apartment, which was superior to that of a good many dining-rooms of houses I could name in the good city of Lisbon. In the mythological pictures which adorned the room of this Boer dwelling there was a meaning, and those roses garlanding the wounded hearts served to remind one that love, like the roses, has its thorns as well as its perfume.

Beyond its painted walls, the room into which I was introduced had nothing particular to strike the attention. I observed a large table, a few chairs, and a pot or two of bright flowers in the window. Curtains of some white material with a red border hung from the cornices of unpolished wood, and as the ends were a good way off the ground, they lent the windows that dubious aspect of a girl in her early teens, who, wearing a dress that is neither short nor long, leaves you in that perplexed state of mind as to whether you are to salute her as a lady or kiss her as a child.

In a corner upon a little table appeared the book of the Boers, an enormous Bible with silver clasps, bound in leather that was once red, but converted, by the handling of three generations of Boers, into a hue that it would be difficult to define.

The honors of the house were done me by two Transvaal ladies, dressed, like all those I had hitherto seen, in chintz, with caps upon their heads. A group of little

ones, almost all of the same size, clutched at their gowns or clung about their knees. The way in which they were treated induced me to believe that they belonged to both ladies, which struck me as something very surprising.

Verissimo served me as interpreter, using the Sesuto language. Before explaining my object, I inquired of them whose children they were. They both, together, with that pride natural to all mothers (where the children are still very young and there is nothing in their size to reveal any secrets as to age) replied, —

“They are ours.”

The answer more than ever puzzled me, and the deeper I went the more difficult the enigma appeared. I entered into explanations, and finally gathered that the little ones belonged half to one lady and half to the other, but as they followed the Boer custom of living together in one domestic circle, the whole of the progeny was looked upon as belonging to each. The physiological paradox had disappeared, but left a psychological one behind it that was no less extraordinary in my eyes.

That in the Transvaal two married couples can live together under the same roof, eat at the same dish and pursue the domestic duties jointly; that two friends can thus on the same day get married, and go with their wives to reside together; that children can be born to them, and grandchildren succeed, and that they can still remain within the same narrow circle, for ever; and that they can so live, and be happy, and have no intrigues and no bickerings, no jealousies and no quarrels, not between the men only, but between the women too, — it was wonderful.

This was the patriarchal life in all its purity, and yet this would appear to be the life of the Boers.

After all these things were explained to me I told them the nature of my business. I wanted provisions. The good-natured ladies offered me immediately two enormous

loaves, but said they could not sell me any fowls or ducks without the consent of their husbands, who were laboring in the fields ; but they begged me to wait a little for their return, which would be at breakfast-time. One then disappeared, probably into the kitchen, while the other brought into the room a sewing-machine, and sat herself down to work at it.

Meanwhile I took a turn about the grounds, being speedily attracted to the kitchen-garden, which was admirably kept. And how my eyes gloated over the vegetables growing there ! Indeed the temptation got the better of me, and when, a little later, the Boers made their appearance, they caught me *in flagrante delicto* gathering kidney beans and devouring them raw.

I returned to the house with them, and directly we got back into what I will call the "Cupid room," the whole family sat down on the chairs placed against the wall. A negress then came in with a small bath and the elder of the men took off his boots and washed his feet. His example was followed by the others, the females and the children in succession, the negress meanwhile going from one to the other with the foot-bath.

This ceremony over, we sat down to table, but not yet to eat. The big Bible was brought, out of which the elder man read, with the utmost gravity, a chapter from the Book of Numbers. This over, breakfast was served, to which — much to the concern of the ladies — I did but scant justice, owing to my improvised meal of raw beans. I did manage, however, to swallow a few mouthfuls, which I washed down with some wretched coffee, but excellent milk.

Breakfast done, my hosts pressed upon me half-a-dozen fowls and a couple of ducks, for which they would receive no payment. More than that, they presented me with as many vegetables as I could conveniently carry off.

On my return to Soul's Port, I learned of the missionary's

return through a note which Augusto gave me, with an invitation to dinner. After visiting my patients, whom I found considerably better, — more especially Moero, who was sitting up, — I started for the missionary's house, where I was most cordially received.

Mr. Gonin, a Frenchman and a friend of Mr. Coillard's, was delighted at the account I gave him of our journey and our doings at Shoshong. Our dinner was, in my eyes, quite a splendid banquet, made the more agreeable by the presence of three ladies, Madame Gonin and two handsome English girls from the Cape, who were visiting at the house.

I retired early to my camp among the ruins to take observations and prepare for my departure next day. But when the wagon was got out, I learned from my young driver, Low, that two of the oxen had disappeared, and that all his efforts to find them had been useless. The six beasts that remained were quite insufficient to convey the wagon to Pretoria.

I determined, therefore, to stop where I was and hunt for the oxen, and gave orders that every one who was capable of doing so, should scour the neighborhood at daybreak in search of them. I hunted and they hunted; but all in vain: the oxen could not be found.

I communicated my difficulty to Mr. Gonin, and was soon made easy by that gentleman, who placed at my disposal a yoke of oxen of his own. Besides this, he ordered one of his servants, a Betjuana called Farelan, to accompany me to Pretoria, and act both as my guide and interpreter, as, in addition to his knowledge of the native tongue, he was well versed in the Dutch spoken by the Boers.

Things being thus satisfactorily arranged, I determined to start on the 7th, and, after expressing my warm acknowledgements to Mr. and Madame Gonin, I left at 6 A. M.,

and halted at 10, near a Boer farm, where I was hospitably received, and obtained abundant provisions.

We made another longish journey late in the day. Of my four patients, Moero, as I before observed, was nearly well, Mariana and Pepeca were improving, although they were not likely to regain their strength for some time to come; but Marcolina made me anxious, as she remained in a state of atony with a constant fever that no treatment seemed to have any effect upon.

Next day, the 8th, she was decidedly worse.

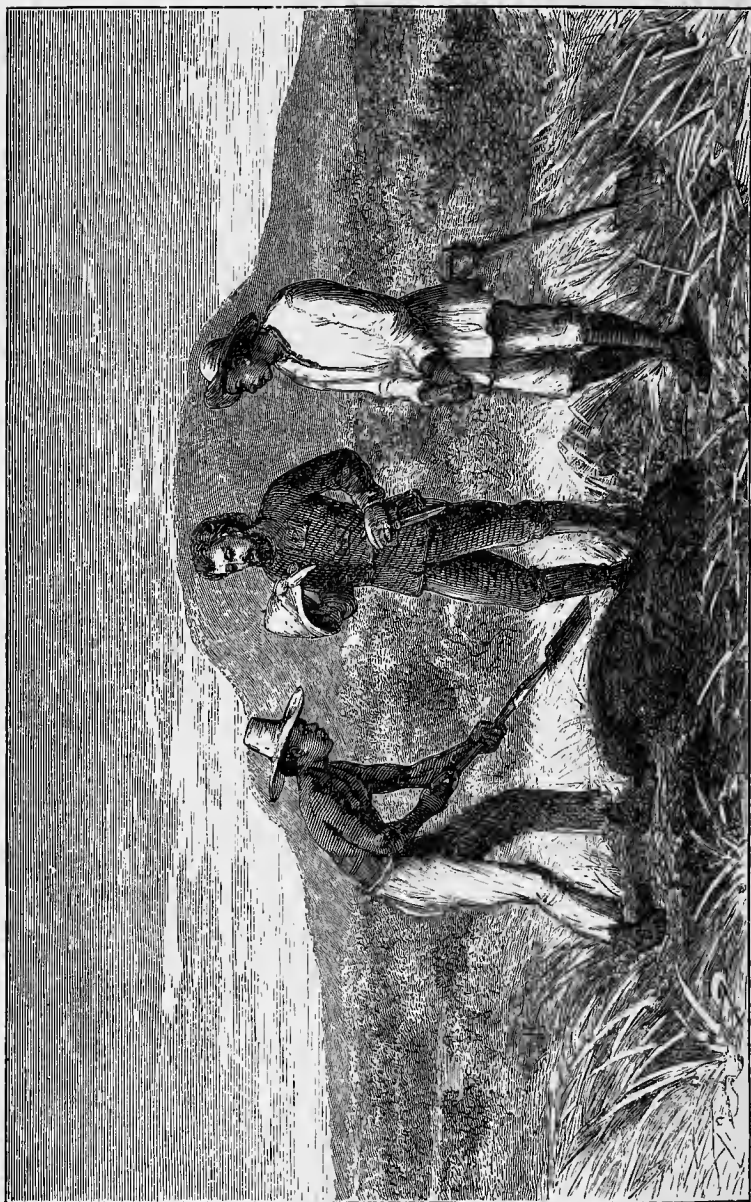
I started at four in the morning, and at five came to the banks of Eland's River. The difficulty of the passage was great, as the banks were high, and there was a good deal of water in the stream. It cost us three hours' hard labor to get across, and we halted for a long rest as soon as we got on the other side.

I marked Pit's Bote, half a mile distant, in a west-northwest direction. This was the place where the last battle was fought between the Boers and the Matebelis, wherein the latter were completely beaten and forced to retire beyond the Limpopo.

We started again after a three-hours' halt, and travelled for eight hours in two marches. The spot where we encamped, near a rivulet which flowed into the Limpopo, was covered with rocks, enormous masses of granite, the first I had met with since leaving the Bihé.

On the 9th of February Marcolina's condition was so serious that I decided not to continue my journey until I saw whether there was a chance of her getting better. All my efforts, however, to save her, were in vain, and at noon she expired.

Marcolina was Augusto's lawful wife. She had come with him all the way from Benguella, and stuck to him faithfully, notwithstanding his proneness to promiscuous amours, and his shabby treatment of herself. When the



THE LAST BURIAL.

poor creature was no more, Augusto cried like a child beside the inanimate clay.

On the following morning, Camutombo, and the Betjuana, Farelán, with the aid of a couple of shovels obtained in the neighborhood, dug a deep grave, into which her remains were carefully lowered: and I stood by, with head uncovered and greatly moved, musing over her untimely fate.

It was beside a running brook, at no great distance from the Mission of Betania, that I consigned to earth this last victim of the Portuguese expedition across Africa. We had, in turn, nearly all of us paid the same penalty as this poor creature, but happily hers was the last grave we had to dig on African soil!

When the sad ceremony was over, I thought it better to start at once, and by active occupation prevent the minds of all from dwelling too fixedly upon this untoward event. I therefore gave orders to resume our march, and I meanwhile pushed on ahead to visit the Mission of Betania.

Betania is a village of some 4,000 inhabitants of the Betjuana race, with well-built houses, many of which have glazed windows. The missionary I called upon, Dutch or German, was a Mr. Behrens. I found him smoking an enormous porcelain pipe, and the very first words he said to me were more indicative, I thought, of a frugal mind than a tender heart, as he inquired if I had brought back the shovels he had lent my men to dig Marcolina's grave!

A quarter of an hour later the wagon came up and we continued our route, stopping at eleven o'clock near a Boer village. The inhabitants came flocking out with pressing invitations to partake of refreshment. I was compelled to accept something from all, and presents of potatoes, fruit, green vegetables, and even fowls were abundant. I had a difficulty to get away from the hospi-

table attentions of the kindly villagers, and resume my journey at three in the afternoon.

We once more came upon the left bank of the Limpopo, which we followed for three hours, till we arrived at a ford known to my guide Farelán. We found, drawn up hard by, a little crowd of Boer wagons, and were received with the unpleasant intelligence that the water had risen in the river and made the ford impassable.

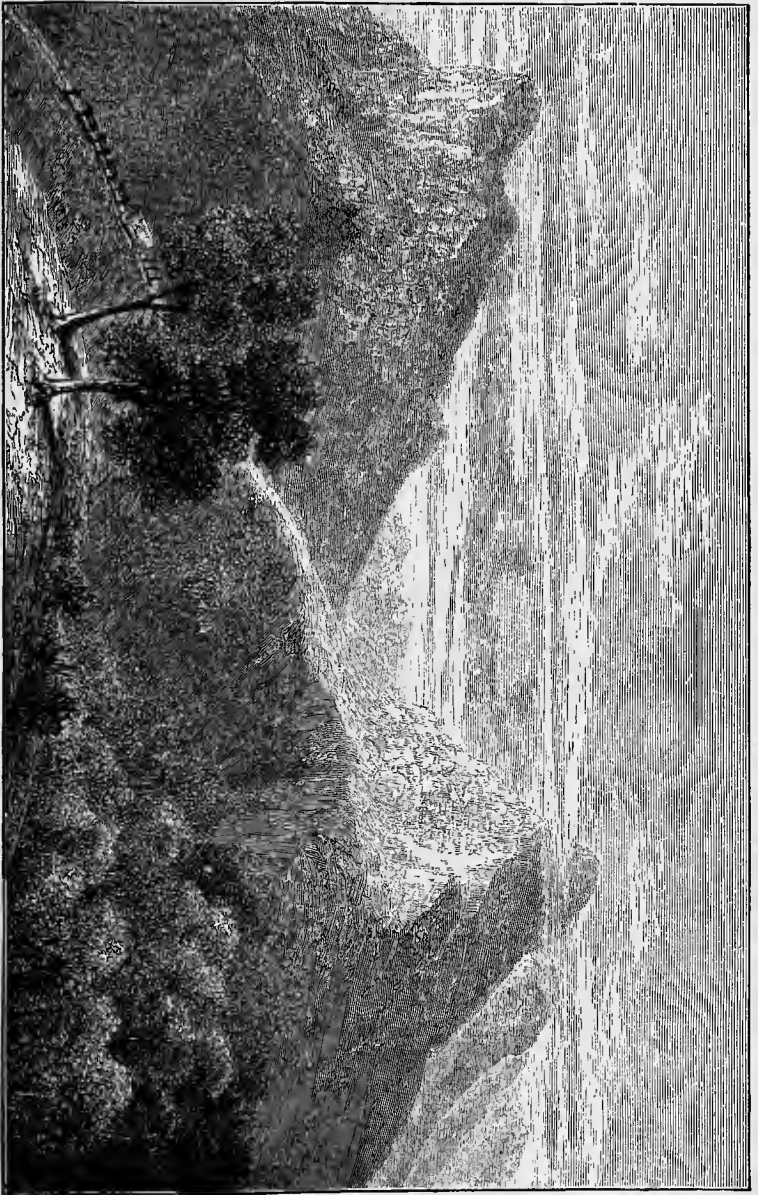
As Farelán knew the ford well, I told him to test it and go as far as he could. He at once plunged into the river and got over with the water nearly up to his neck. I then made my people urge on the cattle and headed them on my horse, so that we soon found ourselves in safety on the other side. We had got too used to this sort of thing to stand at trifles. The Boers looked on with open mouths, but did not attempt to follow, and they were likely to remain where they were for a considerable time to come, as a torrential rain began immediately to fall.

We encamped on the spot, and were enabled to observe on the following morning, that, owing to the deluge of rain, the river had swollen extraordinarily, so that there were ten or twelve feet more water in it than there had been the day before!

Our journey was resumed at an early hour, and by 11.30 A.M. we were crossing the huge chain of mountains, the Magalies Berg, which divides the Transvaal by a barrier running nearly due east and west.

The pass was an exceedingly arduous one, and the descent on the southern side fraught with no little danger. The wagon, without any proper break, made occasional plunges on to the oxen and threatened to drive the whole team to destruction. Little fitted as the patients were to walk, I deemed it absolutely necessary that they should do so for fear of an accident.

In the midst of it all, the young driver Low slipped and

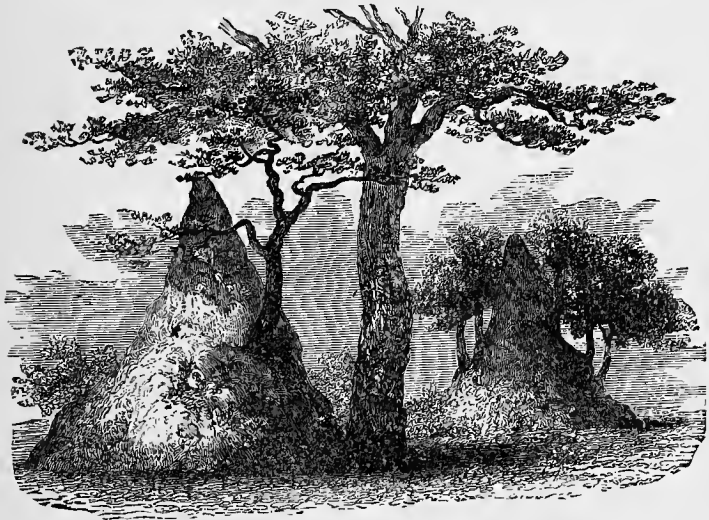


MAGALIES BERG.

fell, and one of the wheels of the wagon crushed two of the fingers of his left hand. I doctored the wound as well as I was able, and pushed on the harder to reach Pretoria in order to procure him more scientific treatment.

My Betjuana guide advised me as we were leaving the mountain side to lay in a store of wood whilst we were enabled to do so, inasmuch as from that spot to Pretoria, we should find nothing but a bare plain. This, of course, was done; and we again moved on, travelling by night as well as day, with only such intervals of rest as the oxen absolutely needed.

Finally, on the 12th day of February, at eight o'clock in the morning, I camped at a distance of a mile from Pretoria, and leaving there the wagon and my people, I rode, quite alone, into the capital of the Transvaal.



ANT-HILLS NEAR THE LIMPOPO.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE TRANSVAAL.

I AM in Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, and before continuing the narrative of my adventures, I propose to say a few words upon the history of the country and its inhabitants. None shall say where that history will really end, whether it is not already ended or about to be so, but the beginning of the Boer life, from the time that such life assumed the form of national autonomy, dates from our own times, and within the present century.

Bartholomew Dias first, and Vasco da Gama afterwards, those venturesome Portuguese who before all others braved the tempests of the Cape, solely intent upon the Indies as the land of promise, gave little or no heed to the southernmost territory of Africa.

It was not until 1650 that Holland—not the Government of that country, but the Dutch East India Company—founded a factory there, by way of provisioning their galleons on their voyages to the Indian Ocean,—a factory that was established by Dr. Van Riebeck. This factory was situated where Capetown now stands.

The so-called religious wars were then raging in Europe, and with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the persecution of the Protestants in France, many of the latter emigrated, and found their way to Holland. The Dutch East India Company gave them a passage to Africa, and by this means they were transported to the Cape. Their number scarcely reached 200, and if we are to be-

lieve what history tells us, that Van Riebeck only carried out with him 100 persons, and if we admit that during the period which elapsed between 1650 and the arrival of the French emigrants, the original population had doubled, the representatives of France and Holland must have been pretty equally divided.

From the very outset of the establishment of the French emigrants at the Cape, the Dutch Government labored to cut them off from all communication with their mother country, and to this end the authorities prohibited the use of their native tongue in the solemnization of divine worship, in their special relations with the government, and in all official acts.

It is difficult to comprehend the success of such a measure, but it is a fact that in the course of time they succeeded so completely in snapping the ties which bound the emigrants to France, that when General Clarke in 1795 arrived at the Cape with Admiral Elphinstone, and took possession of the Colony in the name of England, there was not a single Boer to be found who could speak or understand the French language.

A considerable time before the English occupation, which did not take effect till 1806 (the period when England definitively annexed the Cape by force of arms, disregarding the conventions of the peace of Amiens, which restored that colony to the Dutch), the original colonists had begun to flee from the oppression of the Government of Holland; and, penetrating more deeply into the continent, proceeded to take up their quarters where they found good land for cultivation, and good pasture for their cattle, preferring rather to do battle with the natives, and provide for their own defence, than remain connected with and under the protection of a government which treated them as mere slaves.

We may thence date the name and the errant life of the Boers, a name but little in harmony with such a life, as by

boer we understand a farmer or cultivator of the soil, terms which give an idea of stability, a quality as lacking in the past as it is in the present, since they are vastly more herdsmen and nomads than they are agriculturists.

The first authority who makes mention of the Boers in their almost primitive mode of existence, reduced as they were to provide by and for themselves the absolute necessities of life, is Levillant, who visited the interior of South Africa before the French revolution, — that is to say, fourteen or fifteen years before the first occupation of the Cape by Clarke and Elphinstone. Levillant says a good many evil things about them, in respect to their relations with the native tribes.

We must be chary in carrying to the account of a spirit of cruelty reprisals arising from the necessity of extorting by terror a due respect from indomitable and ferocious tribes. The charge so freely brought against the Boers of robbing and dividing among themselves the herds and wealth of the natives they conquered is nowadays admitted as a right of war; and if it be just for one civilized nation to extort from another, whom it has vanquished, its lands and treasures, it can scarcely be wrong for the Franco-Dutch emigrants to wrest their substance from the conquered Kaffirs. And it must be borne in mind that an identical course was adopted by the English in the same countries at the close of the wars of 1834 and 1846.

Although the Boers had penetrated into the interior of the continent, it was not till 1825 that they passed the Orange river, bearing to the northeast to avoid the sterility of the desert which extends to the north and northwest of the confluence of the Vaal. They were compelled to this course by the want of rain which was sensibly felt at that time in the country they occupied.

The abolition of slavery after the war of 1834 rendered the Boers very discontented, as they lost, by such a measure, the hands upon which they relied.

Without a mother country, without a history, and as a consequence without a love for any special spot of land, they entered in a mass upon a fresh emigration, and the number of fugitives who crossed the Orange river was estimated at eight thousand.

They then elected a chief, their choice falling upon Pieter Retief, whose first step was to dispatch a note to the Government at the Cape to the effect that they were free, and as free men were about to select a country for their habitation. In that note Retief expressed the intention of his people to live in peace with the natives, and not to admit of slavery; while he laid down in a formal manner the relations which were to subsist between masters and servants.

In their apprehension of the Kaffirs, the Boers after passing the Orange proceeded northward, where, however, they found in the Zulus, who occupied the right bank of the Vaal, enemies more terrible than those they had endeavored to avoid.

The famous Muzilicatezi, subsequently known as the King of the Matebeli, attempted to stop the march of the emigrants, and a sanguinary conflict ensued, in which the valiant Zulu chief suffered a severe defeat.

Pieter Retief then directed his caravan eastward, and learning of a magnificent country which extended beyond the Drakens Berg to the sea, he led thither his horde of adventurers. On reaching the wished-for land, a fresh obstacle was raised to his further passage.

A powerful and warlike tribe endeavored to destroy the migrating band. Fierce and numerous were the encounters between Retief and the Kaffir chief, Dingany, and in the last of them, the victory obtained by the Boers cost the lives of their leader Retief, and his second in command, Gert Maritz.

Masters of Natal, the Boers pitched upon a magnificent position for the foundation of a city and elected a new

chief. This city was called Pietermaritzburg, a name which may be looked upon as an undying monument to the memory of the two first of the Boer leaders.

The man chosen to take their place was Adrian Pretorius, who, at a subsequent period, was destined to be the first President of the Transvaal Republic, and whose name, like those of Retief and Maritz, was to be perpetuated in the future capital of the Boers.

From 1840 to 1842, the emigrants lived in peace, cultivating their lands and breeding their cattle in their new country. Their thoughts were already bent upon forming their autonomy, by constituting themselves a Republic under the protectorate of a European nation, when Sir George Napier, under orders from the Home Government, proceeded to occupy Natal by English forces, informing the Boers that England could not allow their subjects to form independent states upon the sea-coast.

Pretorius received Sir George Napier's envoy with scant courtesy, and it was in the vicinity of Pietermaritzburg that the first shots were exchanged between the Boers and the English. Being made acquainted with the resistance of the Boers, the Governor at the Cape reinforced the troops in Natal and put down the insurrection. There existed but little sympathy at the outset between the English and the Boers, and from that moment the latter conceived for their conquerors a fixed aversion.

A fresh period of wandering now dawned upon the emigrants, and abandoning the land they had selected, they went in search of new pastures beyond the Drakens Berg, trusting to find some country where they might be free and undisturbed.

After crossing the lofty mountain chain, they spread out north and south of the Vaal, pitching their tents on the territory comprised between the Vaal and the Orange, and even more northward upon the right bank of the Vaal, where, in 1843, they founded the city of Potchefstroom.

Learning that the English government considered that country as their own and its inhabitants as subjects of Great Britain, Pretorius persuaded many of the Boers to emigrate anew; and, marching at their head, proceeded further northward. He had to do battle with the Zulus, who, again vanquished at Pico Botes, fled beyond the Limpopo, where their chief Muzilicatezi founded the kingdom of the Matebeli. About this time the towns of Lydenburg and Zoutspansberg came into existence.

It must be borne in mind that at each fresh emigration many of the Boers were unmoved by that aspiration for liberty with which others were inflamed, and remained behind in the districts thus abandoned, becoming consequently subject to the English domination.

Thus it happened that they who held to their original homesteads between the Orange and the Vaal, severed, so to speak, their former connection with the more restless emigrants. The nucleus thus left originated the now Orange Free State, wherein they founded the city of Bloemfontein, its capital.

Earl Grey, being in 1852 Colonial Secretary in England, considered that the English dominions in Africa were getting both too vast and expensive, and therefore resolved to limit them. Desirous, however, of acting in a manner worthy of a great nation, he gave orders to the governor of the Cape to declare the Vaal to be the northern frontier of the British possessions and leave all such English subjects as might establish themselves beyond that limit at liberty to take their own course.

This led to the treaty with the Boers, whereby Great Britain acknowledged them to be free and conceded to them the rights of autonomy; from that date the country between the Vaal and the Limpopo acquired its name, the Government of the Transvaal was definitely constituted, and Pretorius was elected president of the new republic.

The insurgent Boers, so obstinately bent upon fleeing from a foreign yoke, succeeded in forming a nation, in creating an independent country, and in establishing their freedom; so that in 1854 they were perfectly emancipated, and the Orange Free State sprang into being.

Adrian Pretorius was in every respect a note-worthy man; one who would have made himself renowned, and carved out a career among people far more civilized than the Boers. Inflamed by an ardent love of liberty, he had the power to infuse the enthusiasm of his own spirit into those who surrounded him, and immovably fixed in his own grand ideas he lived to see his efforts crowned with success, and to give to his faithful followers and to thousands who were dispersed far and wide, a wealthy country and a name. His life terminated with this grand work. At its close the general suffrage raised to power his own son, who had been brought up under the eye and instructions of his father.

The new Pretorius used his efforts to give a better organization to the various services of the nation, but the same desire for liberty, which animated the Boers in fleeing from British dominion, induced many also to flee from that of the central government of the Republic. But even in doing so they found that it was always necessary to band themselves against a foreign enemy, and the numerous conflicts in which they had to engage with the ever-hostile aborigines are a proof of the fact.

In 1859 the Boers of the Orange Free State proclaimed Pretorius as their president, and in his capacity of Supreme Director of the affairs of the two Republics he at once set about effecting a union that should be advantageous to their common interests.

But the English government had their say in a question of so much importance; so that Pretorius, failing in his object, abandoned Bloemfontein, returned to the Transvaal, and resumed the direction of public affairs.

From that time until 1867, the two peoples, who could boast, the one but fifteen, the other but thirteen years of autonomous existence, were unmolested in their rude but pacific lives, saving some trifling disturbances with the natives which were speedily put down. But in that year, 1867, the Boers of the two States, the Transvaal and Orange, were roused to their innermost depths by a surprising piece of intelligence. On their western frontier a discovery had been made of diamond mines of vast wealth and extent, which promised apparently inexhaustible riches to the possessors of the territory.

It was not astonishing that the Boers of the Transvaal and the Boers of the Orange Free State should cast greedy eyes upon this favored land.

The district which, in a moment, as it were, assumed such great importance, and which, like Brazil, California and Australia, suddenly attracted hosts of adventurers from all quarters of the globe, belonged to a tribe known as the Griquas, a mongrel race of Boer origin, at that time governed by a certain Waterboer, who lost not an instant in putting forward his claims to the coveted territory.

Among the mixed horde which the flash of the diamond irresistibly led to this new Goleonda, there was an abundance of Englishmen, exceeding, indeed, in numbers, all the rest put together.

The desire to assume possession of the diamond-fields was only clearly manifested by the Orange State Boers in 1870, the year in which their President Brand invited Waterboer to a conference, whereat he endeavored to convince him that he was of right the owner of the newly discovered treasure. Waterboer was not, however, so easily persuaded into relinquishing his claims, and he returned to his own country obstinately bent upon making them good.

President Brand, on his part, was just as little inclined to yield, and he published a proclamation wherein he

stated that Griqua Land belonged of right to the Orange Free State, following up this averment by the despatch of a delegate of the Republic to the country, with the title of governor.

The Boers of the Transvaal about this time endeavored to clearly lay down the frontiers of their territory, and succeeded in concluding with Portugal the treaty for the demarkation of their eastern border, negotiated in July, 1869, between Pretorius and the Viscount de Duprat, the commissioner appointed for that purpose by the Portuguese Government. The treaty of 1852 had sufficiently defined the southern and southeastern frontiers; the others being traced out by nature, viz., that to the north, in the shape of the tsee-tsee fly near the Limpopo, and that to the west, by the desert.

Pretorius then conceived that his right to Griqua Land was as good as President Brand's, and in imitation of his contemporary of the Orange Free State, he also sent a delegate of the Republic to support his pretensions.

But three years had elapsed since the first stone of that pure and dazzling carbon, on which human vanity has bestowed such extraordinary value, appeared in the wilds of South Africa, and already, where the eager hands of hundreds of adventurers were delving and picking amid the gravelly soil, there had arisen an opulent city teeming with life and bearing the similitude of European civilization.

This was Kimberley, a very wonder, created by diamonds, just as San Francisco in California was created by gold. It was one of those prodigies which spring out of the earth in the immediate vicinity of the mines that are being explored, and to which they owe their origin; which grow with prodigious rapidity in strength and grandeur; which become at once the seat of a new and vigorous commerce; which boast an unused and inventive brain; and which, born, as it were, only to-day, on the morrow, through the

development of the latent powers wherewith they are endowed, appear to arrive immediately at maturity, with ancient customs and musty traditions.

The mine is the most potent principle of the development of a virgin soil. It is the most powerful incentive to the colonization of a new country. The diamond flashes; the grain of gold scintillates; the block of coal sparkles; the mine yields from its cavernous depths copper, iron, and lead; and lo! in the desert, till then pronounced sterile, all around the lead, copper, coal, gold, and diamond, life springs up, a town is created, and progress marches with giant strides, by the aid of its grandest elements, electricity and steam.

In Griqua Land, where in 1867 but a few scanty huts sheltered a barbarous population, in 1870 we find a European city, involved, it is true, in the chaos created by a mixed population, but feeling within herself all the elements of rapid development. No wonder then if she refused to admit the domination of a people so little advanced as Boers and Griquas. It was under such circumstances that appeal was made to England.

The diamond and gold have the supernatural power of fascinating the king and the peasant, the dainty lady and the country wench; and if Boers and Griquas were dazzled by the brilliancy of the African gems, Britannia was no less moved by their scintillations; nor did she lose time in coming to the conclusion that Griqua Land was hers, and could not possibly appertain to any one else.

The proclamation of President Brand was followed by another from the governor at the Cape, wherein he argued to his own satisfaction that the coveted territory belonged to the Griquas, and that the Griquas belonged to England. This second proclamation was only a prelude to a visit from the governor himself, who, on his arrival at the fields in contention, was received with enthusiasm by the miners.

The Griquas, who felt their weakness in presence of the Boers, very naturally threw in their lot with England.

It was then that the governor, strong in the support of miners and Griquas, entered openly into negotiations with the Boers of the two states, and easily succeeded in convincing Pretorius of the advisability of his desistance from rights which, to say the least, were very problematical. This was not, however, the case with President Brand, who not only refused to have the question solved by the arbitrament of the Governor of Natal, but demanded that the matter should be submitted to the decision of some European sovereign, and meanwhile began to assemble a considerable force of Boers, in order to employ arms as a supreme argument. This warlike manifestation on the part of the Free State, which might have led to very serious consequences, was however stayed by the firmness and prudence of the governor.

Meanwhile the British Government quietly annexed the diamond country to the Cape, without giving much heed to the events that were passing on the spot.

Brand, however, would not desist from his asserted rights with the same ease as Pretorius had done. The two men, in fact, were of very different calibre. Pretorius was a Boer, possessing merely the rudimentary education proper to the Boers, derived in great part from the pages of the Bible. He lived and flourished rather upon his father's name than through any personal qualifications of his own. It was a far more facile task for England to treat with him than with President Brand, who, though a son of the colony, was endowed with considerable erudition, had a bright intelligence, and was versed in all the "quilllets and quiddits," the tricks and chicanery of the law.

Brand was educated in Europe, took his Doctor's degree in the University of Leyden, was admitted to prac-

tice as a barrister in the English courts, and was for some time a professor at the Cape School. Such a man, on whom nature had further bestowed an energetic and obstinate temperament, was not likely to recoil even in presence of the English annexation, and therefore continued to proclaim aloud and furnish proofs that Griqua Land was his property.

In the course of six years he made six hundred protests, until one day the Earl of Carnarvon, the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, who had the merit of thoroughly comprehending the colonial interests of Great Britain, invited him to London, there to treat directly for a settlement of these interminable claims.

Brand, in London, continued to fight for the interests of his country, and at length ceded all rights to Griqua Land for a pecuniary indemnity of £105,000. It was thus that Lord Carnarvon cut short, at once and for ever, the complications that had arisen between the Boers of the Orange Free State and the English Colonies of South Africa. Brand employed the money received from the British Government in developing, as far as so small a sum would allow, the resources of his little country.

Leaving, however, the Boers of the Orange Free State, of whom I have spoken only incidentally on account of their connection with the Transvaal, and returning to my own brief record of the latter, I mentioned that Pretorius readily gave up all claim to Griqua Land at the instigation of the Governor of the Cape, and this act brought him into considerable discredit with his co-citizens.

The *Volksraad*, or National Assembly, passed a vote of censure on their president, who was in consequence deposed, and a successor appointed in the person of Francis Burgers.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE TRANSVAAL. — (CONTINUED).

BURGERS, a Dutchman, and a man of intelligence, who thus became third president of the Transvaal Republic, was a Protestant minister of the Reformed Church. His first thought, on assuming power, was to raise the Transvaal to a level with the advanced nations of Europe. All the ideas of the new president were noble and elevated, but none the less he committed manifest errors of administration. He was not a practical man, and was not sufficiently acquainted with the elements he had to deal with to be able to give them the direction he intended.

President Burgers, on taking the reins of government, desired to drive at a greater rate of speed than it was safe to do over so rough a country. Financial questions were the first which called for his attention, and no wonder, inasmuch as the Transvaal had no finances to boast of. The expenditure of the administration was small, it is true, but the general receipts were of the meagrest, and very irregularly collected. Burgers coined some money out of the gold extracted from the Lydenburg Mines, and succeeded, in a comparatively short time, in re-establishing the credit, then at a very low ebb, of his adopted country.

A species of progress-fever took possession of Dr. Burgers, who made a voyage to Europe in 1875, with the double object of raising money and creating for his country a seaport.

As regards the money question, he knocked at the doors

of the Amsterdam bankers ; and in respect of the seaport, he applied to the government at Lisbon. Both at Amsterdam and Lisbon, he was patiently listened to ; nay more, he obtained a credit in Holland, and made a treaty in Portugal for a railroad to connect Pretoria with the superb harbor of Lourenço Marquez.

Burgers returned triumphant to the Transvaal to find a world of trouble awaiting him. During his absence an old sore, which had never been healed, between his people and the native king Secucuni, had broken out afresh, and it was deemed necessary to go to war. Burgers did not hesitate in this conjuncture. He caused a *comando* to go forth, to which responded some two thousand Boers, and about the same number of natives. He put himself at the head of this small army, and boldly marched to the attack.

Whether it was that Burgers was not destined to shine as a general, or whether from one of those causes that it is difficult to explain, and which have been more than once fatal to English regular troops in Africa, the small army, after a very short war, wherein but slight, if any, advantages were obtained, was obliged to retire.

Just about this time there arrived at Natal Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who had come straight from London, where Lord Carnarvon, still bent upon his idea of forming a Confederation of the States of South Africa, had got together delegates from the different provinces with a view to a discussion of the subject. It would appear that Sir Theophilus brought instructions from the English Government concerning the Transvaal, inasmuch as no sooner had he arrived at Durban, than he started for Pretoria. In order thoroughly to comprehend the facts, it is necessary to show what the Transvaal was at this period.

The Boer population, difficult to estimate, but which the nearest calculations raised to twenty-one thousand souls, was scattered over an immense territory, equal in superficial area to England and Scotland united. Within this

vast country, but three towns, the nuclei of a dense population, and a few villages separated by enormous distances, made even greater by the difficulty of communication, sheltered their various groups of inhabitants.

The three towns, Potchefstroom, Pretoria, and Lydenburg contained populations that were anything but Boers. The gold mines had attracted to Lydenburg adventurers of all nationalities, and the English element, imported from Australia, predominated over the others. Pretoria was a growing city, wherein the largest element was Dutch, but not Boer.* Potchefstroom had, among its inhabitants, the greatest number of Boers of the three, but even there they were in a minority as compared with the Dutch and English.

The villages, whereof the most important were Rustenberg, Marico, and Heidelberg, had a Boer population with a mixture of English and Dutch. The bulk of the Boers was to be found in scattered farms and homesteads, as they naturally fled from towns and villages alike, to have space to pasture their herds and flocks.

If it be difficult to form any just estimate of the white population of the Transvaal, it is a harder task still to appreciate the numbers of the native population. I have seen calculations which were as wide apart as two hundred thousand and nine hundred thousand.

The country was literally covered with missions emanating from three or four different societies in England, some from Germany and others from the Netherlands. These missionaries exercise their calling among the natives, because the Dutch have their own pastors in the parishes, and the Boers know their Bible as well as the teachers, and therefore do not need their ministry.

The seat of the government was at Pretoria, the smallest of the three Transvaal towns, but also the most favorably

* Whenever I use the term Dutch, I mean the sons of Holland proper, and not the Boers of either of the States.—AUTHOR.

situated. The men who had the chief direction of public affairs were Dutch.

This was the position of the heterogeneous population of the Transvaal at the commencement of April, 1876.

Let us now briefly examine the moral position, true or apparent, of the Boers. And first of all, what was the estimation in which the Franco-Dutch of the African Republic were held out of Africa? As low, undoubtedly, as it could well be.

The impression abroad concerning them was that they were white savages, possessing all the evil instincts of the savage, with the cunning supplied by semi-civilization, eager for rapine, burning and devastating the villages of the natives (poor martyrs of their brutality and rapacity), and who, strong against the weak, were sneaking curs in presence of the strong.

This was the picture furnished by more than one missionary, the only persons from whom we, in Europe, obtained news of the ancient Cape emigrants. What degree of truth there was in this estimate I shall have occasion to say later on.

In the eyes of those who knew little of them beyond what was supplied by prejudiced parties, they were morally disorganized; they had lost something of their prestige among the natives through the reverse suffered at the hands of Secucuni; and they were even beginning to discuss among themselves the propriety of deposing President Burgers, and electing in his place a Boer of repute, P. Krüger, who was disposed once more to draw the sword against Secucuni.

Under these circumstances the annexation was easy, and Sir Theophilus Shepstone took advantage of it. The towns that had no Boerish blood in them were on his side, and there, petitions on behalf of the measure, dictated it must be said by Englishmen, were readily obtained. It was further stated that all the blacks were desirous of

becoming Englishmen ; so Sir Theophilus, by proclamation dated the 12th April, 1876, declared the Transvaal to be an English province. When this proclamation was made there were barely two dozen people to listen to it, and they were encamped in barracks run up in the garden of the house where Sir Theophilus was sojourning.

The annexation of the Transvaal was therefore pacific, no armed force being either employed therein or available, inasmuch as the 80th Regiment of Infantry, which, under the command of Major Tyler, subsequently entered the Transvaal, was at that time encamped on the Natal border beyond the Drakens Berg. The annexation was pacific, but the Boers knew nothing about it till it was all over.

Many of the Boers, when they heard the astounding news, alarmed at the movement and doubtful as to what would come next, fell back upon their instinctive and hereditary habit of migrating, which they did in considerable numbers. One portion of them, who formed the vanguard of the new emigration, perished through drought in the desert, as stated in a previous chapter.

The frightful catastrophe proved a warning to many who were ready to follow their example, and as their steps were effectually barred in another direction by that terrible enemy the tsee-tsee, they made a virtue of necessity and bent their necks to the yoke of England.

Does the history of the Transvaal terminate here as an autonomous State? Who shall say?

It is necessary to have lived among the Boers to form an idea of their ardent love and aspiration for liberty — of the profundity of their hatred for those they deem their oppressors.

Ere closing this brief sketch of the Transvaal and resuming the narrative of my journey, I will add a few more lines about the Boers and their surroundings.

I dwelt in their midst, I was admitted into the intimacy of their daily life, I was enabled to gauge their feelings.

I saw them at their labor, I rode with them through field and forest, and I appreciated their dexterity as marksmen and their courage in the face of danger.

The Transvaal cannot be measured by a European standard. The reason of this is that there exists but one social class — the people. There are no distinctions among them, all being absolutely equal. Without schools, all are alike ignorant; without idlers among them, all are comparatively well off; imbued with religious faith, and steeped in the Bible, the only book they know, all are honest, and lead moral lives.

The principle which, in the middle ages, established distinctions in Europe, namely, personal courage, can with difficulty be comprehended by the Boers, as all are courageous. As happens among all people who live an elementary life, they only attain ascendancy among them who possess the gift of eloquence.

The life of the Boer is regulated by Biblical precepts — it is the true patriarchal life. Among the Boers there is a strict adherence to truth, and adultery is almost unknown.

The Boer marries early, and he either continues to reside in the dwelling of his parents, or, united to another in the same condition, he seeks out new lands, and commences a new life. The sole distinction between the Boers is that of age, and the younger naturally yields to the persuasion of his senior. The wife labors, like her husband, in her own sphere, and is indefatigable in the household. The necessities of the Boer are very limited, and he has the means of supplying them.

Among the French emigrants, dispersed by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, many were mechanics, and left as a legacy to their descendants the art of working in wood and iron. It is no uncommon thing to see a lathe in a corner of a Transvaal house, and a Boer engaged in turning the legs of his simple tables and chairs, or putting his instrument to other uses. Outside, in some shed, in a

rudimentary tannery, you will find him dressing the hides out of which he makes his boots and shoes. The other requirements of life are easily satisfied by people who have no ambition beyond liberty, after which they have been aspiring for a century almost in vain.

How happens it then that the Boers, being as I have described them, have earned for themselves so evil a name?

The explanation of the fact is in a nutshell to those who have lived in the Transvaal among them, and exempt from the passion of race, which has the power to pervert the justest and most sensible mind. They on whom lies the sin of discrediting the Boers are the missionaries. I say, and I maintain it. After the Boers had occupied the Transvaal, and succeeded in pacificating by force the warlike tribes which disputed their possession, and giving a certain security to the country, dozens of missionaries flocked thither and took up their quarters.

Among these men some were good and some were bad, and I venture to explain what I mean by those terms.

The good are those who, intelligent and enlightened, possessing the qualities proper to God's ministers, pursue their ends in singleness of heart, building with patience, with patience suffering the reverses of to-day in the hope of the triumph of the morrow, teaching morality by example and by precept, going their way without being moved by the passion which blinds, imbued with the responsibility of their august mission. The good are they who, to intelligence and enlightenment, join the *blossoms of the soul* to which I have before alluded. Such do indeed exist, but unhappily their number is but small.

The bad missionaries are those who, with little intelligence and little learning, believing that the science of life consists in knowing imperfectly and interpreting wrongly certain passages of Holy Scripture, employ every means more or less dignified to attain a fictitious end; and, cor-

roded by the poison of vanity, or instigated by personal interest, desire to exhibit to the societies which sent them out extraordinary results, attained by means that have no equivalent in Europe, and who have become the main cause of the prolongation of that terrible struggle in Africa between civilization and barbarism.

Of these men, the chief object is to insinuate themselves into the good graces of the aborigines, and in default of those qualities which would teach them the path they should follow, they employ an easy expedient to attain their end, an expedient which rarely fails in its result.

It is to preach revolt. To the ear of barbarians it is always sweet music — that which urges them to revolt against the whites.

These missionaries, with little knowledge and narrow intellect, commence by instilling into the native, hour by hour, from the sacred pulpit, whence should only be heard the accents of truth, that they are the equals of the white man, that they are on a level with the civilized; when they ought rather to say to them, in the tones of persuasion and authority, "Between you and the European there is a wide gulf, which I have come to teach you to bridge over. Regenerate yourselves; quit your habits of brutish sloth; labor and pray; abandon crime, and practise the virtue which I will show you; cast off your ignorance and learn: and then, but not till then, can you stand on the same level as the white; then, and then only, will you be his equal."

This is the language used by the good missionaries; this is the truth which the bad ones never dream of inculcating.

The Boers, after their recent conquest of the country, were not slow to perceive that some of the missionaries were of powerful assistance in securing their new dominion, whilst others only caused them conflict and difficulties. As a natural consequence they resented such behavior,

and in return were vilified and traduced in the eyes of Europe. Hence arose the evil reputation which the Boers have acquired in the outer world.

The missionary should be one of the primary aids to future civilization, and we have a right to expect much from his efforts; but unhappily the results that we obtain are just the contrary to those we looked for.

The evil missionaries preached revolt and the Boer was attacked. A cruel war ensued, and Europe rang with the horrible acts committed by the Boers against the good, innocent and pacific aborigines!

I have already had occasion to speak of well-intentioned missionaries erring through their desire to teach abstract theology to the blacks. They fail with the Boers from a very opposite reason. The latter know as much theology as their would-be teachers, if they do not even know more; for, as I have more than once observed, their Bibles are always in their hands.

The missionaries, therefore, who deem it to be their work to teach the Bible, simply leave the Boers alone, and then proclaim aloud that they are enemies to progress! They may not, perhaps, have made the progress that they should; but the missionary has more to answer for than themselves in their tardy advancement: the fault lies with the master and not with the disciple.

The most absurd of all the charges laid at the door of the Boers is that of cowardice! I have more than once had occasion to verify the exact contrary; but even without practical experience of my own, I should say that the history of their wars with Zulus, Kaffirs, and Basutos would amply suffice to remove such a stigma from their name.

It is devoutly to be wished that they may not one day be goaded into proving their valor on the heads of those who so systematically slander them.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE TRANSVAAL—(CONTINUED).

AS I stated at the commencement of the preceding chapter, I found myself in Pretoria, already an English city, and the capital of the Transvaal Province, on the morning of the 12th of February, 1879. My first call was on the Government Treasurer, Mr. Swart, who received me very cordially, but excused himself from asking me to become his guest, as he had not a room in his little house to offer me. We therefore proceeded to the hotels, where not even a bed, much less an apartment, was to be found.

Volunteers, who were coming in from all directions to seek service in the corps that were being organized, attracted by a pay of five shillings per diem, filled up every corner and caused me considerable embarrassment. I, who had rarely wanted quarters on the long journey from Benguella thither, began to fear that I should not find in the first civilized city I entered a corner wherein to lay my head.

Finally, after a long search, and when I was actually revolving in my mind whether it would be a great shock to the social *convenances* (which it must be confessed I had almost forgotten), if I lay down in the public square on my leopard skins, I succeeded in obtaining shelter at the Café de l'Europe, with promise of a room in the course of a day or two. This was tolerable so far, but then arose fresh difficulties about accommodating my people.

I sent for the young Boer Low, who required medical treatment for his injured hand, but instructed Verissimo to remain encamped without the city until fresh orders. My messenger returned with Low, and Verissimo who had come to inform me that the people were hungry, and that he must have money to procure them something to eat. This news at first quite staggered me. I had, in fact, forgotten that money was absolutely necessary in a civilized country, and that I had an empty purse.

A moment's reflection convinced me that such was the case, and I applied to my host, Mr. Turner, for the needful. He was good enough to supply me with some at once, so that I was enabled to dispatch Low to a surgeon and Verissimo to the camp, whilst I myself repaired to Mr. Swart, who invited me to dinner.

That gentleman had invited several guests to meet me, which compelled me to pay some attention to my toilet. My trousers, which bore but little semblance to their original aspect, and which had been subjected to more than one patch at my own hands (although my talent for tailoring had never been brilliant), were carefully cleansed from the dust and mud splashes of twenty different countries. I found a pair of stockings which had been most neatly darned by Madame Coillard, and which were therefore sure to give satisfaction. My iron-heeled boots, a product of Tissier of Paris, were blacked for the first time, and really did not look at all bad. My coat was the article which most troubled me, for it had been furnished with leathern pockets, once black, but which were now, alas! worn into an extraordinary color. Mr. Turner's inkstand, however, was handy, and by the aid of a quill pen I managed to touch up the seams and all the exposed portions, so that I thought it would pass muster at night, although by day the artifice might perhaps be a little too apparent.

Having then well brushed and combed my long beard

and still longer hair, I set out for the house of the Treasurer of the Transvaal.

On entering the drawing-room I was completely dazzled. The ladies in full dress, the men in their well-fitting black coats, the servants in livery, the bright yet harmonious colors of the silken upholstery, the carpets, the mirrors, all those things, indeed, to which I had been so long a stranger during the hard and savage life I had been leading, produced in me, at first, a perfect bewilderment of brain.

My greatest difficulty was what to do with my hands; they seemed ever in search of something to lay hold of, and missing the customary feel of the rifle, they were dreadfully in my way.

Dinner was announced. I took in the lady of the house, and when I was seated I began to be conscious that my very old clothes were dreadfully shabby.

I must have committed many absurdities, but I have no recollection of what they were, for the whole scene appeared to me as a delightful but uneasy dream.

The dinner over, we repaired once more to the drawing-room, where my attention was soon attracted by the sound of music; a lady had sat down to the piano, and was playing in charming style one of Chopin's Nocturnes.

It was like a new sensation to listen to the notes and watch the fingers flying over the ivory keys. The harmony penetrated to my very soul, and made me giddy with emotion. I was in quite a state of feverish excitement when I returned to my café, where I found prepared in a corner of the saloon a regular bed furnished with blankets, sheets and pillows.

I was about to lie down as I stood, but recollected in time that civilized people were accustomed to undress before doing so. But I got no sleep. My impressions of the day had been too full — my mind was disturbed by too many things, and the sheets bothered me.

I turned out at daybreak and dressed, not a bit too early; for, as my bed was in the common room, the servants were early astir putting things in order. I began to revolve in my mind how I was to accommodate my people, a matter that did not seem at all easy, and how I was



MYSELF AT PRETORIA.

to procure money, which I absolutely needed. I was busy with these reflections when I was summonsed to breakfast.

Mr. Turner did not furnish me with such a breakfast as I should have got at the Matta, the Central, the Silva, or the Augusto at Lisbon, or at Ledoyen's or the Cafe Riche at Paris, but he gave me a very tolerable breakfast notwithstanding. I will not go so far as to say it was a good one, for I began already to be wonderfully fastidious.

The meal over, I had a long talk with Mr. Turner, and was not a little disconcerted at the scanty hopes he held out of my being able to lodge my people in the town. Meanwhile, I was myself a great object of curiosity, a species of wild animal that every one was anxious to see, and the curiosity of a host of idlers was not a little troublesome. What particularly annoyed me was the wonder expressed by all and sundry at the smallness of my stature and the slenderness of my frame.

While rummaging in my portfolio for a stray visiting card or two, I found a letter given me by Mr. Coillard for a Dutch Missionary in the town of the name of Gruneberger. I was glad of any excuse to escape from the gaze of the curious; so thrusting the letter into my pocket I ordered Fly to be saddled and set out in quest of the missionary.

Mr. Gruneberger's house was in the outskirts of Pretoria. I found the gentleman at home, a very young-looking man, who received me very courteously. I presented Mr. Coillard's letter, and he had no sooner read it than he placed himself entirely at my service.

I explained the embarrassing position in which I was placed about housing my people, when, with the utmost kindness, he offered me the little garden attached to his own house, and the school room for their dormitory at night. I accepted his generous offer, and rode back to my café to give orders to Verissimo to proceed with the wagon to the missionary's house.

I did not agree to the Rev. Mr. Gruneberger's proposal without giving him some very pressing advice as to the mode of treating my negroes, begging him above all things not to act towards them on the footing of equality; for, as they were somewhat savage in their habits, such a proceeding might lead to serious consequences. He seemed quite amused at my advice, and remarked in a tone that was very modest, but which betrayed a little underlying

banter, that it was his business to deal with the natives, and he believed that he knew his calling.

The blacks arrived in due course, and spent their first night in the school-room; the wagon was discharged, and made ready to start homewards so soon as young Low's wounded hand would enable him again to take the road.

On the 14th of February, the third day after my arrival at Pretoria, my financial difficulties might be considered as at an end. The telegraph had flashed afar the news of my arrival at Pretoria, and orders respecting me had come back by the wire from Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and Mr. Carvalho, the Portuguese Consul at the Cape. I met with every assistance from the English Government, nor did that of my own country, as represented by its worthy consul, lag behind.

I remunerated my young driver Low, and that troublesome young scapegrace Christopher, who were anxious to get away, although the former's hand was in anything but a satisfactory condition. By Low I sent some little presents to his grandfather, and to his sisters, the two kindly lasses who were so great at cooking onions; nor did I forget the old hag of the Boer encampment.

I also parted with my Betjuana, Farelan, who had been of such valuable service to me between Soul's Port and Pretoria; and I wrote by him to Mr. Gonin, the kindly French missionary of Piland's Berg.

I paid a visit to the *Cape Colonial Bank*, where I deposited the sum of my indebtedness to Mr. Taylor of Shoshong, who I found had not even then presented his bill for acceptance.

Favors continued to flow in upon me from the chief personages in Pretoria, and I received so many invitations to dinner that I rarely had occasion to do more than breakfast at the café.

On the 15th of February I had a long conversation with Mr. Fred. Jeppe, the able Transvaal geographer, who

confirmed the information I had already received from Mr. Swart, the provisional governor, as to the difficulties which stood in the way of continuing my journey on account of the Zulu war. After maturely studying the question, I determined to send my people with the baggage to Natal, by the way of Harrismith, by the first caravan leaving Pretoria; whilst I, alone and unencumbered, proposed to proceed directly to the seat of war. This resolved, I quietly waited for the desired opportunity.

On the 19th I received an invitation to dine with the officers of the 80th Regiment. I cannot refrain from mentioning a little circumstance which occurred during the repast, and that touched me deeply. Major Tyler, who was in the chair, suddenly rose, and raising his glass, pronounced that word which at the noisiest English dinners rarely fails to command instant silence:—

“Gentlemen!”

All eyes were turned upon him, and he added:—

“Gentlemen, to the health of his Majesty the King of Portugal!”

We all rose to respond to the toast, when the band of the regiment struck up the hymn of “El Rei Dom Luiz,” which was listened to in profound silence.

It is impossible to depict the sensations I experienced on hearing that music and that patriotic hymn played in a distant, foreign land — a graceful homage to my country in the person of its sovereign. I am indebted to Major Tyler for a host of favors and kindnesses, and he increased them immensely by this delightful surprise he had in store for me.

The affinity of our lives attracted me almost daily to the English camp, where I either breakfasted or dined. The officers were all alike friendly and courteous, but with one I became most intimately acquainted; this was Captain Allan Saunders.

I was advised that a caravan of wagons was to leave

Pretoria for Durban on the 22nd, and I made arrangements with the leaders to convey thither my people and baggage.

On the 21st I was busily engaged in packing in cases some birds I had brought with me, together with the skins of the animals shot in the chase, and such insects as I could make use of. While thus employed, a messenger came in hot haste to inform me that there was a riot in the Rev. Mr. Gruneberger's house, caused by my people, and that several had been wounded, if not actually killed, in the struggle.

I set off at once to the missionary's quarters, where I found the fellows in open mutiny. This I immediately put down, but I fortunately observed no traces of murder, and discovered that the only blood shed was from the nose of the reverend gentleman's servant, to which Augusto's huge fist had been rather rudely applied. I could not forbear recalling to the worthy ecclesiastic's recollection my caution as to the necessity of treating the negroes with proper reserve, and to a neglect of which the present tumult was due.

Mr. Gruneberger had evidently lost some of his former confidence in his power to deal with the fellows, for he told me that after what had occurred he could not keep them any longer on his premises. This I freely admitted; and although the incident itself was one which I considered trifling, more particularly as the whole crew were to leave the town the following day, I was exceedingly annoyed that the good pastor should have been so troubled after his extreme kindness in this matter. I therefore removed them bag and baggage to my own place, where I knew I could keep them in order till the hour of departure arrived.

Pretoria, as I saw it in February and March of 1879, was a growing place, on which the English domination had not, as yet, impressed the national stamp. Its wide and spacious streets gave access to the houses, for the

most part on one floor, but well built and elegant. Gardens abounded, and in some of the streets the houses stood in their own grounds.

As is the case with all places recently occupied by England, Pretoria was filled with adventurers who had flocked thither to seek their fortune, and, not finding the pursuit a profitable one, had enlisted in the regiments of volunteers, as soldiers.

I must not forget to mention a little circumstance which struck me as peculiar — namely, the number of native women from the surrounding country, who flocked in to the town to sell their produce, arrayed in the full dress proper to their class; that is to say, all but naked, and precisely as they are represented in the annexed engraving. There is a story, too, connected with that same engraving which I wish to relate, because it will explain to our friends in Europe that it is not so easy as they imagine to do things in Africa in the same facile way that is common in the old world.

There lived in Pretoria a first-class Swiss photographer of the name of Gross, whose acquaintance I made, and with whom I became on very friendly terms.

One day, seeing a group of native market-women, I went up to them and offered to purchase all their wares if they would consent to be photographed. They hesitated, and I raised my offer, and to overcome any remaining scruples ended by promising them what in their eyes must have been a munificent reward. Tempted by my proposal, they rose and followed me to Mr. Gross's house, where I entered and left them at the door.

When I explained my purpose to the photographer he ran his hands through his hair and shook his head, assuring me that there was no chance of success, as he had tried it scores of times in vain. Seeing, however, that I was bent upon it, he fell in with my humor, and said he would make another trial.

I got the women into the studio, though it cost me half an hour's persuasion, for when the time came to enter the house they could not be induced to cross the threshold. But even when they were all assembled in the room, our difficulties were by no means lightened.

First, we could not get them into position before the apparatus, and next, after we had succeeded in doing so, and the photographer was on the point of putting the plate into the slide, two or three got frightened and tried to escape, whilst others hid their faces in their hands. After an incredible expenditure of patience and persuasion, we got them again into focus, with the same ill-success as before, and so we went on until at last a negative was obtained, which on examination represented rather monstrous baboons than human creatures, they having all made some grimace during the operation. Other attempts led to the same result, and we were compelled in despair to give it up for that day.

Anxious, however, to get a photograph if I could, I went to them again, and made them even more brilliant offers, which induced them at length to yield; so that two or three days after our first failure they came to my door.

I started with them at once to Mr. Gross, and though the poor man turned pale at the sight of us, he made preparations for another trial. I took care on this occasion to stand by the side of the apparatus and tell the women to look at me, which they did, when I fixed upon them so stern and steady a glance that, like children, they were fascinated by it, and Mr. Gross took advantage of their momentary steadiness to uncover the object-glass and obtain his group.

On the twenty-sixth day of February I took leave of my people, and saw them and the baggage quit the city on their way to Durban.



BETJUANA WOMEN. (From a photograph by Mr. Gross.)

CHAPTER XII.

THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

THE town was in commotion, and everybody in it was in a high state of excitement. Never before had Pretoria seen such doings, and the vendors of articles for the toilet must have half made their fortunes. The men were busily engaged furbishing up their uniforms, for every man in Pretoria wears a uniform of some kind, and those who did not, borrowed or hired one. Horses and carriages were brought forth and subjected to unwonted combings and cleansings. Things were rubbed till a shine was got out of them. The enthusiasm was general, and even reached the Dutch portion of the community.

The ladies were not a whit behind in industry, and cudgelled their brains, contained in their pretty fair heads, to discover the best mode of heightening their charms, and thereby contributing to the general pleasure.

The men said to each other, "He is a K. C. B. and has got the Victoria Cross; he is the hero of the Ashantee war; he is a man of tremendous energy; he is one of the most promising officers in the army!"

The women whispered, "He is only thirty-six and a Colonel; he is tall and handsome — and *so* affable!"

What enthusiasm! I had never seen the like. My horse had already been lent to a lady who was desirous of showing off her figure and skill as an *amazon*; and every means of conveyance had been just as eagerly engaged. I believe I was the only person unmoved amid the general

effervescence. Of course I could not be supposed to have the same interest as the inhabitants in the new governor, and therefore was determined to wait at home and call upon him after his arrival.

But who can control his feelings or hope to keep still when all the world is in motion! On the 2nd of March I began to feel that the new-governor fever had attacked even me, and it was first shown in my rushing out to buy a new hat! This was an important reform in my toilet.

The man who was the cause of all this commotion was to arrive on the 3rd, and the place of reception was at nine miles' distance from the city. When I rose in the morning I had not the remotest idea of repairing thither, and besides, I had parted with my horse.

At nine o'clock I went out, but found nobody. I went to breakfast, and did so alone. I called at the houses of several friends, but none of them were at home. I began to wish the new governor — had not come.

I returned to the Café de l'Europe, summoned Mr. Turner, and informed him without any preface that I wanted a horse. Mr. Turner imagined that I was not quite right in my head. To expect to get a horse on such a day could have been a notion only conceived by a man with a softened brain.

Still I insisted, and the more difficult the matter appeared, the more I strove to overcome it.

After much reflection, Mr. Turner had an idea.

He possessed a young, unbroken colt, full of fire and spirit, which I was welcome to if I could mount him. I was resolved to try, so we went off together to the stables. It took us I do not know how long to saddle the creature, and it cost me nearly as much time to mount.

After an exhibition worthy of a circus, I managed, with the persuasion of a pair of huge spurs, to get the animal into the street, and when there, I induced him to take the road to the camp. From a matter of habit, I wanted to

see Major Tyler and Captain Saunders before starting to meet the governor. It was an unlucky inclination.

The 80th Regiment was formed in review order, and I determined to wait till it was over before looking after my friends; but suddenly the band struck up, and my colt, alarmed at the noise, performed such a variety of gambols and gyrations, that I was compelled to get away in all haste, but not before he had kicked some big holes into one of the tents, and made its occupants scamper out for their lives. At last I got the animal into the open, and then we had a regular contest, in which he did everything to get rid of me but roll over on his back, and he would have done that if it had come into his head.

About 2 o'clock our little differences were so far settled that I ventured to take him back and join my friends, but I was of course pretty well exhausted with fatigue.

Shortly after, an open carriage, escorted by a troop of volunteers on horseback, arrived, and we got a view of the new Governor of the Transvaal. Colonel Sir William Owen Lanyon, K.C.B., came up to the general expectations. He was young and handsome, and on the breast of his topcoat appeared the Victoria cross. And so every one was satisfied, and the energetic "hurrahs!" which made the air ring, were a proof of the fact.

The *cortége* moved on towards the city, and then my annoyances recommenced; for my colt, who had recovered his spirits, began curvetting in a way which attracted more attention than was properly our due.

A carriage which touched him on the flank made him rear up like a mad thing, and then he bolted outright. Away went my hat, — alas! my *new* hat, only purchased the day before, — and away went we, but in an opposite direction, so that I very soon left the procession behind me. The road was fortunately good, and I allowed the beast to take his own course, rightly judging that he could not run forever, and must stop somewhere.

Notwithstanding the speed at which I had been going since taking my involuntary leave of the crowd, I fancied I heard the sound of another horse's hoofs behind me, and turning in the saddle, I perceived that I was followed, and that I should very shortly be caught up to.

A fair horsewoman, far better mounted than myself, — for she was riding my own Fly, — was in a few moments by my side, and laughing most heartily, presented me my *hat*, which she had picked up on her way with that wonderful dexterity which belongs to the fair riders of the South African Colonies (perhaps the best horsewomen in the world), and expressed a hope that I had not taken cold at being deprived of my head-covering!

I am afraid I did not feel sufficiently grateful, and would willingly, after offering my mutilated thanks, have broken away from her by flight. But besides that it was hopeless to outrun Fly, my own animal was pretty well done up, so that it was in company of the merry, quizzing damsel that I got back to Pretoria, and delivered up the now subdued colt to its rightful owner.

On the 5th I rode out to a distance of about a league from Pretoria to see a natural curiosity, concerning which both the English and Dutch residents had a great deal to say. This was the *Wonderboom*, the Miraculous Tree. It was indeed well worth a visit, nor was I surprised at the admiration it raised among the Boers. From its lofty branches pended others which, on reaching the ground, struck root and were themselves converted into stout trees, so that years of this process had produced a considerable wood, all springing from one original trunk.

At last, having bid farewell to the host of kind friends who had treated me so cordially at Pretoria, I left there on the 8th of March for Heidelberg, where I arrived late at night. I determined to remain a few days in that pretty little town, in order to make my last observations and complete my labors.

On the 11th of March, having done all my work, I bid farewell to Heidelberg, leaving it at 8 o'clock in the morning, in a light dog-cart of American construction. I had for companions a Lieutenant Barker, of the 5th West York Regiment, and his subaltern, a Mr. Dupuis; and the vehicle was driven by a mulatto, I think a Griqua, of the name of Joaquim Eleazar.

On quitting Heidelberg we had to cross the little river which bars the road, and whose steep banks make it difficult of passage for vehicles. We got down the former with tolerable ease, but on reascending, the dog-cart, somehow, got upset, and Lieutenant Barker tumbled on to Dupuis, and I on to Barker. Fortunately no great harm was done, so we were able to laugh at the disaster.

Dupuis was a man of wonderful spirits. Though bearing a French name, it was difficult to guess at his nationality, for he spoke several languages with equal fluency, had resided in a variety of countries, and had stories to tell and adventures to relate of upsets and marvellous escapes in France, Russia, America and China. His great desire was to get upon the English ambulance staff, but pending the realization of this wish, he had attached himself to Lieutenant Barker.

Lieutenant Barker, himself, was one of those good-looking young Englishmen, fair, with blue eyes, whom we so frequently meet with, and know at a glance, in all parts of the world. Full of enthusiasm, he was on his way to join the column of Sir Evelyn Wood, and fight against the negroes of Catjewaio.

A good deal of rain fell during the day, and at two o'clock we reached the river Waterfalls, that had to be crossed — somehow.

Several Boer wagons were waiting on the bank, not venturing to tempt the stream, whose maximum depth was a couple of yards. One of the wagons was laden with wood, with the top of the load some nine or ten feet

at least from the ground. I offered its owner five shillings if he would take his wagon across the river, and let our party sit on the top.

The man consented willingly enough. Barker, Dupuis, and myself, with our light packs and arms, climbed on to the wood. Eight yokes of powerful oxen were harnessed to the vehicle, and soon conveyed us to the other bank.

Joaquim Eleazar, standing upon the seat of the dog-cart, with the water to his waist, and guiding his four horses with the dexterity of a perfect whip, also got across in safety.

Shortly after this adventure we changed horses for the fourth time, and rattled on again in the direction of Standerton Ford, where we had to cross the Vaal. We reached the village at 8 P.M., half famished with hunger; but in the very simple hostelry, where we were compelled to stay for want of a better, we had a wretched supper and not much better bed.

We quitted Standerton next day at seven in the morning, and in the afternoon began to feel the scarcity of horses, owing to the post-houses having been pillaged or abandoned on account of the war. Just at this time, too, the difficulties of the road began to be felt, as we entered the defiles of the Drakens-Berg.

No sooner had we got into the pass than a severe storm broke over us, with torrents of rain that soaked us to the skin, and converted every hollow into a pond. Night came down in utter darkness, broken only by the vivid flashes of lightning, which, from their intense brightness, only made the obscurity the denser. Nothing but the long experience of our coachman could possibly have kept up a pace upon our cattle under such circumstances.

From time to time the whereabouts of a deep hole, of a rock, or a precipice, whose very existence had only been revealed by the lightning-flash, had to be guessed in order to be avoided, when a sonorous "Hold fast!" from Joa-

quim made us acquainted with the danger. Meanwhile the rain continued to fall, the thunder to peal, and the lightning to flash, while the horses trotted along the eastern slopes of the high mountain ridge; there was something weird in that night-journey.

Dupuis had a story ready for every fresh jolt of our vehicle. Now the scene was laid in China, at other times in America, and then again in Russia, just as the memory came uppermost. Then he would sing, though whether well or ill it was hard to say, amid the creaking of the cart, the swishing of the rain, or the growlings of the thunder. He sang, as he talked, in all sorts of languages, — French, Chinese, Hungarian, American, — each in turn, and sometimes a *pot-pourri* of all.

It was about 8 P. M. when a fixed and distant light attracted our attention, and we cautiously drew towards it. The state of the country was such that it behooved us to use prudence; but we might almost as well fall in with Zulus as run the risk of breaking our necks by continuing that hazardous journey in the dark.

We halted at some distance from what we saw was a fire, and I volunteered to go up to it. On drawing nearer I perceived through some laagered wagons, beneath a tent improvised with pieces of canvas, three English officers seated before a fire. I rapidly entered the circle of light, to prevent the chance of being fired upon. But my hasty advent caused not the slightest sensation or even surprise to the party, who very politely bade me "Good-evening."

They were drinking tea; I summoned my companions, and we sat down without ceremony beside them.

"Take a cup of tea," said one of them.

"Very gladly," was the response; "but we should like something to eat as well, for we are half-famished."

"I am sorry for that," said the first speaker, "for we are hungry, too, and have nothing to stay it with but tea and a little sugar."

There was no remedy, so we gratefully took the tea, after which I, wet through as I was, lay down by the fire and dropped asleep.

We parted from our new acquaintance at daybreak, but did not succeed in allaying the cravings of hunger until night, at a Boer homestead. The good farmer gave us a capital supper; but we were not permitted to partake of it until he had read through a chapter from the Old Testament, of inordinate length.

The remainder of the journey to Newcastle was performed without incident of note, saving that on our reaching the river of that name we found it full to overflowing, and were compelled to swim across, to our no little discomfort, having no change of clothes.

On arriving at the little township our first care was to procure something to eat, as we had passed another twenty-four hours without taking nourishment.

I took up my quarters at an hotel, which was of a negative character, neither good nor bad, and at once set about drying my papers and securing a place in the diligence which ran from that town to Pietermaritzburg.

My travelling companions there took leave of me, as they were bound for the theatre of war; and I, on the following day, proceeded to the diligence office to start for my new destination.

The passengers were nine, eight men and one lady, and the only two places that were at all bearable were alongside the driver. One of these was secured by the lady, and I wanted the other. But my title was disputed by a lieutenant of volunteers, who was decked in a splendid uniform, and wore a formidable pair of spurs. Each of us urged his respective claims to the coachman, the supreme arbitrator in the dispute.

Half-a-sovereign surreptitiously slipped into the ready palm of the mulatto driver prevailed, however, over the three shillings offered by the lieutenant; the coachman

exclaimed in a lofty tone that he was not a man open to bribery, and therefore returned the lieutenant his coin, while he desired me to take the coveted place. The defeated candidate got inside in a towering rage, and the immaculate driver, tipping me a wink, gathered up his reins and set his team in motion.

If the lieutenant was furious, the lady appeared scarcely less so, for instead of having at her side an elegantly dressed officer, she got a shabby-looking individual like myself. She drew her skirts tightly around her, to prevent contact with my very seedy person; and though I should presume the driver was just as little to her taste, she drew as close to him as she could, to mark how greatly she abhorred any contact with me.

When we changed horses, I thought I would try to thaw the ice, and mollify the lady's wounded feelings; so, observing some bottles of sugared almonds, I purchased one, trusting, in my inexperience of feminine feelings, that a young and pretty woman must be fond of sweets.

As I climbed up again into my seat, my lively fancy pictured the unbending of the frown which darkened her countenance, the parting of those closely-pressed lips into a sweet smile, perhaps the opening of a conversation which would greatly lighten the way; and charmed with this imaginary picture, I produced my talisman, and offered her the bottle of comfits. The lady gave me a kind of side glance, and did indeed open her lips, but it was merely to say, "I have not the honor, sir, of your acquaintance;" and relapsed into her former position. I am afraid what I did next was not particularly dignified, for in a sudden fit of annoyance I pitched away the bottle, which, striking on a fragment of rock, flew into a hundred pieces, while its contents were scattered in all directions.

And so hostilities were opened between us.

At the dinner-hour we stopped at Sunday's River, where I got a capital meal for half-a-crown.

The lady and the gallant lieutenant sat beside each other at table, casting supercilious glances at me, and I am sure they invoked upon my devoted head as many plagues as ever visited ancient Egypt.

On leaving the table to retake our places, of course ignorant as to my name or calling, but judging me merely by my shabby exterior, the lady said to the son of Mars, in a tone which caught my ear: — "These common people really give themselves such airs that it is quite disgusting." This filled the measure of my annoyance, and I promised myself my revenge if an opportunity should offer. It was not long in coming.

At seven o'clock we reached Ladysmith, where we had to pass the night, and we found the little town full to overflowing, as the wounded and sick had been conveyed thither from the battle-field. A bed was out of the question, and they were lucky who found a roof to cover them.

The little inn where we put up had but one parlor, which was almost empty. I say almost, because it contained a sofa and a chair or two, and the sofa was occupied by the stalwart form of a young subaltern, who seemed very little awed by the aspect of the splendid lieutenant of volunteers. The lady sat down on one of the chairs, and the lieutenant went out.

I entered into conversation with the subaltern, and invited him to crack a bottle with me. The prospect of a good glass of wine had more charms for the warrior than my sugared almonds had had for the lady, so that I sat down by him on the sofa, pending the arrival of the liquor.

As it was some time in coming, I gave him half-sovereign, with a hint that he had better see after it himself to make sure that it was the right stuff; and when he was gone, I quietly extended myself at full length upon the tolerably soft cushions.

On his return with the bottle and the change, I waved my hand as he tendered me the latter, and taking the act as one of refusal, he dropped the five shillings, nothing loath, into his capacious pocket.

I drank one glass and he drank seven, and when I made a feint to give him up his seat, he absolutely refused to take it from so generous a stranger; so I made myself thoroughly comfortable, by covering my feet with a rug.

My subaltern having finished his bottle, disappeared, and I saw him no more.

Shortly afterwards, the lieutenant came back and informed the lady that there was no chance of procuring her better accommodation for the night than she could have there. He then looked at me and I looked at him. His glance, translated, signified, "Give up the sofa to the lady." Mine, literally rendered, meant, "Common people don't understand delicacies of the kind."

In despair, they drew their chairs close together and conversed in a low tone. I, who cared very little just then for the cooing of doves, as I was very tired, closed my eyes and slept soundly till three o'clock, at which hour we were summoned to resume our journey.

At six we arrived at Colenso, where we crossed the Tugela river on a fine ferry-boat, and by three in the afternoon had reached the pretty village of Howick, where a stay of a couple of hours enabled me to visit the beautiful cataract, which has made the place famous. It is truly deserving of its reputation, and the landscape around it is very lovely.

We again resumed our journey, and shortly after starting I stopped the diligence to speak to my people, whom I found on the wagons with which they had left Pretoria, and that were wending their way slowly towards Durban. Learning that they were all well, and had plenty to eat, I gave them a rendezvous at Pietermaritzburg, and desired the coachman to drive on. It was not till 10 P. M.

that our vehicle reached the capital of Natal, where I found at the best hostelry in the place, the Royal Hotel, a tolerable room.

I saw my people next day as they passed through with the baggage, and told them I would meet them at Durban. This duty performed, I called upon Mrs. Saunders, the wife of my Pretoria friend the Captain, to whom I delivered letters and messages from her husband. I there met his daughter, a charming young girl, about whom he had talked to me so frequently, and I so utilized my time that ere I had left the house we were fast friends. I promised little Didi that I would come back to Pietermaritzburg if I found no vessel starting speedily for Europe.

On the 19th of March, after a journey of twenty-three miles in a dog-cart, I reached the temporary railway terminus, and seated myself in one of the carriages bound for Durban. I need scarcely say that the sight of the train and the whistle of the locomotive made upon me the deepest impression!

The telegraph-posts with their lightning-conductors, which latter figure also upon almost every house and building, brought back to me, in the most vivid way, the sense of European civilization, of the progress of our age, of the vast strides made by humanity; and it was amid a confusion of ideas which fully occupied my brain that the time rapidly passed, till at six o'clock I was landed at Durban.

Before all else, I hastened to a spot where I could gaze upon the sea, and my eyes were dimmed with tears as they looked upon the blue waters, blending on the eastern horizon with the azure of the sky! I may be forgiven if my bosom at that moment swelled with a certain pride as I murmured, "I have crossed Africa, from sea to sea; yonder is the Indian Ocean!"

I had already discovered that every town which the English occupied in Africa contained a "Royal Hotel,"

and for that I inquired as a thing of course. On arrival, after various consultations between the landlord and his wife; it was determined that I should have a room at the bottom of a courtyard; and I had not long taken possession of it, and was in the act of making myself decent for dinner, when I was informed that "the general" had called to see me.

I received my visitor, General Strickland, Chief Commissary of the English army, whom I found young and affable, and who, having informed me that he had heard of my arrival, invited me to dine with him.

I did so in his private apartment, and met at table a little army of reporters, sent over by the English, French and American papers to chronicle the war. Among these men who, as simple newspaper correspondents, have made their names world-renowned, I thus made the acquaintance of Messrs. Forbes, Francis, and others, who have acquired well-merited fame.

On the following day I called upon Mr. Lenell, the Portuguese Consul, and was most cordially received. He most obligingly made arrangements for the lodging of my people and storing of my baggage in his own house. I left him, however, in no very comfortable frame of mind, as he told me that the packet had left that very day for Europe.

And so I had a whole month before me to pass in a place where I had no attraction — a useless month of further separation from those I so longed to embrace, and from my dear native Portugal!

But there was no remedy; so I submitted with the best grace I could, busying myself the next day with looking after the comforts of my people, my parrot and my kid, all of which had, with the baggage, safely reached their destination. This was done to my satisfaction, but it only took one day out of the month, and how was I to pass the remainder of the time?

I found one source of amusement at least, at the hotel itself, and that without even quitting the house. The baths belonging to the Royal Hotel were on the other side of the street, and the inmates had consequently to traverse that space to reach them. The house was full of officers, recently come out from England. And thus at early morning there was a regular procession passing to and fro between the baths and the hotel, in which were performers, men of all ages and aspects, in costumes of the most varied kind, but all of them light, each bearing his towel and an enormous sponge. For a couple of days this scene amused me mightily, but it did not last more than an hour at a stretch, and then I did not know what to do with the rest of the time.

After two or three days I began to feel dreadfully bored, then irritated, and at last depressed and out of health. I became downright ill, and for the first time in my life was apprehensive that I should die. The war engaged every man's attention, and in the midst of all that heaving and busy world, in which I had no part, I felt terribly alone.

At last, one day as I lay in bed, to which my sickness confined me, and where no friend sat to instil into me a drop of comfort, musing upon my dear ones far away, there suddenly came into my recollection the sweet little girl at Pietermaritzburg, the daughter of my friend Captain Allan Saunders. I had promised to go back and see her if this very disappointment which had come upon me should occur, and why should I not do so?

The having an object in view aroused me from my despondency. Ill as I was, I got out of bed, dressed, and took the rail forthwith in the direction of Pietermaritzburg.

Reinstalled in my former quarters at the "Royal," I at once set out for Mrs. Saunders' house, and already felt a new man as I received the hearty welcome of the lady of the house and felt dear little Didi's kisses on my cheek.

A doll and a box of sweets made Didi and myself the best of friends, and an immense tortoise which they had given me at the hotel, and which I made over to her, converted that friendship into even a warmer feeling.

I made other excellent friends in Mr. and Mrs. Furze, Colonel Mitchel, Colonel Baker, Captain Walley and others ; but Didi, that bright little girl of nine, filled up with her prattle and caresses — and at times with her poutings and teasing ways — the void I had so deeply felt.

Pietermaritzburg is a pretty town, with very fine houses and some splendid churches, in one of which I heard, more than once, the eloquent and powerful preaching of the learned Bishop Colenso.

The town is further reputed for its beautiful gardens and abundant flowers, the Natal ladies being greatly devoted to horticulture, and fond of displaying their productions at the numerous local flower-shows. There is also a magnificent park, where I have seen of an evening a surprising number of brilliant equipages.

The Catholic establishment at Pietermaritzburg is very important, is kept in excellent order, and enjoys great credit in the colony.

At the time of my stay in the place it was not looking at its best, for the Zulu war had turned many things topsy-turvy, and gave an aspect to more than one town, which was not customary to it. The hotels were full of officers ; soldiers were billeted everywhere, and streets and country alike swarmed with them.

The Portuguese Consul, Mr. Lenell, wrote to me that the packet *Danubio*, of the Union Steamship Company, had arrived at Durban, and was to leave for Mozambique and Zanzibar on the 19th of April. I therefore left Pietermaritzburg on the 14th, after taking leave of the many kindly beings who had contributed to make my stay there so agreeable.

On reaching the hotel at Durban I found it crammed,

and should have had a difficulty in procuring a room, but for the efforts of Mr. Lenell, who procured me one of the bath-rooms at the club, where a bed was made for me on the ground.

The same packet which was to convey me northward had brought over the unfortunate Prince Napoleon, who was destined to pay so dearly for his courage and temerity. I made his acquaintance, and was greatly charmed during our brief intercourse with his sympathetic nature, intelligence, and enlightenment; and sincerely mourned his inglorious and untimely death, which put so sudden an end to brilliant hopes and aspirations.

On more than one occasion I tried to instil into him the fundamental principle of success in African life, by which I tried to steer my own course, namely: "To distrust every one and every thing in Africa until positive proof has given you a right to bestow your confidence."

His ardent nature, the inexperience of his few years, his leonine courage, and that carelessness peculiar to youth, full of illusions and self-confidence, led him to his fate. None who knew him but deplored his loss, for he had in him the germs of a great man, and possessed that valuable gift in a prince, the indefinable power to captivate all hearts.

I have no after-thought connected with the politics of France in dictating these few lines; I set them down as a simple testimony of respect to the memory of the departed youth, who was my friend, and not to that of the Prince, who represented a principle.

On the 19th of April I embarked with my people and baggage on a little steamer which was to convey me to the *Danubio* anchored in the roads, the harbor of Durban being too small to admit vessels of large tonnage.

It was a hard task to transship the baggage from the little steamer to the *Danubio*, as the sea was running high, and one of my cases most unluckily fell, and got crushed



THE REMNANT OF THE EXPEDITION.

between the two vessels. Case and contents all went overboard; but although Captain Draper put out a boat and saved some of the things, the rest most unluckily went to the bottom, and were irretrievably lost.

We left Durban at last, and it was with a feeling of infinite pleasure that I found myself surging through the waters beneath the working of the powerful screw, as I reflected that each revolution was carrying me nearer home. On board ship, Captain Draper was kindness itself.

Mozambique was reached in due course, and my visits to the authorities were all made at their bedsides. The Governor Cunha, his secretary, and assistants, were all down at once with fever.

Two days later we were on our way to Zanzibar, where I hoped to meet with Stanley, but learned on my arrival, to my disappointment, that he had just left the place.

Dr. Kirk, the English Consul at Zanzibar, gave me a dinner and a reception which I shall not readily forget, as both that gentleman and his wife vied with each other in showing me attention. This indeed was the case with all the Europeans there, and the officers in garrison were particularly courteous. I became intimate with a young Swiss of the name of Wildmar, who was to be my travelling companion to Europe.

We left Zanzibar in a small steamer, the *British India*, whose commander, Captain Allen, was very kind and courteous.

As the *British India* was to make a stay of some eight days at Aden, Wildmar and myself took berths on board one of the Austrian Lloyd steamers, which conveyed us to Suez, whence we took the first train for Cairo.

I fell ill again, and Wildmar nursed me with all the devotion of an old friend. In spite of my weakness, I visited the pyramids with him. I had seen the Zaire and the Zambesi; so did not choose to return to Europe without saluting old Nile, and from the summit of Cheops'

monument, that monstrous tomb erected four thousand years previously by the pride of the Pharaohs, I saw the ancient river as, silent and serene, it bathed the ruins of the once magnificent Memphis.

Leaving Cairo, the superb and ardent, a city of gold and wretchedness, I proceeded to Alexandria, to find new friends and be the recipient of fresh favors.

I left Alexandria for Naples, and thence proceeded by land to Bordeaux, where our consul, the Baron de Mendouça, gave me a warm reception.

On the 5th of June I left Pauillac, and on the 9th found myself at Lisbon; once again on Portuguese soil, in the midst of those beloved friends from whom I had more than once thought I was separated for ever.

My sable attendants had arrived the evening before in safety, with my baggage and my labors, and with them had come my favorite parrot, which had shared in so many of my hardships.

We represented all that were left of one of the branches of the Portuguese Expedition to the interior of South Central Africa in 1877.

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